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# The Sunday Oregonian.

VOL. 4, NO. 29. PORTLAND, OREGON, SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1885. PRICE TEN CENTS.

## PLYMOUTH ROCK.

### A Visit to the Spot Where the Pilgrims of the Mayflower Landed

A Quaint Old Town—Relics of the Old Colony Days—How the Rock Is Guarded from the Souvenir Fiend—Some Thoughts on the Pilgrims

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

Plymouth! The Pilgrims! Reader pause a moment. Read those words a second time and then slowly thoughtfully. Words of all words in colonial life! How fraught they are with meaning! How grandly they emboss the first page of American history! Are you a true American? Are you a child of New England? Does your genealogy go back to the good old mother-land through the voyagers on the noble Mayflower? Especially if the last be true you will be deeply interested in all that pertains to the Puritans. I, too, feel a touch of pride in knowing that my ancestors were among the founders of Plymouth so, come, together let us go down to, and stand upon the hallowed rock which, on that cold December day in 1620, welcomed our fathers to these hospitable shores.

Leaving Boston by early morning train we journeyed southward. What a rocky and by nature desolate country this is. In the immediate vicinity of Boston gold and muscle have crushed the rocks, have hewn the trees, have filled the gullies, and have levelled the hillocks until the land has been made to veritably blossom with lovely suburban homes. This, however, ceases after ten or twelve miles. For almost all of the remaining distance, excepting railroad stations and the few farm houses in sight, the road passes now over a rocky knoll, now over a pond bordered with a dense growth of underbrush, there through a thick grove of trees. Ponds, hillocks, groves, groves, hillocks, ponds—on we go, breaking the monotony by a change of order. The trees, if trees they may be called, for they all appear stunted, are pine, hemlock, spruce, maple, oak, ash and alder. Could the beholder stand on a small elevation, one just high enough to give a general view, the country would appear to be entirely cloaked with trees. Nearing Plymouth, which in round numbers is forty miles from Boston, the trees are smaller, more scattering, and the ponds more numerous. The township in which Plymouth is situated contains upward of two hundred of these ponds, the larger ones being stocked with fish. But we are now in sight of Plymouth harbor and are speeding along its beach. A few minutes later the train stops at a neatly built railroad station the fifty or more tourists alight, stream through the building and each one, in each one's own way, goes forward to view the town founded in prayer and grateful tears.

Tread softly! Probably not one foot of neighboring earth but has felt the feet of the Pilgrims. Be sedate! This was the home of men and women who regarded life most seriously. Reflect! Over two and one-half centuries of slowly measured years here find record in musty archives. Speak reverently! On yonder hillock and somewhere down by the billowy kissed beach sleep the majority of the brave one hundred and two souls who stepped ashore from the trusty Mayflower.

*Plymouth is a quiet manufacturing town numbering about 7500* inhabitants. Is at least quiet *as a manufacturing* town well can be. The town extends up and down the timber and a bluff as ground that gently rises from the water's edge. The streets are generally regular and well shaded. Strolling southward through Court street, Pilgrim hall is reached. Stopping within to inquire the most direct way to Plymouth rock we are voluntarily detained by the many relics and paintings of the Puritan fathers. The hall is entered under a portico supported by large Ionic columns. On the pediment is set a demi relief, an allegorical representation of the "Landing." Immediately to the left of the building is a large tablet on which is carved the compact made in the cabin of the Mayflower when first the ship was anchored in Cape Cod bay. Surrounding the tablet is a circular iron fence on which are hung iron plates containing the names of the signers of the compact. Within the hall are found knives, forks, spoons, shoes, bibles, swords, etc., that were brought over by the pilgrims. Among the relics, one of the most interesting and best preserved, although made of wood, is Governor Carver's chair, brought with him from England. It is of the old straight-backed style, although the posts and rounds are handsomely turned. The present seat has doubtless replaced others of rawhide or cane. Other undisputed relics are an iron kettle and platter owned by Miles Standish. Hanging on the walls are a number of fine paintings representing the embarkation and landing of the Pilgrims. One of the most valuable is The Embarkation from Delft Haven, by Charles Lucy. It is 11x12 feet, and at a prize exhibition in England took the first prize of $3000. In the right-hand corner of the picture is John Carver, the first governor of Plymouth colony. Carver is seated on a stool, elbow on his knee and head resting on his right hand. His left arm is around the neck of his wife, who is leaning on his bosom. Behind the couple is Priscilla Mullins—the maiden Priscilla about whom Longfellow sung so sweetly—who is gazing at the pastor, John Robinson, while bestowing his benediction on the departing voyagers. To the left are Miles and Rose Standish both standing, he with right arm thrown around his wife. In the foreground is William Bradford, reclining at the feet of a group of passengers.

A beautiful companion piece of this painting is one of Sargent's, "Landing of the Pilgrims." The Indian chief, Samoset, is represented as coming forward to welcome Governor Carver who, with sword in right hand and left supporting his wife, is marching up the beach at the head of his brave band. Almost behind the governor are William Bradford and John Alden. To their left Captain Miles Standish, with spear in hand. Near Standish is Captain John Howland, with gun thrown across his shoulder. Among the remaining faces are those of Rose Standish and Edward Tilley. In the background of the painting is seen the Mayflower. In [illegible]'s painting, "Landing of the Pilgrims," Clark's island, where the Pilgrims spent the first Sunday, is pictured in the distance. Nearer is the narrow strip of land that protects the harbor from the storm-lashed billows of the ocean. Within the harbor, surrounded by floes of ice, rides the Mayflower. In the foreground a shallop is drawn alongside a bowlder, and the sixteen men within are struggling to land.

Pilgrim hall holds also busts and portraits, most of them imaginary, however, of the founders of the colony. A few minutes in inspecting these, and we tell the secretary in charge of the hall that we will return later. We step out into the street. A stronger magnet is drawing us onward. We begin to come to first principles. Continuing outward, we reach Leyden street. We turn to the left. We make an inquiry of a passer by. "See yonder grade and bear around to the left, and you'll find what you seek." On we go. A bee-line is being made toward the ocean. There is the place in turn. We round a curve and the object of our search is reached. Plymouth rock stands before us.

It is well that mortals are gifted with powers of imagination. Cold was that dead of winter day on which the Pilgrims landed. To-day, in September, the thermometer registers ninety degrees in the shade. Rough was the land that received their weary feet, comparatively carpeted are the avenues we tread. Fiercely dashed the billows against Plymouth rock as they landed, to-day the fractured bowlder is two or three hundred feet from the bay and carriages drive round it in a cloud of dust. Yet Plymouth rock occupies its original position. As the commerce of the colony increased, piers were built out into the bay, and when the space was filled with earth the rock was raised to correspond. In 1775, while the rock was being raised, the portion now in sight was found to be split from the main rock. What now appears is probably six feet long, three feet wide and three feet thick, although it tapers somewhat. It rests under a stately granite canopy about thirty feet in height. Supporting the canopy are four granite pillars, while between them are hung iron gates, seemingly with the intention of effectually guarding the dearest from even a touch of the [illegible]. [illegible] this is necessary. Were it otherwise the rock would soon disappear under the hammer of the souvenir gatherer. In the attic of the canopy are placed the bones of pilgrims whose remains have been unearthed during the last few years.

A few rods back of Plymouth rock is Cole's hill. It is nothing but a hillock, however, hight about seventy-five feet. Walking up the stone steps there is seen at the top a marble slab that marks the spot where were last found human bones. The top of the hillock is now level. Here were buried during the dark, sad days of the first winter of the landing, one-half of the pilgrims. The following summer saw Cole's hill a field of waving corn. To keep secret their loss from the Indians, the survivors leveled the graves of their comrades, moistened the soil with tears then bended low and skillfully planted corn, a grain emblematic of earthly riches, but methinks if it ever stood as an emblem of riches higher than sordid earth it so stood as it waved its tassels over the graves of a people who sought new shores for almost the sole purpose of finding freedom to worship God. Years glided into decades, decades into centuries, and Cole's hill was a monument to the unknown dead.

Oh, that I could find Gov. Carver's grave! No mortal knows where Plymouth's first governor sleeps. He, too, fell a victim to the scourge of the first winter. He too, was buried on Cole's hill, on his grave did the husbandman sow corn. Time sped on and the resting place of the idol of every planter in Plymouth was mere conjecture. I inquire, question closely, search records, exhaust every possible avenue to discover the grave of him through whom one branch of my genealogical trunk runs, but in vain. I tread it lightly as I would lightly tread between the graves of those whom I have known and loved.

Casting a longing look to Plymouth rock we temporarily leave this spot. We walk up Leyden street to the town square, then turn northward. A few moments brings us to the court house. In this beautiful and substantial building are found the plots of ground first assigned for yearly use, the will of Standish and the original patent of the company. It will be remembered that King James granted a charter to forty of the most wealthy and influential men of England, who were styled the council of Plymouth. By this charter that vast territory lying between north latitudes forty and forty-eight and extending from ocean to ocean was given in fee simple. Think of it! From Cape Mendocino to Port Townsend, from Philadelphia to the northern boundary of Maine. After ineffectual attempts to colonize their possessions, the Londoners, in 1627, sold their entire interest to eight of the leading men of Plymouth for $9000. In the court house are also deeds, written in the Indian language and the early records of the colony, in the handwriting of Bradford, Standish and others. From the first the pilgrims seem to have been deeply conscious of their own importance. They built for posterity and they intended to let posterity know just how they built. Their records are a marvel of correctness, are a marvel of completeness. Had they not recorded their own thoughts, deeds and sufferings, it is certain they would not now hold such an enviable high position in American history. Would Captain John Smith's name in history be anywhere near so prominent if he had not taken pains to vividly record his romantic adventures and explorations? It might follow that to make oneself famous one should write a book. But ah, let me whisper it —.

Continuing northward and climbing the rise to the left, there is found the national monument to the forefathers. The cornerstone was laid twenty-six years ago, but the monument is yet unfinished. It is 81 feet high, the pedestal being 45 feet, the statue 36 feet. The plan of the pedestal is octagonal, with large and small faces alternating. From each of the small faces project buttresses, probably fifteen feet high on which are to be placed large figures representing Law, Freedom, Morality and Education. The two latter are in position. Morality, on the face of the buttress is set a marble tablet representing the embarkation from Delft Haven. Under Education is another alto-relief, "Signing the compact." On the arched tablets above the faces that are between the buttresses, are carved the names of the Mayflower passengers. Surmounting the pedestal is a colossal statue of Faith, said to be the largest and finest granite statue in the world. It pictures a female figure standing, left arm covered by a loose robe that is thrown around her, right arm outstretched and pointing upward, eyes lifted to heaven, while high on her forehead is set a star. The length of the uplifted arm is nearly twenty feet, near the shoulder it measures sixteen and one-half feet around, and at the wrist four feet. The circumference of the neck is over nine feet, the head around the forehead thirteen feet seven inches, and the nose one foot four inches long. The statue is a gift of Oliver Ames, a native of Plymouth, and cost $32,000.

Retracing our steps to the town square we continue up Leyden street, the first street laid out in New England, and ascend Burial hill, a hill consecrated in 1621 as a burial ground and used as such to this day. The elms shading the town square were planted one hundred and one years ago. Entering the cemetery, which begins at the foot of the hill or more strictly ridge, we pass between graves new, old and irregularly laid until the top of the hill is reached. We are now standing in front of a circular tablet, gently inclined, on which is carved: "This monument marks the site of the fort built in 1621." Undoubtedly the site was chosen by Standish. This fort was a square house, mounted with six cannon and commanded a fine view of the surrounding country. From this point Miles Standish and the entire colonial army (eight men) began their marches "to quell the revolt of the savage." The lower part of the house was used as a place of worship. A short distance north of the fort is a marble shaft that marks the grave of the second governor of Plymouth colony, William Bradford, a man enterprising, patriotic, just.

"Here ended the pilgrimage of John Howland and Elizabeth, his wife. She was the daughter of Governor Carver. They arrived in the Mayflower, December, 1620. They had four sons and six daughters from whom are descended a numerous posterity." Before the broken headstone bearing this inscription, I pause. Here again I am treading ancestral ground. Revered to me is the name of John Howland—a name that has given directly to New England and indirectly to the most populous state of our union, a people of whom any lover of honest worth may well feel proud. Excepting John Alden, Howland was the last survivor of the adult males that came over in the Mayflower. As regards John Howland's wife there has been a sharp discussion among late New England historians. All early authors state that she was Governor Carver's daughter, a number of later ones affirm that she was the daughter of John Tilley and wife, who died the first winter and were buried on Cole's hill. Be this as it may, it matters not to me, for my lineal stock has several noble branches. I am told by several of my good kindred that following out one branch takes me directly back to King Arthur and by the ties of blood sets me at the round table as one of his most valorous knights. Ah me, a person of right royal descent oozing his brain through a wearied pencil for stomach's needs.

Standing on Burial Hill a fine view is obtained of the environs of Plymouth. Seaward, Cape Cod bay mingles its eastern waters with the Atlantic and its western with Plymouth harbor. Narrow strips of land from both the north and south extend into the bay toward each other, and nearly meeting, render the harbor quiet and safe. Clark's island looms high above the sea. Away to the northeast, on a small cape, stands a shaft like monument, erected to the memory of Miles Standish. Landward from the beach, to the north and south, are salt meadows, ponds, groves, thickets, hillocks, ridges. Westward, miles of the country appears to be cloaked with timber. Eastward, at our feet, lies picturesque Plymouth, and almost immediately our eyes involuntarily wander toward the approaches to Plymouth Rock.

The shade of a friendly oak enfolds us. We fall into meditation. The moss-grown graves of the Pilgrims stand forth as monumental mountains. Patriotic, brave, unselfish souls. You sleep, yet your works live on. You built for the future. For us you toiled, for us you bled, for us you died. True under long persecution, there were engendered in you seeds of coldness and austerity that in later generations rose to bigotry but the fountain head was pure! You were industrious, honest, God fearing. You founded hospitals and almshouses. To you we owe the system of free schools. To you we owe the introduction of the printing press. You gave us personal freedom; you gave us liberty; you made possible a nation.

C. C. JUDKINS.

## OUR LONDON LETTER.

### Mr Hatton Goes to Brighton and "Writes Up" that Watering Place

How it Acquired its Fame as a Health Resort—Lord Randolph Churchill and the New Cabinet—International Jealousies

[Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.]

LONDON, July 1.—The famous English watering place which Thackeray called Dr Brighton because of its healthfulness, is unlike any seaside city of America. It has a series of seasons all the year round. It is always full of visitors, though society proper shuns it in the summer. During July and August the commoner human clay avails itself of the Brighton beach, piers, baths and downs. In the fall and winter Brighton is the center of fashion. By the end of October half the peerage is represented among the crowd that oscillates to and fro in splendid equipages between the extreme points of the drive by the sea. Three miles of carriages, and three miles of handsome stores, houses, hotels, cafes, represent a picture of life and wealth rarely seen at a watering place out of England. But Brighton is, after all, only London by the sea. King's road and Undercliff, or the grand marine parade as it might be called, along the shore of the English channel, is the Regent street and Bond street of London, with the sea dashing up to the roadway. At night long rows of lamps mark the coast line, and variegated illuminations dot the new pier, where the strains of a military band rise and fall above the accompaniment of the "ever sounding sea."

Brighton has a population of about 100,000. As London grows Brighton increases. It is a city of lodging houses, hotels, stores, baths and private residences. In contradistinction to the American watering place, it should be noted that there is not a wooden house in this English Brighton. The buildings are all of brick or stone, some of them reminding you of the best residences in Boston, New York, Washington, Chicago, none of them recalling the wooden erections of Coney Island, nor the temporary cottages at Saratoga or Newport. In regard to its seasons, the continuousness of which I have mentioned, the "cheap excursionists" from London and other cities swarm over it in the summer. As the autumn comes on the rich Jews of London arrive here in great numbers, from October to February the aristocracy make it their own. In the interim there are special train services from Friday to Monday in each week, so that Brighton is always more or less gay with holiday life. The young swells of England can hunt and flirt here to their hearts content, from the opening of cub hunting until the last fox has been killed, for there are balls, routs, concerts, receptions, all the time. Brighton is a gay place for the poor scions of noble houses on the lookout for heiresses. It is a choice hunting ground for penniless adventurers on the watch for rich widows, modern D'Orsays and Beau Brummels find pleasant occupation at the clubs and in society while generals without regiments and parvenus pose on the sidewalks at the most popular hour of the day for doing the three-mile drive by the sea. Margate and Ramsgate, which form the Isle of Thanet, are often spoken of as marine suburbs of London, but they are the resorts of the cockney pure and simple. "Cheap and nasty" describes Margate, in contradistinction to Brighton, which is Mayfair in the country, London by the sea. I stood for an hour the other day opposite the Old Ship hotel, (a representative of England's former days of inns (taverns) and it seemed as if Hyde park, Regent street and Mayfair had just emptied themselves, carriages, horses and all into King's road, Brighton. Cabinet ministers and their wives, peers and peeresses, journalists, artists, authors, members of parliament, actors, distinguished foreigners, a motley crowd of fashion, in one long procession by the sea. There is a hotel here taller than the Fifth Avenue or the Windsor in New York. It is called the Grand. It towers up to the sky, and has been found by one of its literary admirers to realize something of Mark Twain's description of the houses in Naples. They don't understand the art of managing big hotels in England, and I would advise Americans visiting Brighton to stay at a boarding house or try their luck at the smaller hotels.

A century and a half ago Brighton, or as it was then called, Bright-Helmston, was a little fishing town, upon which the sea was continually making encroachments. Surveyed by engineers, it was found that the cost of making an embankment to protect the land from the ravages of the ocean would be $100,000. That was considered too much for the government to spend upon Brighton. The banks were, however, improved bit by bit, and in 1753 the fashionable world began to hear the first words about "Brighton air and Brighton water." Dr Russell, who was known in fashionable London, came to live here. He tried the effect of sea bathing and the local waters and praised them. He ordered his patients to follow his example. The duke and duchess of Marlborough acted upon his advice. They were followed by the Northumberland and other aristocratic families. Where the shining lights of society became fixed stars their satellites soon began to twinkle. Brighton grew apace. In 1782, George, Prince of Wales, who afterward became George IV, selected a site at Brighton for a new royal residence. London and other great centers began to find the new watering-place attractive, and at the beginning of the present century there were lodging-houses and hotels enough to accommodate 800 visitors. In 1807 a handsome theater was built and opened by Mr and Mrs Kemble with the tragedy of "Hamlet." In 1823 the present chain pier was built, in 1830 the present sea wall was completed at a cost of $500,000, in 1841 railway trains began to run between Brighton and London, and in 1875 parlor cars, special expresses, trains that never stop on their way between Brighton and London, run at convenient hours, and hundreds of city merchants live at Brighton and run up and down a hundred miles a day from their offices to the sea in less time than a cab used to take them to their suburban villas at Hampstead or Hammersmith, while the great working population of London in the summer time are taken to and fro in a day, and nine hours given them by the sea for $1.

The architecture of Brighton is a curious mixture of the classic and the Gothic and throwing into the picture the domes and minarets of the Pavilion, we get a touch of the Moorish, Chinese and Egyptian. In spite of these incongruities Brighton may fairly be called a magnificent city. The Pavilion was formerly a royal residence. Designed by the great architect Nash, it was built under the superintendence of George IV himself when he was prince of Wales. It looks like the palace of some great Mogul. If Nash had invented the building from a description in the "Arabian Nights," he could hardly have realized more completely an eastern palace of the imagination. It is a mixture of Moorish, Hindoo, Chinese and Egyptian and sets one thinking of Bagdad and the Prince Al Raschid. In 1850 there was joy in Brighton, for this monstrosity was purchased from the crown by the local authorities for $250,000, and it is now used for all kinds of public purposes. It contains concert rooms, libraries, ballrooms, banqueting halls, a skating rink, and its music room is one of the finest in the United Kingdom. The royal stables have been converted into what is called the Dome Assembly Room, where 3000 persons can be conveniently seated and recently large additions have been made which give the additional attractions of a museum and picture gallery.

But the most popular institution of Brighton is the Royal aquarium, the most perfect thing of its kind in Europe. The establishment has been literally dug and blocked out of the rocks. It is underground. The vast galleries, concert rooms, restaurants and long corridors of tanks are all more or less excavations. The entrance hall is 80 feet by 45 and the longest corridor in the building is 220 feet, broken in the center by a vestibule 35 feet by 45 feet. The tanks are ranged on both sides, and are spacious and full of fish. One of the tanks is 110 feet by 40 feet and contains 110,000 gallons of water. It has been occupied by several porpoises, at the present time a large family of sturgeon are disporting themselves in this miniature sea. On the top of the aquarium are handsome terrace gardens, with balconies overlooking a skating rink and a wide stretch of the open sea.

When Lord Beaconsfield was at the head of affairs in England, I have often seen him in the [illegible] at Brighton. A notable figure anywhere, this "great English sprung from the Jews." Mr Puleston, whom we familiarly call the Member of Parliament for America had a house at Worthing, near Brighton. Burne Jones, the famous painter, lives at Rottingdean, close by, and William Black lives in the city itself. Many London actors make a point of running down to Brighton from Saturday to Monday. When last I saw Lord Beaconsfield strolling along the King's road I remember that Brighton was making preparations for a grand banquet to General Grant, ex president of the United States, then on his tour through Europe and the east. I heard them talking of the general on the pier. It was in October, 1877. What changes since then!

The history of this city by the sea is full of the politics of a period that Englishmen look back upon with a sense of shame and humiliation. If you want to work up an outside interest in Brighton, an interest that especially links it with the story of American independence take up the "Four Georges" and read Thackeray's scathing lecture on the last of them, there you will learn something of George's hideous house at Brighton, of which he says "you may see the place now for a sixpence, they have fiddlers every day and sometimes buffoons and mountebanks hire the Riding house, and do their tricks and tumbling there. The trees are still there, and the gravel walks round which the poor old sinner was trotted."

At the present moment everybody is talking about politics. A ministry has failed in Italy, another in Spain, and Russia is deeply concerned at the fall of the Gladstone cabinet in England. An English subject (the messenger of a British consul to a Russian post) has been imprisoned and ill treated. Afghan troops are being concentrated at Herat. Austria is agitated with the fear that after all Lord Salisbury will not form a government. Austria hates Gladstone and his party and Germany would prefer to walk with the successors of Lord Beaconsfield. At Charing Cross the newsboys proclaim the point of anxiety. "Here y'are, sir, fourth *Globe*—Compromise with Gladstone!" "Fourth *Standard*—Imprisonment of an English Subject by Russia." "Hecho! Special Hecho! Mr Gladstone to come back, crisis in Italy, great fire!" And so on. "And how are things going?" I ask a government official on his way to dine at the Reform. "Bad as they can be," he replied. "Europe is just as unsettled as England—the ministerial anarchy in London is reflected in the diplomatic chaos abroad—nobody know who to beat. We are just as likely to be at war with Russia next week as ever we were. France is infringing against us everywhere, even at Berlin. The European situation bristles with difficulties that Lord Salisbury does not care to tackle any more than Gladstone does." But I learn that an understanding has been arrived at between the two chiefs sufficiently comprehensive to enable Lord Salisbury to form a government. The liberals undertake to offer no factious opposition to the conservative ministry, and the latter will introduce no party measure. They will simply conduct the government of the country until the decks can be fairly cleared for the general election. At the same time they may be expected to exercise an important influence in the European situation, and the radicals prefer to believe that the effect of Lord Salisbury's acceptance of office will stimulate the Russian desire for war. But does Russia wish for war? No traveled or sensible man thinks so for a moment. Her generals do. There is a war party, and the Russian chiefs in central Asia would welcome an order to take Herat. But the czar does not want war, nor do the Russian people—provided always that they can be allowed to advance peacefully in central Asia and swallow Afghanistan, which, it seems to me, they will eventually accomplish.

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL AND THE CABINET

England and America continually touch hands. Albany gives to the Handel festival its most delightful singer. New York gives its influence in the new English cabinet. Lord Randolph Churchill, who holds a foremost place in the present crisis, married Jennie, daughter of Mr Leonard Jerome of "the Empire city." It is said she has her share in Lord Churchill's political success. A bright, clever woman, she has encouraged him in his work and inspired some of his most daring orations. Her portrait, full length, hangs at Vander Weyde's door in Regent street, and is quite an attraction. "That is Lord Randolph's wife," the passers by remark, and she may well be proud of the popular homage, for her own beautiful face and figure offer the first attraction, and her social and political position comes next. Lord Randolph is a power in the state. His opponents are continually attacking him for being young. This arises, I suspect, from his boyish appearance, for a man of 36 is old enough to be trusted. He is the third son of the sixth duke of Marlborough and was born February 13, 1849. He is short of stature, slim, active, and wears a heavy moustache very much after the fashion of young Americans. The moustache is a prominent feature of his face. It is not as aggressive in appearance as the famous hirsute arrangement of the late King Victor Emmanuel, but it is nevertheless a very formidable moustache and it ought to help him out of the alleged sin of youthfulness. Lord Randolph is appointed secretary for India, a powerful position for weal or woe. His political opponents pretend to believe that the new minister will at once stir up strife with Russia. The opportunity offers if he desires it. A Russian official in Persian territory it is said has seized and imprisoned an English subject—the servant of a British colonel. In "the good old days" an instant reparation would at the point of the bayonet, have been exacted for such an outrage, but in those "good old days" we often went to war without excuse and sometimes came out of it without honors. The duty of protecting her citizens is one of the most paramount privileges of a free government but before fighting time for explanation and reparation should be given and in these days no power endorses a wrong committed by its officers whether from over zeal or by an error of judgment. The *Pall Mall Gazette* which favors Russia is nevertheless very angry at the appointment of Lord Randolph Churchill to the India office.

INTERNATIONAL JEALOUSIES

Many prominent people have mentioned to me the compliments which Mr Lowell has paid to this country in an interview which the *Daily News* has cabled from Boston. "But," said one of them (a diplomat and unknown at Washington), "America will not like Mr Lowell speaking so highly of us, talking of his English blood and regretting he cannot make his home here. They are a patriotic people and are a little jealous of us." I suggested that America respects an outspoken and frank opinion, and that she will be none the less proud of Lowell because he is proud of his English descent and is popular in England. "And," I added, in further response to my diplomatic friend, "are we not jealous of that Bartholdi statue?" Perhaps we have a reason to be. I remember the first French picture of it depicting all the ships of the world sailing into New York harbor by its guiding light, and there was not an English flag in all the fleet. "I don't think we shall quite like the idea of France appearing to patronize America as she does with this figure of Liberty Enlightening the World, but you know France takes all the credit of the victory of the war of independence." "Does she?" I remarked. "You bet," he said, laughing. I did not bet.

JOSEPH HATTON.

### An Austrian Dude

An attache of one of the legations at Washington, a young Austrian, has furnished no small amount of amusement to society folks in the way that he attires himself. Last winter was his first in official society. He made his entree at a reception given at the residence of the English minister, appearing in a skin tight fitting suit of blue silk tights, similar to those worn by circus actors. He had a short, braided jacket, of the same kind of blue silk. At other entertainments he appeared in different, but equally sensational attire. He now amuses his friends by changing his clothing three times a day. He starts out with a buff suit, follows with a slate color, and generally closes the day with a suit of white stuff. He has immense English cloth hats to match each suit. Besides this, he has three bull dogs. In the morning he has a buff dog, in the afternoon a slate-colored dog, and in the evening a pure white bull dog follows him. He never has any companion but his dog. He is still unable to converse in any language but his own.

## NEW ENGLAND NEWS.

### The Religious Outlook and Tendencies in Our Modern Athens

Church Activity at the Hub—Splendid Work of the Liberal Denominations—Thomas Paine's Memorial Hall—An Optimist's Opinion

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

BOSTON, July 13, 1885.—The observations of a fresh spectator are the result of vivid impressions, to say the least, especially of matters in which he must himself be an active participant. As a rule, evangelical clergymen are pronounced optimists. They wish to see the bright side. I find it impossible for a Christian minister to characterize a community in any but a spirit that is more than ordinarily kind.

There is not, I presume, that difference between "Boston people" and any other people which common pleasantry and jest ascribe. "The Modern Athens" is much the same as the rest of the republic in the character of its population. Its rich men live in about the same way, its poor suffer under the same want, its cultivated people are no different from the class elsewhere, its vulgarity is the same old familiar type, its virtue and its crime are in no wise striking for their singularity. I suppose that the rest of the world speak of us—for by birth and lineage I am one of them—as "Yankees" without attaching any very positive distinctiveness to the title. Since Plymouth Rock has virtually extended under the whole north and east, A "Boston Notion" is the little laugh the rest of the world tips at this bright small corner. We have no more notion than our emigrating cousins.

But it is a very old city. It wears, in many aspects, the finished look which 250 years can give. Its religious life is carefully observant of [illegible]. The churches cherish the proprieties of life. That the younger generation, longing to possess edifices many of which are [illegible] or clustering about altars which though newly set up, were standing a hundred years ago in some older part of the town, should see the good name of their fathers is no small [illegible] in Boston church life. And very recently there have been very many old pastors, unusual men indeed, men of great weight of character impressing themselves on these younger congregations. Morality, decency of conduct, the religion of good breeding and honorable behavior, the sanctity of marriage and the purity of domestic life are guarded by the churches with a care that a stranger at once recognizes. Indeed, age is always conservative the world over, and an old community relies upon its ecclesiasticism as its best defense. I am speaking, of course, of the old inhabitant element of Boston and of Protestantism. Not that I reflect in the slightest upon Roman Catholicism, on the contrary, I believe the social and historic conservatism of the capital of the Puritan country enforces respect on all dwellers here. The brightest and best journal of the church just named is published here. But I should hardly be expected to know as much of the influence and character of any as of Protestant communions.

The Unitarian church is a conspicuous figure here always, especially to a recent resident of Brooklyn or New York, where it is relatively small. You are at once conscious of its influence, theologically an agnostic. If you are a Baptist, for instance, yet even while you are thinking about loading your guns you change your purpose. You begin to admire their stern, uncompromising inculcation of the moral law, the thing of which I have just been speaking, and you remember the words of the Master, "He that is not for us is against us." I am sure that the influence of this historic revolt against "orthodoxy" has greatly served orthodoxy. Behavior, the doctrine of "good works," as contrasted with mere emotion and rhapsody—that spore upon the truth of justification by faith—have been honored and put into their proper place again. For lofty character, for nobility of life, for activity in truly Christian benevolence, the clergy of the Unitarian and Universalist churches carry tremendous weight. Such a result is above any need of my encomium, yet I, a younger man and wishing to be a helper in good morals, may be permitted to record an honest thank God for a product of church life which in dogma seems to me so fundamentally erroneous. The life that Christ lived is nowhere more forcefully inculcated than in these churches who deny him deityship. The horror of sin, the misery of its present world punishment, is nowhere more faithfully portrayed than from the pulpits which preach an "eternal hope" or are quite sure there is no hell. I am constantly asking myself, if such moral force can be evoked from a mere human Jesus, what power ought we to expect from the God-man, Jesus Christ, to whom we can make prayers. If the foremost temperance worker in the city can so earnestly strive to snatch men from the only hell he believes in here on earth, how ought we to be moved who see a deeper perdition beyond!

You know little of the power of forces that the temperance cause musters in this town. The agitation is constant. It embraces and unifies the most divergent religious beliefs. The great hall of Tremont temple has been almost constantly crowded for thirty-nine successive Sabbath afternoons last past, and this is the third season. Indeed, there are vast numbers of people to whom the temperance cause is a religion, one would almost say about the only religion that they have stated as a creed. To be sure the methods differ widely and, alas often savagely, but the enthusiasm for temperance, for the abolition of the rum traffic is one of the most pronounced elements of "religious" life in Boston.

There is no doctrine so strange but it has its followers here. Thomas Paine has a beautiful memorial building. A curious and very costly structure is approaching completion which is to be presented by a wealthy gentleman to the Spiritualists. It would be the talk if not the scandal of the town in any other American city, but here it provokes little more than a smile or an expression of pity. It is only one more shrine in Athens on which Athenians look without surprise. I judge that skepticism must be metaphysical, perhaps thoughtful, in order to get a following here and that accounts for the relative failure of Ingersollism. It is not my impression that vagaries of belief, misbelief or unbelief are any more prevalent here than in other communities of restless mental temperament.

The evangelical churches are thrifty, active and decidedly succeeding. They are neither attacked nor attacking in the field of polemics—that day is gone by. They are devoting themselves to the unconverted world, to the needy, to the youth of their own families. I perceive no signs of weakening so far as the old fashioned distinctive doctrines are concerned. Methodists were never more intensely Methodists. Baptists are genuine Baptists. There is an increasing determination to be ourselves, with malice toward none and grow by being kind, lovingly radical to the old dogmas. Both these denominations are greatly indebted to their "social unions," a body of the very best laymen, meeting once a month, representing all Boston vicinity and pledged to denominational watch and word. I doubt if ever a year passed when the growth of these two communions was so satisfactory, on the whole, to their wisest and best men. There are no well known rude and sensitive spots, no recent scandal, no malcontents either among their clergy or laity. There are no empty pulpits crying for shame, indeed, I believe there is not a single unmanned Baptist pulpit of importance now for miles around Boston. A remarkable friendship exists among all the Boston ministers of all names, for that matter. I have yet to hear an unkind word from the lips of any against his brother. Particularly is this true of my own church. Perhaps there is no city where the ministers are more influential in the calling or settling of a pastor than here. Once settled, a man finds his ministerial brethren the strongest sort of allies.

As in many large cities of late, the Episcopalians are making vigorous strides in Boston. Free seats, popular services at popular hours, extended and practical charities are engaging them. In my opinion many people who have grown dissatisfied with the want of spirituality in Unitarianism and yet are not quite ready for the "experimental piety" of the Methodists or Baptists, are going to Episcopal churches. Undoubtedly that church is the most successful assailant of modern rationalism here. For the present I presume all would admit the pre-eminence of their foremost teacher. His manly Christianity is of vast help in the town.

It is difficult to say to what extent "The New Theology" really is influencing Congregationalism. Very able men are not willing to wear the yoke of any school. Old Park Corner placards its services as conspicuously as St Paul's street, or the Young Men's Christian Association, or Tremont temple. Yet it is hardly to the Congregationalists that you look for revivals, as you do to the Methodists and Baptists, though Moody himself is a product of Boston Congregationalism.

The same modern obstacle that you encounter is in our way, namely, materialism. Not theological materialism, but the hard love of money and the prizes of this present life, not an active doubt of spiritual and other world things, but a stolid, fleshy indifference to them. Even art is made to stand in Christ's way and the sciences. The fatigue and the disappointment of hard times have angered or benumbed men rather than made them hungry for bread that perisheth not.

Yet the preaching, it would seem, that is most welcome to the many is that which brings Christ into helpful relations with man's daily life. The heart of humanity is always responsive, the head is often perverse. Mr Moody's homely appeals have always been exceedingly popular in Boston. Strange that, knowing this fact, the outside world has so persistently judged the Boston head to be so much bigger than the Boston heart. Not so. It is a purely human heart, aching with sorrows, sated with the world, and not knowing what aileth it, generous with impulses and hopes that have blessed all America, and easily responsive to Christ's power to save. I believe that the united hope and faith of our pastors contemplates a gracious winter of old fashioned revival. There is surely nothing in the present outlook to make such expectation seem vain. I cannot now recall a single serious expression of discouragement that I have heard from a clergyman's lips.

EMORY J. HAYNES.

## SCIENCE AND MODERN DISCOVERY

### A Remarkable Lecture at the Annual Meeting of the Victoria Institute in London by Professor Stokes

The present occupant of Sir Isaac Newton's professorial chair at Cambridge university, Prof G. G. Stokes, F. R. S., who is also secretary of the Royal Society of England, delivered a remarkable address at the annual meeting of the Victoria Institute in London, towards the end of June. Sir H. Barkly, G. C. M. G., F. R. S., occupied the chair, and the audience, which included many members of both houses of parliament, filled every part of the large hall. Professor Stokes gave an important account of the progress of physical science during the past quarter of a century, and, reviewing the results, specially noted that as scientific truth developed, so had men to give up the idea that there was any opposition between the book of Nature and the book of Revelation. He said that for the last twenty years or so one of the most striking advances in science had been made in the application of the spectroscope, and in the information obtained with regard to the constitution of the heavenly bodies. The discovery that there were in these particular chemical elements, which were also present in our earth, exalted our idea of the universality of the laws of nature, and there was nothing in that contrary to what he had learned in Revelation, unless we were to say as the heathen did that the God of the Hebrews was the God of the hills and not of the valleys. Entering with some particularity into the composition of the sun, the professor said this gave an idea of an enormous temperature, since iron existed there in a state of vapor. This was utterly inconsistent with the possibility of the existence there of living beings at all approaching in character to those we have here. Are we, then, to regard this as a waste of materials? Might we not rather argue that as in animals we ascend by greater specialization, so we could consider the different station of office in different members of the solar system as marks of superiority, and could regard the sun as performing the most important function for that system. In fact, all life on our earth was ultimately derived from the radiation of solar heat. Referring to the doctrines of conservation of energy and of dissipation of energy, he pointed out at some length how the sun, so far as we could see, was not calculated for an eternal duration in the same state and performing the same functions as now. We must regard the universe on a grand scale and then there was progress. If we contemplated nothing but periodicity, perhaps we might rest content and think things would go on forever as at present, but, looking on the state of the universe on a grand scale, as one of progress, this idea obliges us to refer to a first cause. Professor Stokes concluded with recommending that the annual report of the society, read by Captain Frank Petrie, the honorary secretary, be adopted. It showed that the number of home, American and colonial members had increased to upwards of 1100, and that the institute's object, in which scientific men whether in its ranks or not united, was to promote scientific inquiry, and especially in cases where questions of science were held by those who advanced them to be subversive of religion. All its members and one guinea associates received its transactions free, and twelve of its pages were now published in a People's edition, which was to be had in many of the colonies and America. The address was delivered by Dr J. Leslie Porter, president of Queen's college, Belfast, the subject being "Egypt: Historical and Geographical," a country with which he had been thirty years intimately acquainted. Having referred to the antiquity of Egyptian records, which in so many instances bore on the history of their ancient countries, he proceeded to describe the various changes through which that country had passed since its first civilization, and, touching on its physical geography concluded by giving the main results of recent explorations. One or two special statements may be here recorded. Dr Porter said:—"Were the Nile, by some convulsion of nature or by some gigantic work of engineering skill—neither of which is impossible—turned out of its present channel away up to Khartoum, or at any other point above Wady Halfa, Egypt would speedily become a desert." No tributary enters the Nile below Berber that is to say, for the last thousand miles of its course. "The arable land of Egypt is about equal in extent to Yorkshire. The White Nile, issuing from Lakes Albert and Victoria Nyanza, is broad and deep, never rises above a few feet, and supplies the permanent source of the river of Egypt. The other tributaries produce the inundation." Of these the Atbara from the mountains of Abyssinia is the most fertilizing, as it brings down with it a quantity of soil. The deposit of this soil is slowly raising the bed of the river as well as extending on each side. For example, in the plain of Thebes the soil formed by deposits has in 3000 years encroached upon the desert a third of a mile, "while the ruins of Heliopolis in the Delta, which once stood above reach of the inundation, are now buried in a mud deposit to a depth of nearly seven feet. In conclusion, he referred to Egypt and its present condition, saying "The commerce from the upper tributaries of the Nile, and from the wide region of the Soudan, forms an essential factor in the prosperity and progress of Egypt." The Earl of Belmore and the Right Hon. A. S. Ayrton moved and seconded a vote of thanks, after which the company present assembled in the museum where refreshments were served.

### Who Was He?

It is reported that a certain financial editor in Chicago who came out strong one morning against the Missouri Pacific, was waited upon by a gentleman who laid a $20 bill on the table.

"What for?" asked the financial editor.

"I own $10,000 worth of stock in the Missouri Pacific and I want you to come out with an article to-morrow admitting that you were in error."

"Can't do it, sir."

Another $20 bill was laid down.

"That is I don't believe I can."

A third $20 fluttered on the table.

"That is, I can't do it to-morrow. That would be altogether too soon, but I'll come out the day after and do $60 worth of the finest crawfishing you ever saw. Whenever I make a mistake come and see me."—Utica Press.

## NEW YORK NOTES.

### The Recent Lamentable Death of Ex-Lieutenant Commander Gorringe.

Who Will be the Next Governor of New York?—Reminiscences of the Old Volunteer Fire Companies of the Great Metropolis

[Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.]

NEW YORK, July 12, 1885.—Commander Gorringe's death, the news of which appears just as I put pen to paper, was not unexpected, but will nevertheless be regarded by those who knew him as premature, and as marking the too early close of a career full of promise. I had only a slight acquaintance with him, but I recall vividly the impression he made upon me as that of a man imbued with remarkable power and distinguished for dignity and self-possession. I remember especially well one evening at a certain famous club, when he came up behind a group in which I was talking, and said "Have you heard the news? Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr Burke had their throats cut this evening in Phoenix park, Dublin." It was the first hint that any of us had received as to the horrible crime which the next morning's papers announced. And Gorringe moved from group to group in the club rooms like a messenger of fate, calmly and politely imparting his information, much as if he had been asking us to take a cigar with him. There was something about him which made you feel that he was a man of destiny. Yet his destiny was a sad and frustrated one. When he brought over the obelisk and set it up in Central park, amid the general acclaim of compliments, it seemed as if a successful future were assured to him. But in reality after that he had no successes. His attempt at establishing a ship-yard lacked the powerful capitalists, was a dismal failure. His death, however, was the result of an accident in trying to board a moving train, the effect being developed slowly. If he had lived a few years more, in good health it would not have been surprising to find him taking an important place in public affairs.

A vast amount of superfluous wisdom is floating around just now concerning the democratic nomination for governor in this state. I was told some days ago that the administration plan was to nominate Edward Cooper. According to my informant, that was "all fixed." The Cooper boom, accordingly, has begun to develop, as shown by a recent long dispatch to the New York *Times*. Later advices indicate the situation somewhat as follows. Governor Hill is said to be convinced that an administration candidate, whoever he may be, is doomed to defeat. Accordingly, he has made his peace with the various factions, to cover the event of his running as a candidate without administration support. Meanwhile, Mr Cooper is put forward, with the understanding in certain quarters that he is to be considered the administration candidate. At the last moment Mr Cooper, if he consents to let his name be used until then, will be suddenly found available, and Gov Hill will be nominated, apparently in opposition to the wishes of the administration. This, it is supposed, will give him great strength with the mass of voters. But it is said that indirectly he will receive such support as the administration can give. I give simply what I hear. If it be true, we have a curious conjunction, namely, the administration trying to win with a candidate apparently not of its choice. In other quarters I am told that the administration has failed to conciliate any faction of the democratic party here. Mr Hedden as collector, though ostensibly "Thompson's man," is "his own man" after appointment, and therefore does not satisfy the county democracy. Mr Dorsheimer is only nominally a Tammany representative, and Irving hall has received no share of the spoils. Apparently, then, Mr Cleveland has not satisfied any section of the party in this city. It remains to be seen whether his policy gives him any strength in the management of state politics. Perhaps he relies for support upon the independent voter.

A case of assault here, a day or two ago, brought up the name of a Mr George Law. Mr Law, I have been told, is interested in prize fighters and others of cognate professions. It is said that he enjoys an income running into the hundreds of thousands, but that his taste inclines him to the society of persons whose occupations are not usually considered legitimate. He frequents three or four resorts where men of pugilistic and other tendencies resort. Sometimes they lay before him pitiful tales of distress endured by one of their number, and his check is promptly offered to a large and alleviating amount. The recent difficulty is said to have been due to his failure to give $1000 instead of $500. This is certainly a curious phase of existence, the millionaire consorting with "toughs" and refusing to prosecute one of his uncomfortable companions, when he is assaulted. But it will not seem so incredible if compared with the experience of an old volunteer fireman, which I am about to relate. If there is one thing which New York prides herself on more than all others it is the excellence of her fire department, and although a few survivors of the old volunteer brigade shake their heads mournfully when they speak of the "good old times," even they will, when pressed, admit the superiority of the present system.

I was watching a large fire on Broadway not long ago in company with one of these old fire-laddies, and we were both commenting on the activity of the firemen and the business-like way in which they attacked the flames, when my friend surprised me by saying: "Those fellows don't go to work as we used to when I ran with Big Six. They don't break enough glass. Why we wouldn't have left a whole window in the building. Then they ought to cut a hole in the roof so as to give the flames some vent. They put the fire out nowadays before there's any chance of having any fun. I used to be an enthusiastic fireman, but I got cured of it long ago and all of a sudden too."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Well, I was so crazy over the fire business that I used to sleep in the engine house every night and one evening I took a stroll up the street with one of the boys of the company—a tough fellow, and a fighter he was, too—and in a saloon we met two or three members of another company, who began to make sneering remarks to my friend. I knew that he was a shoulder hitter, and so I felt safe in saying to him, 'Ah! whack him in the jaw, Tommy!'

"That settled me. A fellow stepped up behind me and hit me a crack that sent me flying through the green baize doors across the sidewalk and into the middle of the street. I must have been knocked senseless, for the next thing I knew was when I found myself lying on the floor of our engine house with half a dozen fellows standing around me. And then I heard some one come in and ask what was the matter with me. My friend, the tough, stood up and said:

"'He went up in de Fourth ward an' pronounced himself a fighter an' dis is wot come of it.'

"The next day I resigned from the company and I don't think I've seen half a dozen fires from that time until to-day."

But while there were many volunteer firemen who, like my friend lived to become tired of running to fires and fighting with rival companies, there are still those who look back with feelings of fond regret to the "good old days" and speak of their old "machines" with something akin to reverence. An instance of this sort came under my observation two or three years ago at Blackwell's island.

While on a visit to the public institutions there I noticed among the inmates of the poorhouse a man of about 40 who had been injured in such a way as to cripple him and deprive him of the use of his limbs. This helpless paralytic, who seemed happy and contented, was wheeled about in a little wooden cart on which was painted in black letters the name "Black Joke." He smiled when he saw me and pointed proudly at the inscription.

"That fellow," said an attendant, "was a member of the 'Black Joke' engine company, and was injured at a fire a number of years ago. When the doctors got through with him they found he was paralyzed and had forgotten everything—family, home and friends—except the engine he used to run with. They brought him over here and had that cart made for him, but he would not get into it until they painted the name of his old machine on it. He's proud enough of it now, I can tell you, and happy only when somebody is wheeling him around in the 'Black Joke.'"

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

# MERRY ENGLAND.

## Some of its Characteristics as Seen in the Trip from Dover to London.

### Entering the Great Metropolis—A Vast Congregation of Human Beings Gathered in One City—The Sights to be Witnessed by the Tourist.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

The night was far advanced, the morning star was out in regal splendor, and a faint pallor crept over the eastern sky when we stepped ashore at Dover. A railroad official conducted us to a train waiting near the landing. A few minutes later we pulled out, and after running about half a mile, stopped at the custom house. A short delay, and we were off for London at terrific speed. By mistake we had been placed on the wrong train We had taken tickets at Paris on the slow train We always preferred to travel on the slow trains, which stopped at every station, and thus enabled us to see more of the country than when on a train stopping every twenty or twenty-five miles, and rushing through the country at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per hour. But we were in for it now We had to resign ourselves to our fate of journeying in a manner which is the exclusive privilege of the upper ten. We dashed along as though chased by furies. Villages, towns, groves, grainfields, meadows, hopfields and turnpikes on either hand whirled around a common center, as if in an enchanting and alluring waltz. A heightened noise and a mad rush of long files of houses to the rear, gave evidence of our passage through a station, and a dull rumbling sound, accompanied by pitchy darkness coming and vanishing almost instantaneously, indicated a tunnel on the line This last drive through the fresh morning air and the dewy landscape was exhilarating in the extreme, but one of our ladies grew nervous and manifested all the symptoms of an uneasy mind She said that ordinarily she enjoyed a ride at this speed, but here, the thought that something might get out of gear with the locomotive, and that the engineer might not be able to stop the train before reaching the farther edge of the island, and thus throw us all over the precipice into St. George's channel, filled her soul with fear and gloomy forebodings

We made a short stop at Chatham, a city with an ancient aspect and strong fortifications, and again rushed through the fertile, populous, smiling fields of old Kent. Chiselhurst, with its park, the refuge of the last of the Napoleons, appeared on our left, then the vast crystal palace of Sydenham, on an eminence rising above the dead level, and before we could realize it we were among the suburbs of London It took fully half an hour from the city limits to Victoria station, the terminal depot near the heart of the city. When our tickets were demanded it was discovered that some one, somewhere, had blundered. The officials demanded fourteen shillings from each of us as extra compensation for using the very first-class compartments on a first-class lightning express train from Dover to London, when our tickets entitled us only to a ride in the slow coach with the plebeians of the empire. This we refused to comply with, as it was not ours, but the fault of some of their officials at Dover, and besides we were really entitled to damages, as the extraordinary speed prevented the full enjoyment of the beauties of Kent The railroad officials threatened to hold our baggage. That was the limit of our endurance We had submitted to little annoyances from petty tyrants in the railroad depots and custom houses of the continent, simply because we were aware of the fact that our grand army had its hands full in keeping down the red enemies of our country, and that our navy dare not venture to leave the smooth waters of our harbors, and so had resorted to our corruption fund and bribed them with 10 cents a piece whenever trouble threatened These Britishers were entirely too greedy We would not mind a shilling or two to the conductor, but the whole baggage, that was too much, and further diplomatic negotiations must cease at once. We had seen something of the internal weakness under the brave bluster of Britain, and so we put on a bold face and talked about our consul, ambassador, president, General Jackson and our army, Commodore Perry and our navy, Captain Jack and Sitting Bull. It had the desired effect. They let go the trunks. Two days later we received a note from the solicitor of the railroad company to come up and settle or expect a visit from the sheriff and the posse comitatus. That was the end of the controversy. England had saved her honor and we our shillings, and by some mutual forbearance a great war had been averted.

This was our second visit to London We had been there the winter before, making a short stop on our way to the continent. Before entering upon a lengthy description of the world's metropolis, a few words about that trip may be inserted here. On the tenth day out from New York we sighted the Scilly islands, and after that were nearly always in sight of land. The plains and mountains of our Atlantic border were covered with a thick mantle of snow, and the fierce northern winds swept over the bleak, rocky ridges of New England when we left New York on the 13th of January, and when we arrived off the southern coast of England, green fields and hill-slopes greeted our eyes After nearly a day's sail along the coast we entered The Solent, a narrow channel between the Isle of Wight and England. On our right a rocky promontory terminated in "The Needles," a cluster of high, pointed rocks, and on our left the abrupt, grassy shores of Dorset, with cozy hamlets, villages and towns dotting the slopes The scenery here is always charming, but coming from wintry scenes, the transition to spring showers, to soft, balmy breezes sweeping up from the southwest over the islands with their white cliffs, green lawns and pastures, dark budding woods, white castles and villas and reddish villages and towns, was particularly enchanting Our steamer ran up the harbor of Southampton some distance, when a lighter came down to receive mail and some passengers, after which the steamer proceeded on its way to Bremen, and the passengers for England went to Southampton. It was early morning when we landed there, and after a short delay we sat down to a good, substantial English breakfast in a quiet, comfortable hotel The well sheltered harbor has made Southampton an important seaport at all times. The city now contains about 60,000 inhabitants, of whom many are connected with the shipping interests of the port. The place was fortified at an early date, and some gates and other fragments of the old walls are yet left standing. The city is quite old and some buildings show great age. It was relatively of more importance 1200 years ago than it is now, as it afforded an excellent harbor for the light, flat-bottomed craft of traders and colonists of the north German shores, and for the vikings of Scandinavia. Tradition points to this spot as the place where old king Canute commanded the servants to carry him in order to prove to his obsequious and flattering courtiers how powerless even a king is in the presence of winds, tides and the laws of nature. Southampton was also a very important harbor during the wars with France, when England's princes claimed large fertile provinces beyond the channel, and when Englishmen went to the opposite shores for conquest and renown. The climatic conditions of Southampton and the south of England resemble those of the Oregon coast very much. The climate is humid and warm The green grass in the gardens and parks, the budding trees and shrubs in midwinter, the moss covered roofs, the damp, clammy walls and atmosphere reminded us strongly of our home on the shores of the North Pacific.

At noon we took the train for London, and were soon speeding through Hampshire and Surrey towards the busy mart on the Thames The English landscape rarely has the elements of grandeur, such as we found on the Rhine, the Danube and in the mountains of Tyrol, Italy and Switzerland, but it has an attractiveness peculiarly its own, and upon the whole second to none in the world. The soil is not of the best quality, being frequently only a thin layer of black earth on the chalky rocks beneath, but it was well worked. With the possible exception of a strip of land along the North sea from Jutland to Belgium, agriculture is carried to a higher perfection in England than anywhere else in Europe. The fields were as clean, smooth and trim as a well-kept lawn Robust health and sturdy vigor are the striking features of the farming population The soft, subdued tones of the landscape, the productiveness of the soil, the mild climate, the insular position and a long record of freedom and famous achievements in thought and action have made the English a vigorous, independent, peculiar, haughty and somewhat conservative race. Everything in England, the people, the houses, the churches, the castles, the fields and groves breathe a spirit of self-sufficiency that will disdain to go abroad for improvements The nation is progressive, but essentially so in its own methods, and there is perceptible less of foreign influence than anywhere else in Europe or America. Everything is thoroughly English, and aims at nothing else, and if this spirit is carried to excess, as appears to be the case, grave consequences must follow No nation can exclude itself in the present age without suffering great injury It is this conservatism, however, which makes an English landscape so fascinating. The old, the relics of former ages in buildings, habits and manners, which on the continent are generally galvanized into the semblance of life, for revenue and stage effect, in England yet show marked vitality The representatives of former centuries there mingle harmoniously with those of the present. In political and municipal constitutions, in religious organizations and usages, in measures, weights and coins, in art and science England clings to the old with a tenacity to be found nowhere else. As every planet has its opposite poles, as every normal man unites extremes in his character, so in the national character of the English we find a bold, progressive spirit compensated by a rigid conservatism. The latter at present predominates, and gives the distinguishing feature to everything on the island A very short stay in England will convince the most superficial observer that he is among a people essentially conservative, and that temporarily has ceased moving and growing until the progressive element shall again come to the front.

As a consequence of this outspoken conservatism in the national character we find that the first demand of this people in everything is solidity and durability Nothing is changed, nothing is adopted until the new has been thoroughly tested and proved, at home or abroad. Houses, roads, clothes, meat, drink, etc., bear the mark of solidity and durability in old England, and in this respect form a marked contrast to our own country, and in the comparison, when fairly made, ours does not always appear to advantage

The land is level and gently undulating The farm house and the laborers' cottages are not grouped in large villages to the same extent as in eastern Europe, but are more scattered along the highways, and form a connecting link between the compact villages of the Slavic countries in the east and the isolated farmhouses of the Anglo Saxon in the western continent Many houses are thatched with straw and green moss has gathered in large spots on the steep roofs An air of cleanliness and quiet comfort pervades the rural homesteads, even the laborers' humble abodes The roads are in good condition and generally lined with hedgerows Huge mills and factories span streams or front the railroad. Neat cottages for laborers, built in regular order, cluster about them They lend the landscape an aspect of thrift, industry and prosperity Castles surrounded by extensive parks, crumbling ruins of medieval strongholds and ivy-covered walls of abandoned churches and abbeys crown eminences from which feudal lords and haughty disciples of the Nazarene awed the surrounding country

The coupes or compartments in the cars on English trains are still of the old fashion, of course Six to ten persons are cooped up in a box, of whom half ride forward and the others backward, and only half of them have a chance to catch a breath of fresh air or a glimpse of the country The cars are not heated generally, but people suffering from the damp, chilly air, can provide themselves with little flat iron receptacles which are filled with hot water at the stations and placed under the feet in the cars. They hold about a half gallon of water, and when they grow cold are exchanged for hot ones at the station The exchange of these diminutive heating apparatuses at every station furnished a good deal of work for trainmen and amusement to us

After a ride of two hours and a half we reached the suburbs of the great city The train ran along a high embankment, which reached far above the houses, and furnished a fine position for observation The suburbs of London, usually grown around the small nucleus of a former village, have the same monotonous regularity of American towns. The streets are wide and straight, and the houses possess a wearisome sameness, as if constructed in a factory and placed there in long rows It must be difficult for a suburban Londoner to find his home when returning in a benighted and befogged condition The millions of light yellow chimney pots projecting above the tiled roofs make whole quarters resemble a vast autumnal field with bristling, gigantic stubbles.

From the depot we drove to our hotel, in St. Paul's churchyard A man with a white apron and a brass shield on his cap stepped up when our carriage halted opened the doors of the carriage and of the hotel, and when we had alighted doffed his cap and asked for a little something "for the old man" Being asked upon what services he founded his claim for remuneration, he said that he had opened the doors, and that was his occupation, and that people always paid him a little for his very important services. He appeared very courteous, deferential and sincere, and as we were just in from the wilds of Oregon, and not yet fully acquainted with the customs of civilized Europe, I concluded to comply gracefully with the new order of things, and as there was nothing small about me, I handed him a shilling, which he accepted with a profound bow, probably to hide a derisive smile. He did not offer to return change He would have accepted a sovereign with the same stolid resignation It was about a shilling too much, but it was not a costly lesson, and ever afterward we managed to carry with us sufficient small coin of the country to satisfy these continuous and annoying demands for real or pretended services Small coin and a fair knowledge of the amount usually paid for these little services are some of the first requisites for travellers in Europe

London is such a vast conglomerate of humanity (and inhumanity) that it must take months of diligent sightseeing before the vast city can be grasped by the mind. If London possessed nothing but its 5,000,000 people engaged in trade and mechanical arts, if it were devoid of galleries, museums, public buildings, noted churches and statues, the very fact of five millions of people living and working in this limited space, would be of the highest interest. Three times as many people in one city as we have whites residing on the Pacific slope, and all being born, living and dying in toil and leisure, in poverty and wealth, with the same regularity as smaller communities.

The five millions of people of London live in 650,000 houses, which cover an area of 690 square miles, and line 6600 miles of streets, avenues and roads They consume daily 5500 quarters of wheat, 1100 oxen, 4000 sheep, 3,000 calves, 700 hogs, 1,000,000 pounds of fish, and a vast stream of water, milk, beer, wine, ale, porter and whisky pours through 5,000,000 throats. There are born 370 children every day, and 240 deaths occur in the same length of time The excess of births over deaths amounts to 45,000, and about 40,000 people from the provinces and from abroad are added annually to the vast aggregate. The annual increase in population is nearly 90,000 which in itself is sufficient for a good sized city. It is an astounding growth, and this phenomenon is truly a miracle Can it continue much longer? The country has about reached its maximum of productiveness, The land cannot produce much more food, and thanks to improved machinery, that quantity of food can be raised with a decreased number of laborers, so that the rural population, which is always on the increase and especially so under improved sanitary conditions, must send its surplus population to the city In 1801 London contained 9.72 per cent of the population of England, and in 1881 this ratio was increased to 14.60 per cent. Nor does this apply only to London All over Europe and America the growth of urban population at the expense of the country has been phenomenal in this century Every great city in Europe shows such a vast and rapid increase from census to census as is but little exceeded by the growth of American cities The grave and hard statistics of the census offices point warningly to impending social troubles So long as the wild, fertile plains of America and Australia invite the sturdy settler with his labor-saving machines, we have an escape valve, but that must close sooner or later, and when that occurs, which will probably be before the end of this century, tremendous revolutions must occur People will live, and must live No law or force ever withstood the pressure of hungry masses, and when the time comes when the population of towns and cities has reached an abnormal height, and when the country is unable to sustain it, then must set in a reaction which will be more or less violent according to the temper, foresight and sagacity of people and statesmen

London, like all great cities, is a vast maelstrom, which draws to its circling whirlpool, the adventurous, the vigorous and the energetic people from all lands, to prosper awhile in the giddy whirl, and then to perish None of the great cities could maintain its population if its deteriorating citizens were not continuously replaced by the more vigorous youths from the rural districts. The deaths exceeded the births in London considerably up to the present century. Improved sanitary conditions have depressed the death rate below that of births but doubtless, if exact statistics could be furnished we would find that families immigrating to the city become extinct in a few generations. The old stock is thus ever renewed by steady influx from the country, and the population is necessarily greatly mixed in blood, character and ideas, and largely devoid of national characteristics. It is estimated that London contains 350,000 Irish, 120,000 Scots, 45,000 Asiatics, Africans and Americans (Indians), 60,000 Germans, 30,000 French, 15,000 Dutch, 12,000 Poles, 7500 Italians, 5000 Swiss and 40,000 Jews, in the aggregate nearly 600,000 foreigners. It follows, that although the Anglo-Saxon predominates largely, yet through this never-ceasing influx from abroad, the population of London must become more and more cosmopolitan in character. The same is true of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and other places, and the tourist looks in vain for national types in these centers, except in the crowded, dark lanes and alleys, where poverty subjects the deteriorated old stock to a lingering death

Religious instruction in London is furnished in 1100 churches, which cannot accommodate more than one tenth of the people Education is still neglected, although much is done in the cause. The schools for elementary and common education cannot seat more than half the children which are of school age Consequently thousands grow up in the heart of this vast, wealthy city without the aid of schools, and dense ignorance and crimes are the result Notwithstanding the vicious elements bred in the dingy quarters of ignorance and want and the hosts of adventurers flocking together there from all directions, good order is kept by an efficient and vigilant police Eleven thousand policemen regulate the traffic on the crowded thoroughfares, maintain order and keep in check the lawless elements The London police are noted for their civility, politeness and dutiful behavior In my notebook I had put them down as the best police in the world, but since the disclosures made by the *Pall Mall Gazette* I have concluded to suppress that sentence for the present

This immense city, extending twelve to fifteen miles in every direction from Charing Cross, has but few fine streets Street-cars are almost impossible in the denser portions, and if it were not for the magnificent system of underground railways travel would be seriously interfered with. These subterranean railroads are a great relief to the crowded center It enables the banker, the merchant, the clerk, etc , to live in the suburbs, from whence he can reach his place of employment in a few minutes, without picking his way through black masses of pedestrians and vehicles which even now frequently block the passage on the most frequented streets. These railroads are underground only in the heart of the city, where they run from station to station through vast tunnels above which the human tide surges through labyrinthian streets from early morn till night Beyond the center the roads pass through deep cuts, bridged at the street crossings and faced with the rear end of long rows of houses, and still beyond, in the suburbs, the roads ascend to the surface The roads ramify the city in all directions, and there are but few places which are not within easy reach of some station along the line. The trains move with great precision, the sale of tickets is conducted with dispatch, the ingress and egress of passengers is well regulated and cars assigned without delay by courteous officials At the stations centrally located, trains come and leave every few minutes They run up to the platform, stop a few seconds, and are off again like lightning Haste, nervous excitement, is the distinguishing feature of life on these subterranean platforms When the train comes in, the doors of the coupes fly open, and a hundred individuals, men, women and children, rich and poor, with a hundred different purposes moving them, rush out upon the platform and up the steps to the streets, while an equal number, perspiring with anxiety and in a nervous flutter, hurry along with baskets, packages and bundles, peeping into every compartment for a vacant seat, while the conductor stands waiting impatiently, with whistle in hand, to give the signal "ahead" as soon as the last heel has disappeared behind the closing door. The cars are lighter, bigger and divided into three classes so that the boasted subterranean equality of other countries does not extend to London. The stations are only one-quarter to a mile apart, and the fare is low, so that this luxury is within the reach of the poor About 200,000 passengers are carried daily by this system of railways, and in the morning when merchants, bankers, artisans and laborers go to their work and in the evening when they return to their suburban homes, the scenes at the stations are animated in the extreme

The absence of tramway lines in the center of the city leaves the transportation of passengers, so far as they cannot avail themselves of underground railroads, to omnibusses and cabs. Omnibusses run in all directions from the bank, and 10,000 cabs, of which 6000 are Hansom cabs, fill the streets The Hansom cab is an institution peculiar to London, although it has found imitators of late in other English cities. It is a two-wheeled carriage, with room for two persons, and the driver is perched behind and above the passengers A little trap-door in the cover opens a way of communication between the driver and the passengers It is a very convenient mode of traveling in the city, and well adapted to the narrow and crowded thoroughfares. The traffic is well regulated by the police One stream of vehicles runs up on one side the street and another one down the other side All keep to the left, a custom also peculiar to London and England, and not a bad custom it is At Ludgate, Cheapside and other streets communicating with the bank, the exchange and the business center, the vehicles form solid lines in procession during business hours, so that it becomes dangerous to cross the street, and the police have to interfere The long procession of omnibusses, cabs, carts, carriages and wagons is stopped by a policeman and a gap opened, through which a black current of pedestrians crosses instantaneously. The gap closes, and the procession on wheels moves on again until a group of pedestrians has again collected at the crossing, and the process of conducting them to the other side is repeated. Fortunately the streets are paved with asphaltum, or the din would be insufferable

The comparatively low rate of mortality in London is due largely to the great number of spacious parks in the city. The sanitary effect of these breathing places, or lungs, is inestimable. The West End, the home of the aristocracy and of merchant princes, is well supplied with these parks, but the East end, the quarter where the poorer classes, the laborers, the artisans and small traders reside, is still deficient in this respect. The hundreds of parks and squares in the city cover an area of about 3,000 acres, and with the large commons in the suburbs, which are now accessible to all, contain 1-25 part of the area of the city.

London is emphatically a commercial center, and trade and business are its characteristic features. Paris is a place of amusement, Berlin is a military camp, and London is a shop. Actors and artists lead in Paris, lieutenants and professors are prominent in Berlin, and bankers and importers rule in London. Paris takes pride in its plays and pictures, Berlin in its manual of arms, and London boasts of its counting rooms Everything in London is subordinated to the interests of trade, and the spirit of commerce, the spirit of gain, permeates its whole society, from the queen to the coalheaver on the Long shore. Five million of people agitated by the same thought and desires must necessarily accomplish much. They have made London the heart of the world's commerce and finances. Every greater enterprise projected the world over looks to that half square mile around the bank of England for aid to carry it out All the lines of trade lead there, and abundance of harvests, failure of crops, conflagration, shipwrecks, wars, &c., are faithfully reported on Cornhill and Threadneedle street, and every disaster, every fortunate circumstance, however large or small, becomes a force in the fluctuations of the stock reports There is something grand in all this It is an epic, far above the poet's boldest conceptions. Untold millions have labored unconsciously for centuries at this grand work, the typical representative of our century, of our age. As the customs union preceded the political union of Germany, so the solidarity and intimate connection of the material interests of all the continents, as demonstrated in the counting rooms of London, must precede more cosmopolitan views. The English merchants were unconsciously the effective missionaries, preaching the great gospel of a common humanity Commerce levels the Chinese walls with which nations surrounded themselves, and when once an exchange of commodities has been established between different peoples, when they once eat and wear and admire what others have produced, they will recognize each other as members of the same family. Trade recognizes no narrow distinctions of tribes and nations, it applies a universal standard to all men, and a London banker would not hesitate to make an advantageous loan to an enemy of England, even if that same money were to be used in the purchase of men-of-war, arms and ammunition, to be used against his country Commerce knows no races nor nationalities, but pounds and shillings only

During our first stay in London which was in midwinter, we had very few clear days The smoke from upwards of 50,000 tons of coal burned daily, and the heavy, celebrated London fog, sometimes turned noon into night On such days gas was kept burning in the houses and on the streets, and the eye was unable to penetrate the dismal gloom more than a few rods The shuffling feet on the sidewalk, the clatter of the horses' feet on the wet, shining asphaltum, the dull roll of wheels, the shouts of drivers, the shrill calls of newsboys, and the indistinct cabs, busses and pedestrians looming up suddenly in the dark fog and vanishing again like sudden visions, made street life on such occasions a succession of weird, ghostly scenes. That London fog is no fiction, but a serious reality, and it is a wonder that men are not run over and injured by the hundred, when it is so dark that in the middle of the day people go about with lanterns in hand, like Diogenes of old.

The old city—that part which in the earlier centuries was enclosed by walls—is about a mile square and is still the heart of the city The old fortifications have disappeared long ago, and of them nothing remains but the names of the old gates, such as Ludgate, Newgate, Aldersgate, Bishopsgate, etc Here are the banks, the exchange, the brokers and the wholesale merchants Here are the Mansion house, Guildhall, St. Paul's and the Tower, and here starts London bridge, over which 160,000 pedestrians and 22,000 vehicles pass every day.

St. Paul's cathedral occupies the summit of an eminence in the old city It is a fine building, by Sir Christopher Wren, the great architect of London, built after the great fire, and is a smaller copy of St Peter's at Rome The dome which surmounts it is by many considered the best work of its kind in the world It is a grand, massive pile, and in size ranks third in Europe, being surpassed only by St. Peter's and the cathedral of Milan Like the cathedral of Cologne, it is hemmed in by stores, hotels, etc , and its noble proportions cannot be fully enjoyed The nave is 500 feet long, 118 feet wide, and it is 225 feet from the floor to the vault of the dome Standing beneath the broad dome and looking through the long rows of lofty pillars we feel the solemn presence of a master mind. An attempt has been made to make St. Paul's, like Westminster abbey, a pantheon of England's glorious dead, but the effort has not been crowned with success. A goodly number of statues, monuments, reliefs and tablets, commemorative of hero, statesman, poet, author, divine, philanthropist and scientist, adorn niches, galleries and crypts of the church, but many of them seem to have no other record of greatness than a place in St Paul's Some are buried here and others have only their monument, being represented by proxy only, as it were. Among the most noted are Hallam, the historian, Dr. Johnson, the famous lexicographer, John Howard, the well known philanthropist, Turner, the painter, Lord Nelson the hero of Copenhagen, the Nile and Trafalgar and the duke of Wellington The monuments, statues and reliefs are rarely of any artistic value The grave is not a place favorable to art Sculpture has horrid dreams or grows hyper sentimental, poetry seldom rises above mere doggerel, and history carves bombastic lies into the marble or granite We attended service several times at the cathedral High church principles predominated there, and it seemed as though the distance from St Paul to St Peter's was much shorter than is generally supposed

Almost opposite the postoffice and at the intersection of St. Paul's churchyard with Newgate street, Aldersgate street, Cheapside and Paternoster row, famous for its book stalls, stands a fine statue of Sir Robert Peel It is on one of the busiest spots of the city and the statue seems to form a kind of island in the dashing stream All day long people can be seen fording the one branch as it were, then resting at the pedestal a moment and again plunging into the black, surging element and finally reaching a safer shore on the opposite sidewalk In thus affording a resting place and refuge to a troubled humanity, Sir Robert is the only British statesman particularly useful after death.

At the foot of Cheapside are the bank of England, a vast, massive stone structure of one story and without windows from the outside, the royal exchange, a fine building with a Corinthian portico, some good statues of Victoria and Elizabeth and Charles II On the tympanum commerce is represented as a woman surrounded by Arabs, Indians, Negroes, Chinese, Malays, etc , with an inscription below reading "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof" Whenever I read that inscription, it occurred to me that the designer had perpetrated an irreverent pun and that the lords really do own the greatest and best portion of this earth and of the fulness thereof The mansion house, which is the official residence of the lord mayor, the stock exchange and a number of banking houses are clustered around this spot, which is really the hub of the earth

From the bank through Lombard street, named after the early Lombard bankers and still occupied by the same class of business, and thence through a labyrinth of dark, gloomy lanes along the banks of the Thames, is only a short walk to the Tower. This quarter has a very ancient look and very much resembles the old Hansa towns, Decay marks the tall houses with steep gables to the street, and quite a number had become so decrepid as to need long, heavy beams to prop them, They resembled a feeble octogenarian leaning on his crutches The tower is the old citadel, first erected by William the conqueror on the banks of the Thames, but subjected to modifications in subsequent centuries It is a regular fortress, with deep moats, battlemented walls, turrets and towers, and covers an area of about twelve acres. It is now used as an armory, but kept in good repair. The clumsy, massive White tower, the only remnant of the conqueror's structure, occupies the center of the fort Vast stores of arms and war material are kept here, besides a splendid collection of arms and armor of the different ages, from the Greek to modern times They are neatly arranged in chronological order, and show step by step the progress made by the human race in the art of war A double wall surrounds the court of the fortress. The inner wall is surmounted by twelve massive towers, which have each of them a name, such as Bell tower, Bloody tower, Jewel tower, Wakefield tower, etc., given it on account of its record, use or occupants. They were used as state prisons during the middle ages and at the beginning of modern times Many eminent men and women suffered cruel imprisonment and death in these gloomy dungeons during those cruel and turbulent times Anne Boleyn, Queen Catherine Howard, Lord Somerset, Lady Jane Grey, William Wallace, John Baliol, Bruce, Cranmer, Sir Walter Raleigh, Marlborough and a host of others were imprisoned here. Many died in the damp, unhealthy prisons, many were executed in the towers, many left their cells for the scaffold on Tower hill, and some returned to freedom, fresh air and sunshine Garrulous tradition fastens many pathetic stories to these thick walls and dark dungeons. What horrible tales of cruelty and treachery these rocks could tell if they could speak!

The crown regalia are kept in a glass case in one of the towers They consist of crowns, scepters, swords, bracelets, spurs, oil vessels, spoons, salt cellars, etc., used at the coronations of different kings and queens They are mostly of gold, and profusely ornamented with diamonds and precious stones. Their aggregate value, including the celebrated diamond Kohinoor, which is only represented by a model, is estimated at $15,000,000, and it is doubtful whether the admission fees will pay interest on the investment But then as long as the people can afford expensive kings, queens and princes, they ought to keep these costly symbols of a barbaric age A sense of relief came over us when we emerged from the gloomy scenes of savage antiquity into the warm, bright sunlight again One glance at Tower hill, the old place for the execution of traitors, where some of England's best blood was shed, and we are back again in the surging stream of eager humanity that crosses the Thames over the London bridge, sweeps up to St. Paul's, and rushes through the main arteries of Oxford street and the Strand to the West End H F SUKSDORF

# A PLEA FOR EQUALITY

### A Southern Democrat who Demands Pensions to the Wounded Ex Rebels

Bill Arp in Atlanta Constitution

I see you Atlanta folks have got up a big [illegible] monument association, and got Joe Johnston and Sherman all mixed up in the concern I didn't know that Sherman had ever repented yet He hadn't when last heard from. What is that monument to commemorate? Is it to be a great monument to commemorate the valor and patriotism of dead soldiers of both armies? If so, then that is all right, provided everything is on an equality? Everything, I say If their maimed Union soldiers and soldiers' widows are pensioned, then ours must be, too We want no plunkeying around If our cripples and widows have got to sleep out in the cold we don't want any monument about it We are tired of all honor and no pay. If our soldiers deserve a monument they deserve a pension They deserve equality before the nation. Better try and see how much money can be raised for a Confederate widows' fund Dr. Felton is on that line now—the line of pensions for maimed and invalid soldiers—and he writes most feelingly and eloquently about what is due them from the state How much will Gen. Sherman and company give to that? Will they vote for a national pension to include rebels? For twenty years the south has been taxed to pay pensions to the northern Union soldiers, and we never said a word. Now, what will they do for ours? If nothing, then we want no Union monument. We have built some simple marble columns in our cemeteries and they will do for history and glory Pensions first and monuments afterwards, is my motto. We won't demand pay for the niggers, for they belonged to rich folks, but the maimed soldiers and widows are poor If it isn't but $10 apiece every year it will be a recognition of patriotic valor, and be more gratefully received than forty monuments with the taint of treason on the southern side of them. The blue and the gray can't mix that way—one with a pocket full of public money and the other with nothing—not only with nothing, but has to help fill the other's pocket. O, pshaw! Let's quit all this foolishness. We can trade, and traffic, and mingle, and mix, and get along without it. We can pass and repass, as the fellow said about his bull, but don't manufacture sentiment at the expense of truth and self-respect.

# PIONEER DAYS.

## The Remarkable Career of Ewing Young, an Immigrant of 1834

### Opposition of the Hudson Bay Company to Wyeth's Trading Post—Shipbuilding in 1841 a Success—Independence of a Great Monopoly

ARTICLE XIV

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

Early "Pioneer Days" cannot be described with justice unless we stop awhile by the way to study the character of a frontiersman who undoubtedly had a strong influence in his time and did much to emancipate the settlers from the land monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company Dr McLoughlin can be well credited with great kindness and benevolence, and fully deserved the highest honors to his memory, but he had his duty to discharge towards his company, and that brooked no rivalry The earliest comers resented in their hearts the manner in which Mr. Wyeth had literally had the ground cut from under him and was run out of the country, almost an impoverished man It is true Dr McLoughlin was personally friendly, and even kind. He sent to Wyeth's trading post on Sauvie's island for articles not to be had at Fort Vancouver, exchanged traffic to some extent, and no doubt felt sincerely a regret that his business duties required Wyeth's ruin.

### BUT "BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS,"

And the agents of the H. B Co stood ready to interfere with Wyeth's business whenever they could do so They put up the value of furs to a ruinous figure, he could only buy to sell at a loss, and after several years of this ineffectual struggle and after commending himself favorably to the kind regards of all who knew him Wyeth "gave up the fort" literally, and taking what McLoughlin was willing to give abdicated in his favor. Wyeth brought with him a few Americans, who remained in the country and made the nucleus of a settlement, few as they they were, that had the American cause at heart It must be conceded to Wyeth that incidently he greatly influenced the early fortunes of Oregon, if only by bringing these few energetic men here to establish an American sentiment

### HALL J KELLY

Was another man who took a deep and abiding interest in Oregon, and from a very early date advocated settlement here so early that his faith and zeal seem preposterous. It will perhaps be news for THE OREGONIAN itself, and certainly to all its readers, to know that half a century ago a publication was regularly issued at the east—probably at Boston—under the name of THE OREGONIAN, that advocated the settlement of Oregon This was very probably one of the means Hall J Kelly took to make Oregon known and advocate his theory of its settlement. Mr John Minto had several copies of this journal that were given to him by Mr Horace Holden but these and some other documents that would be available as additions to Oregon's historic archives have been destroyed. Mr. Kelly eventually came to Oregon, by way of California, and when there found Ewing Young and a number of resolute and daring men who were persuaded by him to journey northward in his company The men who came with Ewing Young were John McCarty, Carmichael, Webly Hawkshurst, Joseph Gale, John Howard, Kilbourn, Brandywine and George Winslow, a colored man This, as Gray recites in his history, was in 1834, but that history does not mention Hall J Kelly at all, and certainly not in connection with this overland expedition from California

### EARLY ADVENTURES OF EWING YOUNG

Mr Hugh Harrison, a deceased pioneer, who was in the Santa Fe trade many years ago, met Ewing Young there about 1830. Young was then making trips from St. Louis to New Mexico, and even then was a very daring and determined man Mr Harrison related to Mr. Minto an incident where the New Mexican authorities placed the American traders under unfair disabilities. To leave the matter as it was would cause great loss to many of the traders, so Ewing Young organized a company of fifty determined Americans who took possession of the New Mexican capital and gave the hidalgo who was executive there time to reconsider his injustice. So in his younger days, Ewing Young captured and held Santa Fe, not an inconsiderable event, and certainly a very high-handed one, but effective withal.

Young did not make a success of trading to New Mexico, so later on he organized a small company for a trapping, hunting and trading expedition, and pushed westward to the confines of New Mexico, through Arizona and into southern California. He seems to have tarried there long enough to have a family and produce heirs, for years after his death, when his estate had escheated to our state, Judge O C Pratt produced from that section a son of his named Joaquin Young, who plainly enough proved his legitimacy to secure the reversion of the escheat. Harrison remembered that Young once made a trading and trapping expedition as far north as the Oregon border, but drifted back again. It was owing to the influence of Hall J. Kelly, who met him there, that Young organized the trading and trapping expedition that finally brought him to Oregon.

### OVERLAND FROM CALIFORNIA IN 1834.

That was the company concerning which Webly Hawkshurst made the posthumous confession that I narrated some weeks ago, that being ill on Rogue river they moved to an island in that stream, where all were taken down with chills and fever. During this time they received a friendly visit from two Indians, and for fear these would go away and disclose their weak condition they killed their visitors and concealed their remains, which is considered the first ground of the implacable hate the Rogue rivers ever after manifested towards Americans. Young's party seems to have had considerable property to lose, and were excusable for having apprehensions, if not for perpetrating that dreadful murder Young had purchased quite a band of horses in California, besides which he had a trading outfit of some value They journeyed north slowly and trapped as they went also trading with the natives for furs and game. Some terrible stories were current concerning Young himself and the conduct of his party towards the Indians They had some trouble with those of Rogue river, and making a detour to the ocean outlet of that stream seem to have made their way up the coast A man of as strong nature and judgment as Young showed would not jeopardize life and so much property by acts of ruthless violence when every thing they could desire was purchasable of the Indians, so I receive these hard featured stories with many grains of allowance and considerable disallowance No doubt Young's life was a singular one, for a modicum of mystery encircled him always. He was a natural leader and may have done many unscrupulous acts in his time, and so far as his life in Oregon was concerned, from his arrival in 1834 until his death in 1841, he seems to have commanded respect and to have fully overcome the evil reports that followed him to Oregon, where they arrived in due time, having made a rather successful expedition

### DR. M'LOUGHLIN CATCHES A TARTAR

Looking up a letter from Courtney M Walker to Hon Medorem Crawford, answering a request for facts and incidents in the life of Ewing Young, I find that Hall J Kelly was in fact a member of the company that came through with Ewing Young at that time. Walker also states that he first met Young a few days after his arrival in this valley, that he brought with him from California a herd of Spanish horses and mares, and located on the west side of the Willamette river, opposite Champoeg, and erected there the first house built on that side of the river by a white man A large number of persons came from California about the time Young's party did and some of these seem to have appreciated Young's enterprise in driving horses to Oregon who did not have the means to legitimately acquire herds as he did. These men, after their companions had got beyond the vicinity of some ranches and picked up what stock they could get hold of and drove them northward. When discovered this fact was reported to the governor of California at Monterey, where the Hudson Bay company's schooner "Cadboro" was at the time, on a trading voyage. So the governor of California addressed a letter to Governor McLoughlin, informing him of the depredation committed, materially charging it on Young, who left about that time. The Cadboro arriving soon after Young's advent in Oregon, he found himself under a ban at Fort Vancouver. The fact transpired when he needed supplies and sent beaver skins to pay for them The beaver were returned with a suggestion that the Hudson Bay company, for sufficient reasons, declined to have any business transactions with Mr. Young. However, the good doctor sent all the supplies asked for, without taking an equivalent, and added a few condiments and bottles of wine to grace the stranger's table But the doctor had "reckoned without his host" Young indignantly refused to receive the goods or use the refreshments offered and, chartering an Indian and his canoe, proceeded to Vancouver, where a rather harsh interview took place In one time McLoughlin said to Young that he could not recognize a man who came thus under a ban as a leader of banditti until the charges could be disproved This matter we will conclude here by saying that when the "Cadboro" returned the ensuing year to Monterey, Young and McLoughlin both wrote to the Spanish governor and in reply to Young's explanation of facts all charges against him were retracted. In a short while he became on excellent terms with the Hudson Bay company's officials and in good standing with all classes There were then three powers in Oregon First, of course, was the British company, next the Methodist mission, then Ewing Young The scrip of these parties passed as currency

### A FORTUNE IN WILLAMETTE GRASS

When Young saw the Willamette valley lying in all its primeval loveliness and pristine beauty and luxuriance of verdure he announced his determination to become the richest man on the Pacific and fortune lay for him in having herds and flocks to consume the exuberant pasture Mr Harrison remembered to have heard him occasionally say that was his intention Withal he was a patriotic American, and however kindly he met the advances made to him in person by the controlling monopoly—for Dr. McLoughlin always recognized the utility of making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness—Young to the last maintained a stalwart independence and did all that was possible to promote an American sentiment

At this time all the cattle in Oregon belonged to the Hudson Bay company, and they maintained a strict monopoly. Any settler could have cattle to work for the breaking and cows were to be had for the milking, but the increase all remained with the H. B Co Two years after Young's arrival, in 1836, he was working up a scheme to break down this monopoly T J Hubbard rode round the settlements to see what the people could do and matters were progressing with the assistance of Rev. Jason Lee, of the M. E Mission, so favorably that they were negotiating with Vancouver for an outfit for the overland expedition to California. But here the British monopoly interest came in contact and Dr. McLaughlin refused to let them have the necessary supplies, which at that time could not be procured elsewhere Whether it was the stern immutable logic of events or should be termed an instance of poetic justice that came to the relief of the settlers and the discomfiture of the British monopoly the reader must decide. About this time there came into the Columbia river a small vessel commanded by Lieutenant Slacom, of the U S navy, whose mission was to look after and protect Americans and American interests on the Pacific The poetic justice as well as logic of events will appear when the cause of his coming is discerned

### HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD

His excellency of California had fancied that the daring and genius of Hall J Kelly were a dangerous thing to let loose on the Pacific to tamper with its 'benevolent monopolies,' so he took pains to warn Governor McLoughlin against Kelly, as well as Young, as a dangerous character This was sufficient to place Kelly under a ban also He did not enjoy good health here so abandoned the intention of remaining in Oregon, and made no location of land or permanent improvements, as Young did, and others he persuaded to come The doctor, at the fort, refused Kelly fellowship, but fitted and furnished him a dwelling and all the necessaries of life during his stay, with a couple of servants to serve his needs. This was a singular way to ostracise a man, and shows the doctor's philanthropy as counteracting his sense of justice One would suppose that Kelly, a man of birth, education, character and no inconsiderable means, could have shown the doctor the folly of any charge against him But the H B Co traded largely with California and was bound to respect the wishes of its customers The note again With Dr. McLoughlin "business was business." In the spring of 1835 a vessel went to the Sandwich islands, and the doctor gave Kelly a free passage there. He reached home (Boston) in time to publish a pamphlet, wherein he severely commented on the treatment of Americans by the H. B Co. in Oregon, giving his experience and dwelling forcibly on the fact that Ewing Young was treated so unkindly This pamphlet attracted the attention of our government, and a copy was sent to the American consul at the islands with orders to learn how Young and other Americans on the Columbia were being treated. As Lieut. W A. Slacom arrived there about that time, Mr Jones, the consul, fitted up a small brig and got him to go to the Columbia river on a tour of investigation So Kelly brought—incidentally—Slacom to the settlers' relief

### LIEUTENANT SLACOM VISITS OREGON.

The arrival of an officer of the United States was a very welcome event. He visited Fort Vancouver, and was very kindly received there. He went up the Willamette among the settlers, and seems to have identified himself heartily with their interests. He stopped awhile at the mission, and it was resolved to hold a citizens' meeting there So Hubbard again went the rounds of the settlements and called them all in for a general talk It is probable that all attended, and certain that this was the first independent gathering of Americans, held for political and national reasons, that was ever held in Oregon. It was indeed a notable occasion, for half century ago the Americans were not many, and there was no union or organization among them. This was the first occasion when they met together to hold counsel, and it was seven years before any large and organized immigration came to this country It antedated the so-called Wolf-meeting a number of years, and had a very beneficent influence over the Americans, so few in number, who then occupied western Oregon It is a pity we cannot say who they were and how many were in attendance, who spoke and what was said. We only know that Lieutenant Slacom urged the fostering of American sentiment, and that they should organize as one man against the crushing power of the British monopoly.

### THE CATTLE MONOPOLY ENDED.

There was no further trouble in organizing the cattle expedition to California. Indeed, the H. B Company, recognizing the inevitable gracefully yielded all points and subscribed for half the band to be purchased. As Dr McLoughlin says in his posthumous statement, it would be as easy to drive a thousand as five hundred cattle. Those who had not money gave their time at a dollar a day, and were to have cattle at prime cost of delivery in this valley, which was $8 a head, so all could be supplied. Ewing Young went as manager and purchaser and P L Edwards as treasurer Lieutenant Slacom solved the most difficult problem of all He had coin in hand, and exchanged it us for the drafts of the mission on the home office He did even more, for he made a voyage to San Francisco—Yerba Buena of that day especially to convey Young, Edwards Hubbard and five others, eight in all, to California, where they purchased seven hundred head of cattle and drove them successfully back to Oregon This ended the cattle monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and we submit to the reader if the poetic justice is not manifest and that the monopoly was "hoist by its own petard" The treatment of Kelly and Young caused the publication of facts in Kelly's pamphlet that resulted in sending Lieutenant Slacom hither and his coming was "in the very nick of time"

### EARLY DISTILLING PROJECT ABANDONED

Ewing Young was too restless and enterprising to be content to watch the increase of herds from the Chehalem hills, and had concluded to invest some surplus means in a distillery. For this purpose he bought, in 1836 of Captain Wyeth, who broke up in that year, a great cauldron to be used in distilling This enterprise was looked on with alarm by both the mission and the H. B Co. Dr McLaughlin remonstrated and showed him that his company abstained from selling liquor commonly The mission party offered to reimburse him for any loss by expenses incurred. The independent character and indomitable will of Young was manifest in his reply After agreeing to their request he added: "But, gentlemen, the reasons for beginning such an enterprise were the innumerable difficulties placed in our way by, and the tyrannizing oppression of, the Hudson's Bay Company, here under the absolute authority of Dr McLaughlin, who has treated us with more disdain than any American's feelings could support. But, gentlemen, it is not consistent with our feelings to receive any recompense whatever for our expenditures, but we are thankful to the society for the offer."

### AMERICANS IN OREGON IN 1836.

Gray says that at the time of the cattle expedition in '36, there were but seventeen Americans in all this country, outside of the mission. We gather the following names Ewing Young, T. J. Hubbard, Webly Hawkshurst, Joseph Gale, George Gay, S. H. Smith, Sergeant Tibbets, Felix Hathaway, James O'Neill, C. M Walker, John McCarty, Carmichael John Howard, Kilborn Brandywine, Geo. Winslow (colored), Capt. J. H Couch, G. W. Le Breton, John McCadden, Wm Johnson and Dick McCarty The seventeen do not include Capt Couch and the others whose names follow his, who came by the brig Maryland in 1840 That was the small number of American settlers in Oregon in 1836

### YOUNG'S CHARACTER AND SUDDEN DEATH.

Ewing Young was the most important man in Oregon among Americans, and was growing rapidly in wealth of stock of all kinds, when in February, 1841, after a short and severe illness, he died. He had erected a saw mill on the Chehalem creek near its confluence with the Willamette, which he kept in operation for about four years. It was swept off by a flood in the winter of 1840 '41. He died a few weeks afterward The news of his death gave quite a shock to the infant settlement, as all looked up to him and relied on his independence and backbone. All the settlers seem to have been present on the occasion of his funeral, and he was sincerely mourned. Courtney M Walker says of him further: "He was a native of Knox county, Tennessee, learned the cabinet trade at Knoxville, was very candid and a scrupulously honest man; was thorough-going, brave and daring."

His sudden death caused a feeling of mystery and various rumors prevailed, some refusing to believe that he died from actual disease, but that he was the subject of some conspiracy and foully dealt with. There is no apparent reason to doubt that he died from natural causes. He was buried near his residence in Chehalem valley At one time a railing surrounded his grave. As he died possessed of three hundred horses, besides cattle and other live stock and valuable property, some provision should have been made for the protection of his grave in a decent manner The son who turned up by the grace of Judge O. C Pratt, and received the proceeds of that estate, seemed more intent on pocketing the shekels than doing honor to a father who had forgotten him. Other rumors prevailed that his estate had been squandered, if not actually embezzled, but to state them would be to give unpleasant notoriety to other pioneers who are now dead and gone. Had he lived to old age Ewing Young would have very certainly been a man of wealth and of leading influence in Oregon

### FIRST MOVE TOWARDS PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT

It was when gathered at the obsequies of their friend and neighbor that the citizens of Oregon made the first movement towards a provisional government. Here was an estate of considerable value left without heirs in view, and without any law for its administration and settlement After the funeral they remained to talk over the situation and the possibilities, for it was not plain how those few settlers could manage to create a government. This will naturally come under the head of the formation of the provisional government, on which subject I have spent time and study, and expect to treat at some near day It is certain that had Ewing Young lived he would have taken a prominent part in organizing that government, and would have been influential in connection with it. He was often mentioned in conversation by Dr. W. H Willson, of Salem, who knew him well and respected him, though he was free to confess that Young was not a pattern of social grace and strict morality. I may be excused for interpolating here an incident that occurred in the winter of 1852-3 that called up before a distinguished company the fact of Ewing Young's previous existence.

### A SPIRITUAL VIEW OF YOUNG.

Hon Pen Stark was in the legislature of 1852 and mentioned in a social circle at Salem one evening that spiritual "manifestations" were rife in Portland. In a spirit of jest the company placed their hands on the table they sat around and went on talking. The table tipping commenced, much to our surprise, and we had "manifestations" *ad libitum.* The fame of that evening's performance went abroad and a few evenings later a distinguished company met at Hon E. N Cooke's to investigate further. Both the territorial legislature and supreme court were in session at Salem then and some twenty judges and legislators were present. One spirit—a sweetheart dead and gone—terrified the soul of Lot Whitcomb by revelations of the time when he was her lover, and finally a very lugubrious spirit appealed to me—for I, though most unbelieving, was the medium—to open conversation with Dr. Wilson. The name slowly and alphabetically rapped forth was "Ewing Young," one entirely new to me. The good doctor brightened up as he recognized a call from an old friend, and he asked him many questions. I remember only these: "Ewing, are you happy?" "No." "What's the matter?" "Wasn't good enough here." "How does that affect you now?" "It keeps me in the lowest sphere among all the bad spirits, and I cannot be happy until I get into a higher sphere." "How many spheres are there?" "Seven." "Then you are low down?" "Yes, at the bottom, and I am having a very hard time." That was my first acquaintance with Ewing Young, and my last acquaintance with spiritualism and its manifestations. I asked Dr. Wilson the next day concerning Ewing Young, and I remember that the good man gave him a reputation for good qualities as well as bad, and sighed over the possibility that he was possibly expiating the latter in very bad company in the other world. The spirits we seemed to become acquainted with in 1852 revealed to us that there were seven spheres, and that those spirits in the higher classes did missionary work among the poor wretches in the lower ones. I have often wondered what progress Ewing Young was making. It seems rather pleasant, as well as reasonable to accept such a doctrine of "the spheres."

### OUR RICH UNCLE SAM.

Among later settlers there was a man named Wood, who went to Dr. McLoughlin for a similar outfit when they attempted some years later (in 1841) to make the second expedition to California after cattle for Oregon settlers. The doctor again objected, and Woods, who was no weakling said "Doctor, you carry matters with a high hand now, but it won't last always. I've got an uncle that, rich as you are, is able to buy your great company out and several more such, and he will come along here some day when you ain't thinking of him and will astonish you."

"Tut, tut, Mr Wood, who is this uncle of your'n that is so rich?" said the astonished doctor, who didn't by any means take in the idea.

"Why, they call him Uncle Sam, and he is liable to come up here looking after us fellows who are his folks most any time, and when he does he may teach you not to carry things too high"

The doctor could see the point then. Five years previously Lieutenant Slacom had been sent by this same "Uncle Sam" to look after his "folks" on the Columbia, and had emancipated the settlers from the Hudson's Bay Company's cattle monopoly. That was lesson number one, and the second lesson was soon to follow the rather taunting remonstrance offered by Mr. Wood

### TRYING TO BUILD A SCHOONER.

The enterprise in which Wood was engaged was certainly a remarkable one for such a community to undertake. Since 1836 the seventeen settlers had increased somewhat, but not to any great number As yet there had been no regular immigration, but the material on hand was enterprising Some one suggested the scheme of building a small vessel for any use or trade that might offer, and the scheme was entered on by R. L. Kilborn (who came with Ewing Young), Charles Watts, Pleasant Armstrong, H. Woods, John Green and George Davis. They employed Felix Hathaway as head carpenter, procured a whip saw and other tools from the mission, and procured iron and spikes from Vancouver on the pretense that they intended to build a ferry boat to use on the Willamette. Hopes they secured, to some extent, by inducing French farmers to buy them on pretense that they were needed to make the Dutch harrows used in plowing. At the first suggestion of such a scheme Dr. McLoughlin had opposed it. When Wood intimated it, the doctor said: "Tut, tut, Mr. Wood, you would all be drowned in it, for you could not build a seaworthy vessel" The doctor had a happy way of saving their lives every time any of the would-be boat builders wanted assistance.

### "TUT, TUT, YOU'LL ALL BE DROWNED,

And I'll not be a party to the transaction," was his chief argument, and it was in rejoinder to such an assertion that Wood quoted his uncle to him Sure enough, it was not long before Uncle Sam put in his second appearance on the Columbia, in the guise of a naval officer, and the worthy doctor received his second lesson in American statesmanship and its resulting providence It was while these ship builders were waiting for something to turn up in their favor that Commodore Wilkes of the American exploring expedition came into the Columbia. He was appealed to by the ship building company and examined their craft, which was in progress of construction on Ross island, above Portland. When Dr. McLoughlin asked Wilkes if the vessel these men were building was strong enough to make the voyage to San Francisco he replied: "Yes, it is stout enough to double Cape Horn." This silenced the doctor, and as Commodore Wilkes offered to assist them from his naval stores, the Hudson's Bay Company could not refuse them such further assistance

Concluded on Third Page.

# REBELLION SKETCHES

## The Early War History of Kentucky its 'Armed Neutrality."

### Gen Simon B Buckner's Armed Militia—The Battle Fall of Bowling Green—Reminiscences of an Interesting Campaign

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

The telegraphic announcement of the meeting of General Grant with his old sc fellow, S B Buckner, who for a short tim ured prominently as a brigadier-general i southern confederacy, recalls vividly son the early war history of Kentucky, the sce General Buckner's military career. At the of which I write, Buckner was connected the state militia. It was a quarter of a ce ago, at the very commencement of the civil war He was prominent only as a ment secessionist. Unfortunately for hi belonged to a state divided in sentiment, a he ever possessed military genius his op nities were too limited and his career too for its development.

Kentucky was one of the four border states which did not secede For this n the north nor the south was prepared. H a disloyal governor, it was supposed she w go with the south A divided legislature a strong Union sentiment throughout the prevented this A long struggle between c ing factions for a time kept it in a neutral tion The war department at Washi called for troops Kentucky, not having ed, was requested to furnish four regime militia Here was the entering wedge having gone with the south, she had not y clared her intention to remain in the Unio a desperate attempt to prevent the last, the ernor, J. C Breckinridge, S. B Buckne other prominent men had declared for the an armed neutrality. To the call for Governor Magoffin sent the following rep

Your dispatch is received. In answer [illegible] that Kentucky will f[illegible] no [illegible] for the wicked purpose of subd[illegible] her southern states.

The state militia was at once reorganiz a scale never before heard of in this cou Buckner was the author of the plan, and the position of inspector general but no t were furnished the government. It w 6th of April, 1861. As yet there had bee grave battle, but except Fort Pickens a important forts on the southern coast had seized by the south. Sumpter, with a gar of seventy five men, after a bombardmen thirty-four hours from all the forts and bat of Charleston under direction of the confed Beauregard, supported by seven thou troops, had surrendered on the 14th. Th south had opened the struggle. The first had been fired at half-past four o clock o 12th. That gun echoed and re-echoed every home and hamlet of the nation aroused The war department at once issu call for seventy-five thousand volunteers. T hundred thousand responded. Kentucky fused

While the south was the aggressor, ah war had commenced, the line between th posing factions was not clearly drawn. four border slave holding states, Delaw Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, were u cided In each there was a local struggle. question of war or no war was settled at Su ter, but the question of sides must be d mined by each state for itself. The cond was precarious. In commerce and trade, largely in social and political ties, these s were clearly identified with the north, but der the institution of slavery they belonge the south Because of geographical pos and divided sentiment they could become i tified with neither without equal hazard population fought among themselves. Wi further thought of the great struggle of the factions of the nation, each of these states for a time a war of its own. Men fought in streets and upon the highways. The mo tense excitement prevailed. Party lines lost Hundreds of Union men with no o tunity to stay the current of secession, believing these states would ultimate forced to go with the south, crossed the in the north

These local struggles were taken advanta by southern leaders. When they could ac plish nothing better, they [illegible] with recruiting men for the southern army Kentucky, General Buckner with the [illegible] tin aided by Governor Magoffin, declared "armed neutrality." This ruse brought m loyal men to his standard The design wa organize an army upon Kentucky soil w would prevent minor troops crossing into south and at length to force the state to sec The scheme was delayed from want of arms, this delay proved fatal. Loyal leaders seeing issue organized the home guard These org izations confronted each other Loyal mili men deserted and entered the guards. A lision seemed unavoidable. The militia had tablished large encampments throughout state The guards were principally city o izations The guards outnumbered the m but were poorly armed, while the militia h the state arsenal

Lieutenant Nelson visited the state, and ing the condition of things went to Washin and urged upon President Lincoln the neces of immediate support of these loyal Kentu ans He believed Kentucky could be save the union Ten thousand stand of arms w at once placed at the disposal of Nelson, money for transportation. To attempt the a dangerous scheme. It seemed impossible with no supporting force he could ever re his destination He was equal to the e gency Going into the state in advance of arms, he arranged for a secret meetin prominent union men. It took place in the ter part of April at Frankfort, and was atte by just twelve persons. So adroitly was scheme managed that the arms were rece and distributed without resistance. The gu were now masters of the situation, and manded the keys of the arsenal this wa first refused, but General Buckner at length rendered them, and "armed neutrality came to its first inglorious" defeat.

Nelson at once became a hero Witho camp or special instruction he commence recruit for the Union army It was a dan ous undertaking Recruiting agents for government were openly threatened with as sination, Rousseau was in the state legislat he was unconditionally loyal, and veheme opposed neutrality He was appointed co and authorized to establish a camp within state as a rendezvous, for enlistment. As a m ter of policy, however, it was established on north bank of the Ohio river, in Indiana. loyal enthusiasm had much to do with Ke tucky's war record from that moment. H once commenced to recruit the "Kentucky gun. The name was popular Hund who before were halting and undecided ra the Union standard under the inspiration its call

Nelson speedily recruited two thousand m and established Camp Dick Robinson alm in the exact center of the state. Such a b move in the heart of Kentucky was a terro the confederates They threatened extermi tion, still pleading neutrality Timid Un men suggested a removal of this camp coln was appealed to on the ground that it tated the people Governor Magoffin s knew no bounds. He officially demanded removal It was all in vain. Nelson knew the secessionists also had recruiting stat within the state, and their enrollments far ceeded his own As these did not "irritate" people, in the estimation of the governor, were not mentioned in his official demand was a clear case of chronic disloyalty, and only antidote was United States bayo Governor Magoffin, failing to frighten aw invaders, appealed, also, to the president. long letter he told Kentucky's grievances, claiming the people of the state had "resisted law, rebelled against no authority, and enga in no revolution" In reply the president w a characteristic letter He reminded the ernor that the troops against which he c plained were Kentuckians, encamped near t own homes, and that as far as he had any sonal connection with the affair he had a upon requests of prominent residents of state He closed his letter in the following [illegible] language.

[illegible] I do not believe it is the wish of [illegible] shall be removed beyond [illegible] with this impression [illegible] remove it [illegible] with your excellency [illegible] with regret I search and cannot [illegible] any declaration [illegible] any desire for [illegible] the federal Union

This correspondence virtually settled the of Kentucky but both sides occupied her t tory The Union regiments recruited wer fused arms by the state, and for the most carried rifles and shotguns brought from homes Arms were sent into the state, bu train was intercepted by armed men and fo to return

The officials of the railroad were notified was again attempted the road would b stroyed. The shipment was then mad steamer, but again forced to return. It fi reached Louisville after the third attempt,

Walke John Mc arty, Caral-
oward, Antoni Brd Irwine, Geo.
ored), Capt J H ouch, G W.
ohn McCadden Wm Johnson and
The seventeen do not include
and the others whose names fol-
came to the line. Maryland in
as several number of American
on in

HARA TER AND SUDDEN DE TH.

ng wa most important man
ong Americans, and was growing
ith fs ock f all kinds, when in
l, after a short and severe illness,
had erected a saw mill on the
eek not its confluence with the
which he kept in operation for
1840. He died a few weeks
the re this let gave quite a
inf r s tement, as all looked
and e e l n h s ndependence
ne All the s lers seem
en prese t on the occasion of
ard he was sincerely mourned
Walk r ays of him farther "He
d Knox unty Tennessee ec ned
ade at Knoxville, was very candid
ously h nest man was thorough-
and daring
death caused a feeling of mystery
umors prevailed some refusing to
he died from actual disease, but
he subject of some conspiracy and
ith There is n apparent reason
he died from natural causes He
ear his residence in Chehalem val-
ime a railing surrounded his grave.
essed of three hundred horses,
and other live stock and valuable
me provision should have been
protection of his grave in a decent
e son who turned up by the grace
Pratt, and received the proceeds
seem en re intent on pocketing
an doing h nor to a father who
n him Other rumors pre ailed
e had been squandered, if not ac-
led, but to state them would be to
ut notoriety to other pioneers who
and gone Had he lived to old
oung would have very certainly
f wealth and of lending influence

TOWARDS PROVISIONAL GOVERN-
MENT

en gathered at the obsequies of
and neighbor tha the citizens of
the first movement towards a pro-
rnment. Here was an estate of
value left without heirs in view,
any law for its administration and
After the funeral they remained to
situation and the possibilities, for
plain h w those few settlers could
reate a government. This will
me under the head of the formation
nal government, on which subject
me and study and expect to treat
day It is certain that had Ewing
e would have taken a prominent
izing that government, and would
uential in connection with it. He
entioned in conversation by Dr W.
of Salem who knew him well and
n, though he was free to confess
is not a pattern of social graces
rality I may be excused for in-
re an incident that occurred in
1853-4 that called up before a dis-
mpany the fact of Ewing Young's
ence.

IRITUAL VIEW OF YOUNG

Stark was in the legislature of 1853
d in a social circle at Salem one
spiritual manifestations' were
d In a spirit of jest the com-
their hands on the table they sat
ent on taking The table tipping
much to our surprise, and we had
ne ad libitum The fame of that
rmance went abroad and a few
a distinguished company met at
oke's to investigate further Both
legislature and supreme court
at Salem then and some twenty
slators were present One spirit
rt deal and gone—terrified the
hitcomb by revelations of the time
her lover and finally a very lugu-
appealed to me—for I though
ng, was the medium—to open
with Dr Wilson The man slow-
etically rapped forth was "Ewing
entirely new to me The g I
ened up as he recognized a call
friend, and he asked him many
remember only these "Ewing,
py?" "No" "What's the mat-
't good enough here" "How
t you now?" "It keeps me in the
among all the bad spirits, and I
appy until I get into a higher
ow many spheres are there?"
hen you are low down?" "Yes, at
d I am having a very hard time."
first acquaintance with Ewing
y last acquaintance with spiritual-
nifestations. I asked Dr Wilson
concerning Ewing Young, and I
t the good man gave him a repu-
od qualities as well as bad, and
e possibility that he was possibly
latter in very bad company in the
The spirits we seemed to become
th in 1852 revealed to us that there
heres, and that those spirits in the
s did missionary work among the
the lower ones. I have often
at progress Ewing Young was
eems rather pleasant, as well as
accept such a doctrine of the

OUR RICH UNCLE SAM.

r settlers there was a man named
ent to Dr McLoughlin for a sum-
en they attempted some years later
ake the second expedition to Cali-
cattle for Oregon settlers. The
ejected, and Woods, who was no
"Doctor you carry matters with
ow but it won't last always. I've
hat, rich as you are, is able to buy
pany ut and several more such,
me al ng here some day when
ng of him and will astonish you."
Mr Wood who is this uncle of
o rich?" said the astonished doc-
t by any means take in the dea
call him Uncle Sam, and he is
e up here looking after us fellows
ks most any time, and when he
teach you not to carry things too

could se the point then Five
ly Lieutenant Slacom had been
me Uncle Sam to look after his
Columbia and had emancipated
om the Hudson's Bay Company's
That was lesson number one,
lesson was soon to follow he
ntrance offered by M.

BUILT A SCHOONER

e in which Wood was engaged
remarkable one for such a com-
take nce that the s ven ea
crease somewhat, but not to any
A yet there had been no rego-
the material on hand was
he suggested the scheme
mall essel for any use or trade
er the scheme was entered
who came with Ewing
s Watts Pleasant Armstrong, H.
reen and George Davis. They
x Hathaway as head carpenter,
saw and other tools from the
from iron and spikes from
the pretense that they intended
the Willamette.
use on the
me extent, by inducing
them on pretense that
make the Dutch harness
the first suggestion of
McLoughlin had opposed it.
the doctor said
Wood would all be drowned
build a seaworthy ves-
happy way of saving
of the would be boa-

NOT ALL BE DROWNED

a par the transaction, was
ment and it was in rejoinder to
Wood quoted his uncle to
was not long before
appearance on the
f a naval officer, and
received his second lesson in
smanship and its resulting prov-
ese ship builders were
turn up in their favor
ore Wilkes of the American ex-
ion ca e out the lumber. He
ship building company
raft which was in pro-
n Ross island, above
McLoughlin asked Wilkes
e building was strong
ge to San Francisco,
enough to double
the doctor, and as
ffered to assist them from
the Hudson's Bay Company
them such further assistance as

hird Page

# REBELLION SKETCHES.

## The Early War History of Kentucky, and its "Armed Neutrality"

### Gen. Simon B. Buckner's Armed Militia—The First Battle—Fall of Bowling Green—Reminiscences of an Interesting Campaign

Written for the Sunday Oregonian

The telegraphic announcement of the late meeting of General Grant with his old school fellow, S. B. Buckner, who for a short time figured prominently as a brigadier-general in the southern confederacy, recalls vividly some of the early war history of Kentucky, the scene of General Buckner's military career At the time of which I write, Buckner was connected with the state militia. It was a quarter of a century ago, at the very commencement of the great civil war He was prominent only as a vehement secessionist. Unfortunately for him he belonged to a state divided in sentiment, and if he ever possessed military genius his opportunities were too limited and his career too short for its development.

Kentucky was one of the four border slave states which did not secede For this neither the north nor the south was prepared Having a disloyal governor, it was supposed she would go with the south A divided legislature and a strong Union sentiment throughout the state prevented this. A long struggle between opposing factions for a time kept it in a neutral position The war department at Washington called for troops Kentucky, not having seceded, was requested to furnish four regiments of militia. Here was the entering wedge Not having gone with the south, she had not yet declared her intention to remain in the Union In a desperate attempt to prevent the last, the governor, J. C Breckinridge, S B Buckner and other prominent men had declared for the state an armed neutrality To the call for troops Governor Magoffin sent the following reply

"Your dispatch is received In answer I say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states.

The state militia was at once reorganized on a scale never before heard of in this country Buckner was the author of the plan, and held the position of inspector general but no troops were furnished the government It was the 9th of April, 1861 As yet there had been no grave battle, but except Fort Pickens all the important forts on the southern coast had been seized by the south Sumpter, with a garrison of seventy five men, after a bombardment of thirty-four hours from all the forts and batteries of Charleston under direction of the confederate Beauregard, supported by seven thousand troops, had surrendered on the 14th Thus the south had opened the struggle The first gun had been fired at half-past four o clock on the 12th That gun echoed and re-echoed until every home and hamlet of the nation was aroused. The war department at once issued a call for seventy five thousand volunteers Three hundred thousand responded Kentucky refused.

While the south was the aggressor, and the war had commenced, the line between the opposing factions was not clearly drawn The four border slave holding states, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri and Kentucky, were undecided. In each there was a local struggle. The question of war or no war was settled at Sumpter, but the question of sides must be determined by each state for itself The condition was precarious. In commerce and trade, and largely in social and political ties, these states were clearly identified with the north but under the institution of slavery they belonged to the south Because of geographical position and divided sentiment they could become identified with neither without equal hazard The population fought among themselves. Without further thought of the great struggle of the two factions of the nation, each of these states had for a time a war of its own Men fought in the streets and upon the highways The most intense excitement prevailed Party lines were lost. Hundreds of Union men with no opportunity to stay the current of secession, and believing these states would ultimately be *forced to go* with the south, crossed the border *into the north*

These local struggles were taken advantage of by southern leaders. When they could accomplish nothing [illegible] with recruiting [illegible] army [illegible] Kentucky, General Buckner with the state militia aided by Governor Magoffin, declared for "armed neutrality" This ruse brought many loyal men to his standard The design was to organize an army upon Kentucky soil which would prevent union troops crossing into the south, and at length to force the state to secede. The scheme was delayed from want of arms, and this delay proved fatal Loyal leaders seeing the issue organized the home guard These organizations confronted each other Loyal militia men deserted and entered the guards A collision seemed unavoidable The militia had established large encampments throughout the state The guards were principally city organizations. The guards outnumbered the militia, but were poorly armed, while the militia held the state arsenal

Lieutenant Nelson visited the state and seeing the condition of things went to Washington and urged upon President Lincoln the necessity of immediate support of these loyal Kentuckians. He believed Kentucky could be saved to the union Ten thousand stand of arms were at once placed at the disposal of Nelson and money for transportation. To attempt this was a dangerous scheme It seemed impossible that with no supporting force he could ever reach his destination He was equal to the emergency Going into the state in advance of his army, he arranged for a secret meeting of prominent union men It took place in the latter part of April at Frankfort, and was attended by just twelve persons So adroitly was this scheme managed that the arms were received and distributed without resistance The guards were now masters of the situation, and demanded the keys of the arsenal this was at first refused but General Buckner at length surrendered them, and "armed neutrality thus came to its first inglorious defeat

Nelson at once became a hero Without a camp or special instruction he commenced to recruit for the Union army It was a dangerous undertaking Recruiting agents for the government were openly threatened with assassination Rousseau was in the state legislature he was unconditionally loyal and vehemently opposed neutrality He was appointed colonel, and authorized to establish a camp within the state as a rendezvous, for enlistment As a matter of policy, however, it was established on the north bank of the Ohio river in Indiana His loyal enthusiasm had much to do with Kentucky's war record from that moment He at once commenced to recruit the "Kentucky Legion The name was popular Hundreds who before were halting and undecided rushed to the Union standard under the inspiration of this call.

Nelson speedily recruited two thousand men, and established "Camp Dick Robinson almost in the exact center of the state. Such a bold move in the heart of Kentucky was a terror to the confederates They threatened extermination, still pleading neutrality Timid union men suggested a removal of this camp Lincoln was appealed to on the ground that it irritated the people Governor Magoffin's wrath knew no bounds He officially demanded its removal It was all in vain Nelson knew that the secessionists also had recruiting stations within the state and their enrollments far exceeded his own As these did not "irritate the people, in the estimation of the governor, and were not mentioned in his official demands, it was a clear case of chronic disloyalty, and the only antidote was United States bayonets Governor Magoffin failing to frighten away the invaders, appealed, also to the president In a long letter he told Kentucky's grievances declaring the people of the state had resisted no law, rebelled against no authority and engaged in no revolution In reply the president wrote a characteristic letter He reminded the governor that the troops against which he complained were Kentuckians encamped near their own homes and that as far as he had any personal connection with the affair he had acted upon requests of prominent residents of the state He closed his letter in the following significant language

"Taking all the [illegible] judgment I do not believe it [illegible] tucky that this force shall be removed [illegible] [illegible] and will [illegible] fully [illegible] sympathize with [illegible] preserve the peace of my own [illegible] tucky It is with regret I search and cannot find in your not very short letter any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the federal Union

This correspondence virtually settled the fate of Kentucky but both sides occupied her territory The Union regiments recruited were refused arms by the state, and for the most part carried rifles and shotguns brought from their homes. Arms were sent into the state, but the train was intercepted by armed men and forced to return

The officials of the railroad were notified if it was again attempted the road would be destroyed. The shipment was then made by steamer, but again forced to return. It finally reached Louisville after the third attempt, and shipment was here made by special train to Lexington Hundreds of armed men collected at the depot to prevent these arms reaching the Union camps. The whole state became wild with excitement One of the most influential and prominent movers in this attempt was J C Breckenridge. It was he who in a violent speech on this occasion first called the Union troops "Lincoln hirelings." John Morgan, who later in the war became a raider at the head of confederate cavalry, first came to notice in this mob He assisted in assembling the state militia. Messengers were dispatched demanding that no attempt be made to move these arms It was declared that blood would flow like a river if the Union troops made the effort. The union officer replied that he was coming for the arms and should never return without them and if armed rebels appeared on the streets of Lexington blood would surely be shed, and he would never leave the town while it contained a living secessionist. He carried off the arms in triumph without serious trouble

It was now clear that neutrality existed only in name It never had existed in any other form The strife was divided, and it was only a question which side would ultimately win Both began military preparations on the largest possible scale Three prominent confederate generals were now in the state, or near its boundary Polk was on the Mississippi in the corner of Tennessee, below Paducah Zollicoffer was in the opposite corner of the state, near Cumberland gap Buckner retired from the militia and was appointed a brigadier general, with headquarters in Tennessee near the state line, on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, south of Bowling Green General Polk had been a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal church He graduated in early life at a military academy in North Carolina, and for a time had served in the United States artillery All these disloyal preparations were still claimed to be necessary to defend the neutrality of the state The fact that they had been opposed only by troops raised on Kentucky soil explains the reason why no collision had yet occurred Nelson himself was a native of the state, but absent at the commencement of hostilities Had troops come in from other states at this early period, the first fighting of the war would have been here The United States was thus an invader only in the sense that it sanctioned Kentucky's opposition to the secession movement within its own borders The state militia were properly United States troops, and many in these ranks were unquestionably loyal, but their officers were all secessionists, and sworn to support the confederacy Buckner himself, while at the head of this state organization, professed loyalty, and under this profession visited Washington and had there openly declared his intention should a war occur not to take part in it Less than three weeks from the day he left the city he accepted a commission in the southern army as a brigadier, and was perfecting plans for the capture of Louisville

Gradually Union operations took more definite shape. Scattered military fragments were organized into regiments and brigades General Robert Anderson, whose promotion followed his gallant defense of Fort Sumpter, was placed in command of all the Union forces operating in this department The greatest need was arms. Headquarters were at Louisville, but Camp Dick Robinson had most of the troops General George H Thomas relieved Nelson of this command in August Buckner was first to move He anticipated an easy victory of Louisville He was on the direct line of railroad communication Thomas' camp was not in direct rail communication with the city and was more than sixty miles away Buckner planned a surprise Seizing the morning train bound north, he started. It was a most unmilitary and childish undertaking He was more than 100 miles away in an air line, and much farther by rail The state was full of loyal men not in military ranks, and the displacement of a rail would prove fatal to his plan. On this he did not count. A loyal station agent obtained information of his design before the expedition started and communicated with General Anderson The first intimation at Louisville that the movement had commenced was the absence of the train on schedule time A train was sent south to ascertain the cause It did not return An engine was then dispatched after the missing train, and it likewise failed to come back Buckner captured both, but he was himself at that time ditched between Bowling Green and Elizabethtown A fireman on one of the engines sent out, escaped and brought back the news to Anderson's headquarters that a loyal lad had torn up the track and Buckner's train was in the ditch wrong side up The delay was fatal Rousseau was ordered west or ordered with all his force to Louisville The Home guards turned out from all the cities, and within six hours 8000 men were [illegible] [illegible] Buckner [illegible] the interview [illegible] rying south, he burned the bridges behind him, and halting at Bowling Green began throwing up intrenchments It was a bloodless and inglorious failure, a bad conception and a far worse execution Zollicoffer also made a feeble attempt to move toward Camp Dick Robinson, but retired with the retreat of Buckner These movements had uncovered the real design of these so called "neutrals Troops from Ohio and Indiana now began to pour into the state The Union men of the state at once rallied to the camps and recruiting stations, and the greater portion of Kentucky was thus left in the hands of the Unionists

Following close upon the movement of Buckner, another and far shrewder attempt was made to capture Lexington The state legislature had changed front On the 9th of September it declared the state's neutrality "wantonly violated by "the so-called confederate forces, and requested Governor Magoffin to call out the "military force of the state to drive out the invaders It also called upon the general government for aid Here was a sad dose for the confederacy Governor Magoffin was between the upper and nether millstones, and likely to be ground to powder He could do no more than comply in some form He lacked the courage to resign Accordingly he issued a proclamation in which he said "Kentucky expects the confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally" Kentucky did not expect any such thing neither did Governor Magoffin Her legislature had demanded it, and her loyal troops proposed to see that the demand was executed General Anderson at once issued a call for all loyal Kentuckians to join in defense of their state and the national cause. The confederate commanders did likewise it was plain it to be a contest for the "survival of the fittest The union men promptly responded The state militia returned to its allegiance and those who could not return from the ranks It was plain something must be done or Kentucky was eternally lost to the south

J C Breckenridge had been elected United States senator from Kentucky and had taken his seat in March It was now September Under his inspiration a three days military drill was announced for the "peace" union of the state, to be held the 20th of the month Lexington was the place The press announced the gathering with flashing head lines Posters were distributed throughout the state messengers notified all the people It was to be more a social than military affair It might have succeeded but for General Thomas Always too matter-of-fact for the south he could not see any occasion for such a social party at such a time and if there had been Breckenridge was hardly his choice for manager of ceremonies. He thought the affair worth watching He ordered Colonel Bramlette to move his force to Lexington and occupy the fair ground—just to preserve order He was to arrest any who might act in a disloyal manner Seizing a train he reached the city on the [illegible] and immediately went into camp M Breckenridge's party never assembled. Hearing of General Thomas' interference the leaders fled from the scene a dismal Breckenridge started at midnight, and hastened through the mountains toward Virginia Lexington was saved, and the silly farce of neutrality abandoned Five days later the state legislature passed a bill providing for the enlistment of 40,000 volunteers Breckenridge was expelled from the United States senate as a traitor less than two months afterward One of the most brilliant speeches ever delivered in the senate was in reply to his treasonable utterances and was made by Colonel Baker senator from Oregon Hastening upon the floor of the senate in full uniform with his sword hanging at his side he stood before him Senator Blaine in his recent work "Twenty Years of Congress," refers to this scene at some length and says "In the history of the senate no more thrilling speech was ever delivered

Failing health caused General Anderson to resign The department was given to Sherman then a brigadier general Thomas held the front He was anxious to move southward, but Sherman disagreed with him His force was small—mainly raw recruits badly equipped and not drilled A small body held Rock Castle hills Zollicoffer was in the immediate front of their troops with a greatly superior force On the 21st of October he advanced Thomas had strengthened his position at Rock Castle the same day General Schoepf commanded A dense forest covered the enemy's approach Suddenly his front line emerged, with the hats of the men upon their bayonets, professing friendship The deception was complete The truth was known when, at close range, a volley fired into the Union ranks was followed by a vehement bayonet charge. The Union ranks scattered in wild confusion

A moment later they rallied and the battle opened in earnest. At intervals during the entire day daring assaults were made upon Thomas, but were repulsed at every attempt. Zollicoffer withdrew under cover of darkness His loss was thirty killed and a large number wounded General Schoepf's loss was five killed and eighteen wounded

One year later such an engagement would have found no mention save as a skirmish It was a thrilling event when it occurred It was where Kentucky's first union blood was spilled on the battlefield, and her first victory It was the first engagement in this department, and among the first of the war It was also important in that it was "the last straw which broke the camel's back" Kentucky's neutrality was buried in the graves of her loyal sons at Castle rock

Movements and counter movements continued Both armies were largely reinforced Thomas on the extreme front, and Sherman in command of the department, with headquarters at the extreme rear, continued to disagree in policy Thomas desired to move forward, but Sherman thought it unwise From the first the capture of Louisville or Lexington had been greatly desired by the confederates To Sherman all the preparations of the enemy indicated this would be attempted as soon as Thomas should move southward Thomas thought a bold advance would drive the confederates from the state Sherman was removed

The department of the Ohio was created, which included Kentucky, and this command was given to General D C Buell Thomas was now pushed on southward With about 10 000 troops and three battalions of artillery he held a line directly across the state from London to Columbia, a distance of more than fifty miles Mills Springs a few miles south of Somerset was held by the confederate general Crittenden This force was directly before the center of Thomas's line, and within easy support of Zollicoffer. On the 18th of January, 1862, early in the morning, Crittenden moved to the attack He knew Thomas's force was scattered and inferior He could crush him in detail By some misunderstanding of orders at first only a part of the Union force became engaged The fighting was terrific Single regiments confronted whole brigades The odds seemed overwhelming Later in the war it might have so proven, but it was a new experience The stubborn courage here shown was worthy the best days of Greece or Rome Our soldiers knew nothing but obedience Their leader never had a superior Near the close of this battle the Ninth Ohio made a most daring and irresistible bayonet charge which cleared the field and virtually decided the day It was, perhaps the first charge made in this department.

Crittenden's and Zollicoffer's forces had united, with Zollicoffer in command They had ten regiments of infantry besides independent companies, six pieces of artillery and two or three battalions of cavalry—about 10,000 men They were defeated by six regiments of infantry, one battery and a small number of cavalry Zollicoffer was killed, and lost of his command in killed, wounded and prisoners about 400 men Thomas lost twenty nine killed and 207 wounded It was not only one of the longest battles, but it was one of the most brilliant of the war It was the first decided victory for the union troops. Only a small portion of Thomas force was available, and of this only a limited number were engaged The statement as found in Johnson's Universal Encyclopedia is a most unaccountable blunder Johnson says Thomas had 28,000 men He could not have mustered half that number if every able bodied man in his command had been engaged He commanded the first division of the department as reconstructed under Buell. It was composed of the First, Second, Third and Twelfth brigades, each with four regiments. Besides these, he had three batteries of artillery, one regiment, and one squadron of cavalry The maximum of these brigades, if full, could be but 16,000, I is safe to say that not more than 700 men of any regiment ever gets into battle the sick, detailed and absentees accounting for the rest Omitting the cavalry, and artillery, his estimate would give Thomas, all told eleven thousand two hundred men and with these he held a line more than fifty miles long It is certain his whole command did not number half of twenty-eight thousand The force at Mill Springs numbered about four thousand, with one battery, and a squad of cavalry This battle was first to lift the rainbow of promise over the war cloud of the nation Except in this department all has been defeat and disaster

Great armies had now been collected Generals Rousseau, McCook and Wood in the rear had established camps and large numbers of men Generals Schoepf and Carter commanded brigades in Thomas division The others were commanded by colonels General Nelson was at Maysville. Union gunboats protected the border The main body of the Confederates was divided between Johnson at Bowling Green and Floyd at and near Forts [illegible] [illegible] Fort Henry Large reinforcements reached Buell from the east, and it turn Buell dispatched a large force from his own [illegible] and Grant Among these reinforcements was General Mitchell division from Cincinnati which the writer belonged A campaign was arranged, with Nashville as the objective point, and Buell and Grant were to act in concert Bowling Green is on the direct line of march on the Louisville and Nashville railroad about fifteen miles from the southern border of Kentucky and fifty miles north of Nashville It seemed certain that here would be a great battle From negroes who came to our camps we learned the town was tremendously fortified and contained 100,000 men That more were daily arriving and that it could never be taken For troops that had never been under fire, such revelations were anything but inspiring

J H ACTON

### Archives of the Confederacy

Writing of the confederate archives at Washington the correspondent of the Cleveland Leader says

"The confederate treasury seal is among these relics I don't suppose a hundred men in the country have ever seen it, and it is inaccessible to the sight seer at Washington It is a common enough looking affair and I have seen more fancy seals in many an office of a country notary It is made of iron, and looks as though a blacksmith had wrought it The seal or die is screwed into the frame and it operates by hand, looking very much like one of these little sausage grinders which Ohio farmers who cure their own pork are wont to use A palmetto tree doubtless taken from the coat-of-arms of South Carolina is the emblem engraved upon it, and around the top of this are words stating that it is the seal of the confederacy There is also a scrap book here of confederate moneys and bonds which contains the cream of the money captured at Richmond When the government captured Richmond it obtained a half a million dollars of confederate bonds two large chests and five bags containing millions of dollars in confederate money Some clerk in the war department made this scrap book from the cream of this material and the book is a most invaluable one Covered with blue paper and cheaply bound, it is made of a blank book of blank drafts on the confederate treasury The paper is thin and the cover of the book shows that it was probably made in the last days of the confederacy, when paper was scarce and when wall paper was used on which to print the orders of the government It makes one feel strange to touch the thousand dollar bonds which it contains, which—some at least—were once worth so much but now are worth so little. Some of these five-thousand dollar bonds have some of their coupons cut off, and others are full. You notice as the dates of the bonds near 1865 their provisions grow more generous, and their prospect of immediate payment seems to increase Here is one as big as the blanket sheet of a country newspaper which the confederacy did not intend to pay until 1874 and the given per cent interest upon it Here is another which is to be paid two years after signing a treaty of peace with the United States and here is another for $1000 issued in 1861 which on its 8 per cent semi annually and is to be paid in 1868 And so throughout the scrap book These confederate archives are full of interest and they will grow in value as history points them as the record unwritten, of a time and a generation that has passed away"

### Zola's Latest

Extract from Emile Zola's last novel "Le Rain [illegible] in Paris A man walked the streets He was hungry He was hungry as a wolf He wanted something to eat He wanted it It Rain was falling The river roared It roared loud The man leaned over the bridge He was hungry The rain ceased The man left the bridge He could not take it with him He could not have disposed of it The gewgaws were closed The man stopped in front of a restaurant. Through the lace curtains he saw people eating. It seems that they had come there to eat The man was hungry The rain had ceased The bridge still remained in its place The curtains were partly drawn aside He saw a soldier eating canned eel He wanted some Poor fool His mouth watered That was all it could do He wished it could bread as well as water But it couldn't People met him His pinched face gave them the impression that he was drunk He was not He was hungry He could find no work He was too honest to beg and not proud enough to steal He was in a bad fix. The rain had ceased The river roared. The man was hungry The mouth watered The soldier continued to eat pickled eel. Poor fool. —*Zola in saw Traveler*

Ayer Cathartic Pills promptly relieve the stomach correct foul breath and an unpleasant taste and cure constipation

# MAX O'RELL.

## Our Correspondent Discusses the Merits of Salisbury and Gladstone

### An Interesting Story of Love and Trouble from Italy A Tribute to the Memory of the Late General Gordon—Gossip from France

Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian

LONDON, June 27

A little prediction of mine will be realized sooner than I expected But of course you will say that a man who is not in his own country can safely indulge in little prophecies Lord Salisbury, while leader of her majesty's opposition, called Russia "swindler and bankrupt," and I said that before the year was over he would have, on taking office, to send his apologies to St Petersburg, as Mr Gladstone had to send his to Vienna in 1880, for a similar insult to Austria (he had called that country a "rotten country,") which he blurted out at a public meeting in 18 Lord Salisbury's apologies will have to be made immediately for the Russian ambassador in London has received instructions from the czar to exact explanations from the new prime minister of England and Lord Randolph Churchill, the new Indian secretary Of course the answer will be that it was all a mistake that, in fact, there never was a ministry so anxious for peace and friendly relations with Russia as the new advisers of the queen Besides we had to please the [illegible] you know the electors but at [illegible] we never meant it To start official life with a slice of humble pie is inconvenient, but it is good practice, and Lord Salisbury's patriotism will be up to it, I hope for it was only out of patriotism that he consented to take office When the conservatives come to Downing street, it is in the eyes of their partisans out of abnegation to serve their country and get it out of a mess in the eyes of the same persons, when the liberal leader undertakes the task of forming a ministry, it is out of ambition, to serve his own interests And vice versa, of course One thing is quite certain about this Russian affair, and that is that, whereas he opposition was all for war under the late government, the opposition to Lord Salisbury's ministry will stump the country throughout its length and breadth if the noble marquis makes a single step in the direction of war This of course is a great gain

Mr Gladstone, on retiring from office, has been offered, and has refused, a peerage and the garter The grand old man understood that he would gain no lustre by exchanging his illustrious name for that of some unknown town, by hearing himself called "my lord" at the end of his long and glorious career, and by wearing a bit of blue ribbon When Pitt was made earl of Chatham he was congratulated by Mr Pulteney "upon having been kicked up stairs The same Mr Pulteney was, a little while after, made a peer himself, "to sink into insignificance and an earldom, according to Lord Stanhope As *Truth* remarks, Gladstone is not made of the vulgar clay out of which earls and barons are manufactured, and his admirers will be pleased to hear that he has declined to sink into insignificance and an earldom Sir Stafford Northcote, the new first lord of the treasury, has not the same sentiments as Mr Gladstone on the subject of earldoms. He is to become earl of Iddesleigh and, if you please, viscount of Saint Cyres It serves him right

"Gordon's Diaries at Khartoum" has just come out. I have only had time to skim through this most interesting volume I find in it this most suggestive passage "We are a wonderful people It was never our government which made us a great nation our government has ever been the drag on our wheels. England was made by adventurers, not by its government, and I believe it will only hold its place by adventurers Speaking of the expeditionary force sent to deliver him, he adds "If Khartoum falls, then go quickly back to Cairo for you will only lose men and spend money uselessly in carrying on the campaign It is true that they were adventurers, those English men who first set foot on the rich lands that have been added, one after another to the list of England's possessions But if England is great, she owes her greatness to such noble deeds as thine, poor Gordon!

It is seldom that one reads in a novel a more touching story than one that was unfolded the other week A young subaltern bearing the illustrious name of Pomi was in garrison at Brescia, when he made the acquaintance of a beautiful young seamstress and fell madly in love with her He resolved to make her his wife but unfortunately for the lovers, his family would not hear of it Meanwhile the regiment left Brescia to go to Piedmont The lovers were greatly distressed but after arriving at the new destination of the regiment our Romeo soon obtained two months leave and flew back to his beloved Having failed to obtain his parents' consent, and being under twenty one, he could not get a civil marriage performed and at [illegible] content himself with the religious ceremony Holding the young girl to be his legitimate wife, he took her back with him to Piedmont But the troubles of the young pair had only just begun For a small breach of military discipline young Pomi was placed under arrest for a fortnight At the end of a week, so great was the poor fellow's longing to see his wife that he ran away from the barracks to join her, which escapade cost him two months imprisonment in the fortress of Exilles Here the story grows thrilling Exilles is situated high in the Alps, and for eight months in the year is buried in snow The young woman resolved to rejoin her husband. She went to the nearest village and by making inquiries as to what communications there were with the fortress learned that when a message arrived for any of the inmates, a young shepherd was employed to carry it through the seven miles of snow She immediately procured a telegram form wrote on it the name and address of Lieutenant Pomi, and, disguised as a shepherd set out for the fortress She passed the sentry without any hindrance, and the lovers were soon in each other's arms But after the first joy of meeting they bethought themselves that, as a shepherd had come into the fortress, a shepherd must go out and the devoted wife was resolved not to leave her newly found husband However, the difficulty was surmounted by putting the shepherd's disguise on a young soldier, and the dark cell became a paradise by love's radiance But, alas the course of true love never did run smooth Suspicions were aroused and one fine morning steps were heard near the door The young signora quickly disappeared under the bed The governor of the prison entered and having made a thorough inspection of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] give me your word of honor that such is the case, and I will believe you" "It is true sir there is a woman here" said Pomi "It is my wife" [illegible] pretty lodger from her hiding place and threw herself sobbing at the feet of the governor

Be not afraid, signora, no harm will be done to you only you cannot stay here, said he, raising her courteously "I authorize Lieutenant Pomi to take you to Ivrea, where his chiefs will deal with him" The young couple got to Ivrea on the 1st of August 1884 but the young officer was immediately put under arrest in a room situated in the second story. Seeing there was no hope of a peaceful settlement Pomi had not been a few hours in his new quarters when he jumped from the window (protected, I suppose, by the god of lovers, went to fetch his wife and fled with her to France from whence he sent in his resignation After residing a few months in France they went to Geneva On the [illegible] of April last Pomi having attained his twenty fifth year remarried his wife immediately by the civil law Thinking that all was now correctly regular, and that no more breakers were ahead the young couple returned to Italy Unhappily his resignation was not accepted and the poor young lieutenant was tried at the beginning of this week, as a deserter and condemned to thirteen months imprisonment I should not be surprised if the brave and beautiful young heroine were to go and supplicate King Humbert for her husband's pardon That monarch is well known to be kind and cordial and he ought to be allowed a chance of ending this little romance appropriately

M Victor Duruy the great historian, and ex minister of public instruction under the empire was received at the French Academy last Monday and his speech was replied to by the learned bishop of Autun Two interesting anecdotes are told of these men who served their country in different capacities during the war of 1870 M Duruy, although nearly 60 years of age when the Franco-Prussian war broke out, enlisted in the National guard One day M Jules Simon, then minister of public instruction, on passing a sentry box in Paris noticed that the sentry wore the star of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor on his coat. He went up to him "Is it you Duruy?" he exclaimed on discovering who it was "Yes, it is" "A simple private?" "A simple private What of that? One cannot always be a minister, my dear colleague." "But I see that one can always set an example" answered M. Simon.

The bishop of Autun, at the time of the war, was only Abbe Ferrand, and acted as chaplain [illegible] a little church not far from Sedan [illegible] man soldiers took possession of a beautiful silver crucifix, and were carrying it off, while the poor old parish priest looked on despairingly, not daring to oppose them. But Abbe Ferrand, who was present, took it upon himself to go straight to the colonel commanding the troops and demand the crucifix as a consecrated object. "Such are the laws of war, you know, M le Cure," replied the colonel "Besides before being a consecrated object, it was an object of art." "An object of art indeed! If you are looking for works of art, you had better take the poor box next. You have not looked at it, I suppose, it is also a work of art." The colonel probably felt ashamed He ordered the crucifix to be restored to the church

MAX O'RELL.

### A WOMAN'S FLYING MACHINE

#### A Female Aeronaut Making Aerial Navigation Safe and Easy

MOHAWK N Y, July — Mrs Carl Myers of this village, better known as "Carlotta," the lady aeronautist has lately obtained letters patent on several devices pertaining to aerial navigation. She says that she believes that the day is not far distant when people will navigate the air as readily as they now plow the seas A recently patented fixture is attached to a hydrogen gas balloon, and consists of a collapsible car, comprising the rudder in frame, which has carried her on over 150 voyages in space This platform surrounded by hammock netting and supported by an expansion hoop connected to the balloon by cords, is described as somewhat like a light boat on water, and tips or changes its plane on level with every different position of the aeronaut standing upon it, either through the alteration of the center of gravity of the entire air ship, or through the shortening or lengthening of the netting meshes. Alteration in the level of it is platform [illegible] converts it into a rudder [illegible] at in the stern of a boat while the balloon ascends, and while descending, the lower or advancing edge of the platform guides the balloon in any direction, just as would a paddle or oar extended from the bow of a boat—thus the balloon descends toward any side of the platform which the aeronaut may depress by stepping upon it This simple and exceedingly effective apparatus is covered by the claim of the patent.

Resting upon the expansion hoop of the car is the crank-shaft of a screw propeller, composed of a cloth sail which twists into screw form as soon as the shaft is turned, and creates powerful currents of air flowing rearward, and by alterations of angle or level serves to elevate, depress or deviate the course of any attached aerial body or give it steerageway for guidance by a rudder This apparatus spreads five feet across, moves as easily as a lady's fan, and folds up as compactly as a parasol

At the rear is a kite-shaped rudder, composed of a large square of cloth stretched upon four arms, joined by a common pivot in the center This is attached to the car by one arm through a universal joint, permitting the rudder to occupy any desirable position in horizontal, vertical or inclined plane, so that a single rudder thus performs the work which has hitherto demanded both a horizontal and a vertical rudder, either separately or in combination This apparatus either acts to guide the balloon during its natural ascent or descent, or the aeronaut at will can give any direction to the airship by revolving the propeller sail toward any point, or by projecting the air flung from it against the surface of the rudder kite The apparatus can perform a greater variety of evolutions than a bird's wings, spreads more surface than any bird or other aerial mechanism, weight for weight, and has the ability to create at any time a wind for its sails, and can yet furl its wings almost as suddenly as a bird

The apparatus has thus far proved of great practical service, and demonstrates that a common balloon may be readily moved up, down, or around in the air by a man's unaided efforts —or rather, by a woman's efforts—and on landing be relieved of any danger of dragging

### Robert G Ingersoll's Latest

The following extract is from Ingersoll's last lecture on "Blasphemy

What is worship To defend the right, to be a strength for the weak, a shield for the defenseless, to raise the fallen Work is worship Labor is the best prayer (Applause) To build a home, to keep a fire on the hearth to fill with joy the heart of her who rocks the cradle of your child—that is worship The husband, when his wife is prematurely old with grief and pain, sits by her bed and holds her hand, wan and thin, and kisses them as passionately as when they were dimpled—this is worship (Cheers) The wife clings to the husband fallen lift him from the gutter of degradation, holds him to her heart until her love makes him once more a man—this is worship to whom [illegible] blasphemes He who loves worships What is sacred Bodies not books, rights, not rituals. Better burn bibles than forms Laughter) He who clouds the sunshine of a heart is a blasphemer He who furrows the cheeks of wife or children with tears is a blasphemer It is a thousand times better to sin against God than against man Applause) There is nothing holy, nothing sacred, about temples of brick and mortar and marble—nothing sacred about altars and pots and pans, or tributes of gold, or miraculous manna—nothing holy about communion cups and plates wine and water, or pieces of bread

What is the real bible, The sum of human knowledge, the total of human labor the result of all honest effort All great poems, great pictures, wonderful music, all the discoveries of science, all the triumphs of the olden, all the sacred joys of love The good homes the happy friends, the faith of babe, the hillsides of [illegible] others the words of home them (Applause) Millions have been maimed and tortured, millions imprisoned and burned for blaspheming ghosts that never existed for denying bibles that were lies, gods that are dead and gods that are lying Applause)

In that vast cemetery called the past are most of the religions of man, and there too are nearly all their gods The sacred temples of India were ruins long ago Over column and cornice, over the painted and pictured walls, cling and creep the trailing vines Brahma, the golden Vishnu, the so there, the punisher of the wicked Siva, the destroyer, red with seas of blood Kali, the goddess Draupadi the white-armed and Crishna, the Christ all passed away leaving the thrones of heaven desolate Along the banks of the sacred Nile Isis no longer wandering weeps searching for the dead Osiris The shadow of Typhon's scowl falls no more upon the waves The sun rises as of ore and his golden beams still smite the lips of Memnon but Memnon is as voiceless as the Sphinx. The sacred fanes are lost in desert sands the dusty mummies are still waiting for the resurrection promised by their priests, and the old beliefs, wrought in curiously sculptured stone sleep in the mystery of a language lost and dead Broken are the circles and cromlechs of the ancient Druids fallen upon the summits of the hills and covered with the centuries moss are the sacred cairns. The divine fires of the Persian and of the Aztec have died out in the ashes of the past and there are none to rekindle and none to feed the holy flames The harp of Orpheus is still the dimpled [illegible] Bacchus has been thrown aside Venus lies dead in stone and her white bosom heaves no more with love The streams still murmur but no naiads bathe the trees still wave, but in the forest aisles no dryads dance The gods have flown from high Olympus. Not even the beautiful women can lure them back, and even anacreon's unnoticed [illegible] the stars. (Applause) Hushed forever are the thunders of Sinai lost the voices of the prophets and the land once flowing with milk and honey is but a desert waste One by one the myths have faded from the clouds one by one the phantom hosts have disappeared and one by one facts, truths and realities have taken their places The supernatural has almost gone but the natural remains The gods have fled but man is here [Loud applause]

Nations, like individuals have their periods of youth of manhood and decay Religions are the same The gods must perish with their creators Created by men, then they must pass away The deities of one age are the by words of the next. Rome fell, and Christians from her territory with the red sword of war carved out the ruling nations of the world and now Christ sits upon the old throne Who will be His successor?

But justice is not dead. Charity still looks with pity on the faults and frailties of mankind Love sheds its sacred perfume in the heart Liberty, with unsheathed sword, still battles for the rights of man Reason holds aloft her quenchless torch These are the only gods Applause) Empires fall, nations decrease turn to dust, altars crumble, religions pass away—but these divinities live on forever, changeless as the eternal past deathless as the ever-coming dawn At her shrines we will bow —in her temples we will worship. (Prolonged applause

### The Line Being Drawn

Lewiston Union (Me.)

The era is a rapid approach to definite party division on this line (civil service reform) that will give the republican party a moral vigor akin to the vigor it got by restoring the Union

### How He Made It

"How much?" said the small boy as the drug gist handed him out a small package "Fifty cents said the druggist "Good I made $4.50 in. I'll ask me not to come back without St. Jacobs Oil" even if it cost five dollars It is the only thing that cures the old man's rheumatism.

# PIONEER DAYS

Continued from Second page.

they needed The vessel was completed and sailed with a clearance furnished by Commodore Wilkes to San Francisco, under the command of Captain Joseph Gale, who was an old time commander The object of the voyage was to purchase more cattle and stock for the Oregon settlements, and it entirely succeeded

TRADING A SCHOONER FOR COWS

The schooner was so highly appreciated there that it was traded off for three hundred and fifty cows Quite a number went down in the schooner to make stock purchases and parties there gained in the enterprise and came to Oregon with cattle so that something like fourteen hundred head were driven northward and added to the stock interests of Oregon Among others who became interested in stocking Oregon pastures was a Mr Lease, who had a band of seven hundred sheep in California that attracted the attention of these early Argonauts from the Columbia river When they had become acquainted with Mr Lease they labored with success to persuade him that it would be to his advantage to drive a good part of his band to Oregon in their company He drove three hundred and fifty of his sheep to Oregon, and most of them were quietly bought, at a good price by the Hudson's Bay company which shows that the great monopoly was keenly alive to its best interests. Their monopoly afterwards included sheep, as well as all other stock. J. L. Parrish says Lease was a man of very imposing presence, in fact the handsomest man he ever saw Having disposed of his sheep in Oregon he "returned to his mutton" in California, but Oregon had the benefit of his enterprise for McLoughlin was liberal in exchange of stock favors.

UNCLE SAM'S NEPHEW BORROWS VENISON

A "little story" concerning Wood, whose Uncle Sam was held up to terrorize the chief factor of the H B Co, as before stated will be in place, as showing what manner of men they were who came to Oregon before the day of immigrations commenced He was personally as independent as he was brave It is related that he was once driving an ox team in the woods and when loaded up with a huge sawlog saw a cougar, or panther, leap from a tree on a deer and cut its throat. Wood left his team picked up a fir limb from the ground, drove the panther away by blows from his weapon and throwing the deer's carcass over his shoulder started on with his sawlog Dr McLoughlin could not well frighten such a man with a prediction that he would be drowned.

SAMUEL A CLARK

RED STAR

TRADE MARK

C C

Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons

A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE

For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.

Price 50 cents a bottle Sold by Druggists and Dealers. [illegible]

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Baltimore, Maryland, U S A

WANTED—HELP

WANTED—A STENOGRAPHER AND TYPE writer Call at room 21 First st

WANTED—A COLLEGE GRADUATE OR ONE holding a teacher's certificate Call at room First st from 10 A M to 5 P M

WANTED—AN INTELLIGENT HARD WORKing young man [illegible]

WANTED—A RELIABLE YOUNG MAN WHO can furnish bonds and is willing to work. Call at Taylor's [illegible] A M

FOR SALE—ONE LARGE MOSHIER BAHMAN [illegible] Address GILBERT BROS [illegible]

GIRLS WANTED AT MRS. PLATO'S Dekum Block

WANTED—EMPLOYMENT

AN AMERICAN GIRL OF EXPERIENCE DEsires [illegible] Address E care Oregonian

A MIDDLE AGED LADY WISHES TO KEEP [illegible] care Oregonian

WANTED—BY A RELIABLE MAN WHO HAS a family a situation as [illegible] or take care of horses or rooms. Apply at [illegible]

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS

WANTED—SUIT OF UNFURNISHED ROOMS [illegible] Address B care Oregonian

WANTED—TO RENT FURNISHED COTTAGE [illegible] care Oregonian

WANTED—BY A SINGLE GENTLEMAN IN [illegible]

WANTED AGENTS

LADY SOLICITOR WANTED TO HANDLE [illegible] Address LESLIE COOK

WANTED AN SOLICITING AGENT ONE [illegible]

BUSINESS CHANCES

FOR SALE—A CIGAR AND CANDY STAND [illegible]

$1,000 WILL BUY HALF INTEREST IN best paying business [illegible] J WELCH Attorney at law First st

WATER POWER FLOUR MILL FOR SALE This is the best clean mill in the state [illegible] business of 500 bbls per day can be done [illegible] located within 300 yards of railroad [illegible] For further particulars address THOMPSON [illegible]

PAYING HOTEL BUSINESS FOR SALE [illegible] Apply to E C HOLDEN [illegible]

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS

FOR SALE—A SECOND HAND FAMILY CARriage [illegible] BACON [illegible]

FOR SALE CHEAP ONE SECOND HAND double cylinder hoisting engine nearly new Address Eastern Machine [illegible] Morrison

FOR SALE—A SPAN OF BAY HORSES SOUND [illegible]

RESIDENCE PROPERTY FOR SALE ON N W corner of First and [illegible] lots 100 [illegible] Apply to BALFOUR GUTHRIE & CO corner First and Vine sts.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE

$550 WILL BUY A SIX ROOMED HOUSE [illegible] Address M [illegible] care Oregonian

FOR SALE ACRES IN WHEAT & OATS [illegible] Yamhill [illegible]

ONE FIFTY AND TEN ACRE TRACTS OF LAND for sale on the installment plan near the city of Portland For particulars call on or address HARRISON B OATMAN No Stark street.

FINANCIAL

MONEY TO LOAN—IN SUMS TO SUIT ON [illegible] WELCH Attorney at law First st

MONEY TO LOAN—ON IMPROVED CITY property on long time H B OATMAN, 14 First

ALBANY LUBRICATING COMPOUND CYLINDER & LUBRICATING OIL

TATUM & BOWEN SAN FRANCISCO AND 91 and 93 Front st. Portland Or sole agents. These lubricants are largely used in San Francisco throughout California, the East England and Australia &c. They are unequaled in efficiency and economy

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—ON OR ABOUT THE DAY OF JUNE a black retriever dog name [illegible] The finder will receive payment for his trouble by returning to residence No [illegible]

The Bishop Scott Grammar School.

A BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR BOYS The eighth year under its present management begins Sept. 1. Boys of any age or degree of advancement admitted. Boys fitted for college or business. Three able graduates among the teachers. Special instruction in penmanship drawing, music and modern languages. Discipline strict. No bad boys admitted. For catalogue and circular or any information address J W HILL, M. D., Head Master. Bishcawn P O Drawer 17, Portland, Or.

TO RENT ROOMS AND OFFICES.

FOR RENT—LIGHT AND AIRY FURNISHED rooms single and for housekeeping Call at 145 Morrison street

SMALL SUITE FOR ONE OR TWO WITH BATH In private family 191 Yamhill and W Park.

PLEASANT FURNISHED ROOMS, GAS, BATH, etc. convenient to street cars. Inquire at 334 Morrison st. corner Pacific.

FOR RENT—OFFICE IN A VERY DESIRABLE location on Front. Inquire of MOONEY, VALENTINE & GOLDSMITH

BALDWIN LODGING HOUSE—PERSONS IN want of airy, comfortable lodgings, call at 229½ Second st bet Salmon and Main Terms reasonable.

CONNECTING ROOMS FOR HOUSEKEEPING, completely furnished every convenience at hand also bay window rooms, en suite or single, pleasant location First st

FURNISHED ROOMS—FRONT ROOM ON FIRST floor suitable for office also suit of rooms, furnished or unfurnished Third st. S E cor Third and Washington

TO RENT HOUSES AND STORES.

A HOUSE FOR RENT OF 12 ROOMS, IN GOOD location with all modern improvements and also a b ward situated on No 2 Main st. Inquire at 228 Ninth st bet Salmon and Main

A FURNISHED HOUSE OF 7 ROOMS TO RENT to a good tenant for six months or one year Address J D L care Oregonian

FOR RENT—NEW COTTAGE ROOMS MODern improvements cor Seventeenth and B sts. Inquire of [illegible] cor Seventeenth and C sts.

FOR RENT—ON SOUTH FIRST ST GOOD SIX room house $18 per mo P W Gillette Stark

COTTAGE TO RENT OF 5 ROOMS—BRICK CELlar healthy location one block from Washington street [illegible]

TO RENT ROOMS, WITH BOARD.

CHILDREN'S BOARDING HOUSE—IN THE country five miles from Portland healthful location [illegible] Terms reasonable MRS F CHASE East Portland Or

SPECIAL NOTICES

PICKED UP ADRIFT—A SUNKEN PILE-driver in the river [illegible] The owner can have same by proving property and paying charges. BIRD & JOACHENSEN 118 North First st

CHALLENGE—I EMIL LEPLANE CHALlenge any man in Oregon to swim from one to five miles for $100 to $250 Man and money at Nic's cigar store First and Pine. EMIL LEPLANE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted by Eugene La Rocque M. H. RALEIGH, Guardian of the estate of Eugene La Rocque
May 18 1885

TO CAMPERS—THE UNDERSIGNED IS PREpared to do hauling and all parcels or freight forwarded or entrusted to my care will be safely cared for and delivered at reasonable rates, also hay for bedding I L DARLING Ilwaco W T

TWO HOURS A DAY FOR A MONTH AT THE College will result in a great improvement in writing students come at any hour in the day [illegible] cor Second and Salmon. W S. JAMES Principal

SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED AT the office of the Board of Public Buildings Commissioners at Salem Or until the 21st day of July, 1885, at 12 o'clock noon for the construction of fifty two 52 iron cells (more or less) at the Oregon State Penitentiary of substantially the same kind as those now in use, the right is reserved to reject any and all bids the person to whom the contract is awarded must give bonds of approved amount and security conditioned upon the faithful performance of the contract payment made immediately upon completion of the work

Z F MOODY
R. P EARHART
EDWARD HIRSCH
Board of Commissioners.

The time for receiving bids on the foregoing is extended to noon of Tuesday July 21 1885 Plans and specifications may be seen at M Kercher & Thompson's, Portland

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SUTTON & BEEBE, SHIP CHANDLERY AND naval stores, 16 N Front st., Portland Or

ALLEN & LEWIS, COMMISSION AND PRODUCE Merchants, Front and D Sts., Portland, Or

H. E. BATTIN GENERAL COMMISSION MERchant and produce dealer 130 Front street.

C. CÆSAR & CO SHIPPING AND COMMISsion Merchants 30 North Front street Portland

TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO., SHIP BROKERS AND Commission Merchants agents for San Juan Archipelago Lime Co 84 Front street cor Ash st

MILLER & WEST—(J. C. MILLER, W H WEST,) commission merchants in general and dairy produce 1 Front st., between Washington and Stark.

J. McCRAKEN & CO IMPORTERS & WHOLEsale grocers and shipping and commission merchants Nos. 60 62 and 64 North Front st. Portland Or

SIBSON CHURCH & CO SHIPPING AND COMmission Merchants, specialties—wheat, flour salmon, grain bags, etc. N W cor Front and Ash sts. Portland, Or

W. S. MASON WHOLESALE GROCER AND commission merchant. Nos. 2 and 4 North Front st., Portland, Or

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A. [illegible] PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office [illegible] Washington street telephone No 45

W. S NEWBURY ATTORNEY AND COUNselor at law room 18 and 1 Cambridge [illegible] Morrison st Portland, Or

F A JONES M D [illegible] BRYANT M D
DRS JONES & BRYANT CAN BE FOUND AT [illegible] First near Ash

[illegible] PHYSICIAN & SURGEON Office [illegible] First and Yamhill residence [illegible] Diseases of children [illegible] attended to.

JOHN D WILCOX ATTORNEY AT LAW, Room [illegible] California [illegible] San Francisco, Cal. Collection made to Portland firms.

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Z. T WRIGHT DEALER IN FARM & MILL Machinery, Belting Oils Brass Goods Inspirators [illegible] foot of Morrison st Portland

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The Oregonian.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1885.

## A XIXth CENTURY KNIGHT.

Few people can read the life of the late General Gordon without feeling that there must be some truth in the doctrine of transmigration of souls. The knights of old have long been dead, and the deeds of Lancelot and Roland, Bedivere and Gawain exist but in memories, to please the ear and tickle fancy of those whose hearts are young and minds still impressionable. Yet it is not hard to find those at the present day who would lack none of the qualifications of the "famous knights of the table round," were those good old days to return. If the spirit of Sir Gallilad ever returned to earth it must have entered and animated the body of Gordon. He has been compared to Lancelot, but the resemblance is not so noticeable. No one can read of the life of Gordon without feeling that he was surely fit to gaze upon the "Holy Grail," if ever man was. And in his career may constantly be found that spirit, which, if it does not send a man, hermit like, to meditate on his own insignificance, yet holds him aloof from the busy masses of the world, and leads him to independence of thought and action in all things. In peace or war he was filled with the same chivalric spirit. His life was a clean one, although constantly surrounded by influences that would have overthrown the virtue of any man not animated by the strongest sense of personal responsibility to his own conscience. Although never married, he had the highest regard for woman's worth, and without a family he adopted the children of sorrow as his own whenever he found them. His deeds of kindness and acts of charity would fill a volume. Who but he could have written the following, which appears in his "Journals at Khartoum:"

"Great female squawking under the window of the serail, approaching to yells. On examination I find the noise comes from a black female fighting the canvass. On inquiry I find my lady had gone down stairs to buy dhoora with $2 in her hand, and had been pushed by some ungallant fellow, and the dollars fell into the river. Though I did not see that the responsibility was upon me, I gave her the $2, and comforted her black soul. It would be a comfort if all the troubles of life were got rid of so cheaply."

And this is but one case of many which kept him poor in purse, but rich in the love of humanity. When he was a soldier in garrison at London his greatest enjoyment was found in the assistance of poor children, whom he had no trouble to find, and their education and guidance into fields of usefulness. He carried the same regard for humanity, regardless of condition, wherever he went. His duty impelled him to many acts he would have gladly foregone, but his errors were always on the side of mercy.

The mission upon which he was engaged when the sword of the Arab cut off too quickly his promising life, was one that was characteristic of the man. Some may think it was a foolish freak to go single handed among treacherous foes on such an expedition, and the image of the redoubtable knight of La Mancha may appear to those who think they find in him a parallel; but General Gordon knew what he had to deal with, and that he could accomplish his object if the support of the government was given him. The city of Khartoum in the hands of British troops would have rendered easy the evacuation of the Soudan by the native garrisons, and then the way was clear to a final departure from the country. But to the eternal disgrace of Great Britain he was left to perish, when almost within sight of the ensign sent to protect him, and for whose honor he gave his life. He could have saved himself easily, he says, yet he feared the danger in which an evacuation of Khartoum would place the British troops. Therefore he preferred to die, if necessary, that his good name might be preserved, and it never be said that he deserted his post. His ideal of honor was high, but he met its demands unflinchingly when the time came.

It is a pleasure, and especially refreshing in these plodding, unsentimental days, to read about such a man. His very thoughts possess a charm that one can only find issuing from an original mind. Even while listening to a hundred petty complaints from the people of Khartoum, and momentarily expecting news of treachery similar to that by which he met his death, we find him discussing the idea of poultry having souls, and indulging in learned disquisitions on a dozen other abstruse subjects. An earnest Christian in thought and practice, he had enough of the Christ-like spirit to admire the sincere believer, no matter what his doctrine or who was his messiah. He recognized the right of every man to aspire to an ideal, and even the bravery of his foes commanded respect. The shooting of a little Arab boy by his troops, because of the lad's proud statement that "he believed in the Mahdi and that all others were dogs," excited his utmost indignation. He recognized the right of no color or creed to a monopoly of any of the Christian graces. To him all men were equals in their every right.

But a few months have passed since Gordon died. The recent publications of his journals has again called attention to his striking character. It is perhaps too much to expect that his memory will remain as vividly before us one year from now as it does to-day, but while his deeds are yet fresh in the minds of his countrymen, the lessons of his life should make their greatest impression. To the youth of the land he presents a noble example. It is unpleasant to think that such examples are so scarce among the public men of to-day.

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The late Commander Gorringe was a man of fine physique, with every appearance of rugged health. A clear eye and wholesome complexion, indicated, as well as ordinary inspection could indicate, the possession of perfect health. He died of paralysis, superinduced by a severe injury to the spine, the dispatches said, and those of our readers who remember him as he appeared while in Portland a few years ago can readily believe that it must have been an exceedingly severe shock that produced such a lamentable result. But when the physicians in charge made an examination of the body, it was found that cancer had attacked the spine at the sixth dorsal vertebræ and extended both above and below, destroying the spinal cord. In the lungs, liver, kidneys and other organs were also found cancerous deposits which had begun to grow months before Mr. Gorringe had received the injury mentioned. The progress of scientific investigation has brought to light many truths of great value, but it has yet to explain the origin of a disease that exhibits no symptoms, and gives no indication of its presence until too late to be of avail in saving a patient's life. Such cases as that of Mr. Gorringe may be more numerous than even physicians suspect.

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The course of Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke since the resignation of the Gladstone ministry indicates to a reasonable certainty where they will stand politically hereafter. Notwithstanding his acceptance of the bauble of a baronetcy, Mr. Dilke is nearly as much of a republican as Mr. Chamberlain, and the two stand shoulder to shoulder in their utterances favoring a radical change of policy in Great Britain. It is to them and to their followers that the Great Britain of the next decade will largely look for guidance, and from the tenor of their present speeches one may easily draw conclusions that augur little good to the life of the British monarchy, limited though it may be in its power for good or ill.

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Nearly all the scoundrels of history have at some time or other found biographers who were willing to draw the mantle of charity over their varied sins, and present the reader with a fair specimen of a "whitewashed sepulchre." It has remained, however, for a nineteenth century writer to take in hand that notorious monarch of ancient times, Herod the Great, and renovate his character for the instruction of the reading public. The book is to be published in a few weeks. The author claims that he has evidence to show that Herod was a tender-minded man, and by judiciously selecting his facts he hopes to prove to the world the correctness of his views. Herod's memory has been kept green in the minds of our latter day youth by the facts learned in Sunday school of his efforts to limit the crop of Hebrews and his unpleasant manner of death. It is possible his biographer may find a reasonable excuse for the act upon which rests the distinguished heathen's principal claim to notoriety. If so the romance will be knocked out of another of the pleasant tales of history, and the story of Herod will be numbered with those of William Tell and Pocahontas, as the figments of a vivacious imagination.

## THE PROBLEM OF THE TIMES.

Two things have prevented the introduction of manufacturing industry here. One of them has been the doleful croak, "It won't pay." The other has been the strange reputation of those people who have had money for wild speculation on the one hand and for cent-per-cent. on the other. To lend money on mortgage and then take the property in, has been regarded as the most approved method of accumulating wealth. But all couldn't pursue this system, and others, therefore, have attempted to imitate it by lending out such sums of money as they could accumulate and sitting down in indolence to live on the product. Then if anybody has talked to them about establishing an industry, the answer of the croaker was ready: "Oh! it wont pay. I must have at least ten per cent. for my money, and interest beats everything else."

These habits and views are largely the product of the long isolation on this coast of so many of our people and their consequent want of knowledge of the conditions of business and industry that have grown up elsewhere during the last twenty years. In the knowledge necessary to enable us to avail ourselves of the opportunities of our situation, for the creation of industries in our midst, we are lagging at least two decades behind the development of other new states, and perhaps still further behind in the disposition to avail ourselves of them. Of the more common industries there is scarcely one that would not pay here, if started on a moderate scale and managed with an intelligent judgment.

We think these things will come about as men find it more and more difficult to lend money upon interest. The fact that so many are getting too poor to borrow and can't afford to borrow, is, from this point of view, a hopeful thing. It may help to turn investments of money into new channels. But it must be observed and remembered that knowledge to do these things and the energy to take hold of them must be acquired; and here is the most difficult problem of them all. There is capital already for many undertakings on a scale proportioned to the wants of the country; but there are not persons enough in the country who know how to embark in such industries, and perhaps not many more who care for activity or business. To shake off this lethargy is the real problem of the times.

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It has remained for a southern writer to find a virtue in the bite of a mosquito. This person says what has been generally considered an affliction is really a blessing in disguise; that the surgical operation the victim undergoes is simply a system of cupping that nature has provided for its children, and the necessary blood-letting is actually a preventive of disease. If this pestiferous little instrument of torture would content itself with the stomach full of blood it draws from our veins, this story from the south might be believed; but when it takes a mean advantage of the entrance it has secured into our good graces and our skin to deposit the dose of poison which creates all the ill feeling that exists between mosquitoes and mankind, exceptions will be taken to the statement. It will be hard for this champion of the mosquito to convince the public that he is not making a virtue of necessity, and is in the pay of some Louisiana immigration society.

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The New York *Tribune*, in an article on the London sensation, says that if the ruling classes are wise they will not endeavor to suppress or belittle the investigation which the *Pall Mall Gazette* demands, but will initiate earnest and vigorous efforts to bring the panders to punishment. If the heroic treatment be adopted in this case aristocracy in England may secure a respite from the attacks with which it is threatened; if not, there will never be a more favorable occasion for the agitators to urge the abolishment of primogeniture, entail, and the various privileges which maintain the aristocrats in wealth and indulgence. It is only a question whether the growing impulse of reform and progress can triumph over the long habit of subserviency to title and birth which has fastened upon the English people.

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The present administration is showing considerable interest in literary pursuits. Samuel S. Cox, the brilliant author of "Ben Hur" and several other volumes of less merit, has been sent to Turkey as minister; William D. Allen, the funny editor of the New York *Times*, goes as consul general to Rome; Richard Henry Stoddard, the poet, has been tendered the consulship at Athens, and several newspaper men have been given pleasant places under the government. Miss Cleveland herself has entered the literary field, and now comes the news that Eben E. Rexford, author of the song "Silver Threads Among the Gold," has been made postmaster at a Wisconsin town, with a salary of $242.

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It is perhaps to be regretted that action was not brought against the *Pall Mall Gazette* that would oblige it to make public the names of those who were guilty of the unnatural practices it has exposed. They merit far worse punishment than the scorn of the world, but at least they should be known, that they may be shunned by every honorable man and woman, as criminals of the most brutal sort. The American cowboy has been pointed to as our typical national ruffian, but were they to detect men in crimes such as these highborn, high-born aristocrats have been guilty of, not one but would lend a willing hand to hang their worthless carcasses on the nearest tree.

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A Washington letter says there are now completed of the census report twelve volumes, and twelve more are to be completed and printed. These include the elaborate monographs on various subjects. The cost of the work has been enormous. The printing alone thus far has cost between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000. As the further preparation of material will have to be done under another act of congress, it is exceedingly doubtful if it is ever completed. The census shop was closed up last winter, and the tons of material, which cost millions to gather, are likely to prove sheer waste.

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The Rev. Dr. Charles A. Briggs, professor of Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary, recently declared by the *Interior* to be the most accomplished biblical scholar of the country, has come out strongly against the revised version of the Old Testament. He holds that the revisers made a great mistake in accepting as the basis of their work the same Massoretic Hebrew text that was used by the author of King James' version, and he concludes that in a short time the new version will need revising.

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The choice of Professor Charles Kendall Adams as successor to Professor Andrew D. White in the presidency of Cornell university, is generally considered as a graceful compliment to the former's attainments as a scholar and teacher. President Adams will carry to his new position a large experience and talents of a high order. That he will prove a worthy successor to the late president will be readily acknowledged by the acquaintances of both.

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It is evident, judging from the results of recent elections in Great Britain, that the vacillating course of the late administration was not popular with the people of that country. In nearly every instance of a special election the conservative candidates have been elected by increased majorities. Gordon's fate and British pride have each had something to do with it.

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Miss Cleveland's book is now selling rapidly, simply because its author is the sister of a brother who happens to occupy for a time a conspicuous position. But how many will be buying that book next year? Or who, ten years hence, will remember that there ever was such a book?

## SENSATIONAL RUMORS.

There have been warlike rumors from Europe during the last three or four days, but they are scarcely to be credited. No definite news is presented. It is boldly asserted by German newspapers that the rumors have all emanated from one source, and have been worked up for a purpose. Nothing is more probable. Russia has not yet shown any real designs upon Afghanistan, beyond her apparent disposition to contest for the small strip of disputed territory which could be of no real use to any nation. If Russia had it there would be no additional menace to British India. All well informed persons know that Russia does not want war with Great Britain. Her financial condition makes it almost out of the question for her to engage any first-rate powers. She knows, too, that since the change of government in England any demonstration on her part against Herat would surely lead to war. There would be no such forbearance as there was under Gladstone. That Russia will provoke a war is therefore extremely improbable. The rumors seem to be merely sensational, and efforts to verify them yield only nebulous results.

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So far this year exports of hog products from the United States are greatly in excess of those of any year since 1881. The total for the first five months of 1885 were 340,000,000 pounds, against 226,000,000 pounds for the same portion of the year 1884. Exports of both fresh beef and salt beef so far this year have likewise been somewhat in excess of the average of previous years since 1881. But compared with 1879 there is a decrease of two-thirds in the exports of butter, of nearly one-half in the exports of cheese and nearly one-half in the exports of tallow. A trade journal of New York says: "The growth of large provision exports after 1877 was of great help to the country at that time, and it will be a good sign when provision exports become great again."

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Chicago is to have a new hotel, on the north side, a mile from the Clark street bridge. It will be 318 feet on one street and 219 on another, and seven stories high. The cost will be $1,250,000, and $900,000 have already been subscribed. The land will cost $200,000. The hotel will overlook the lake, and it is believed it will be filled with summer visitors. Chicago is spreading and flourishing, even in these dull times, as no other city of America is, not even excepting New York.

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The state census of Washington county makes the population of the county 9245. In 1880 it was 7082. This is a good gain. The gain in ten years, from 1870 to 1880, was 2821. There is now a gain of 2163 in five years. In 1860 Washington county had only 2801 inhabitants.

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Captain J. L. Meade, of Hazelhurst, Miss., is indignant that the president should deprive him of the office he so well earned by bulldozing "offensive partisans," and he has written a savage letter about it.

Mr. Emory J. Haynes, whose letter will be found in another column, is the new pastor of Tremont Temple, in Boston, with a congregation of nearly 4000 persons.

## RELIGIOUS NEWS.

When the Boston divine, Dr. Phillips Brooks, was receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity at Oxford some two weeks ago, Dr. Ince spoke of him in his Latin oration as "one whose fame as an orator and a preacher had reached England some years ago," testified to the appreciation in which he was held in Easton by a congregation "consisting largely of men of culture and education," and referred to his influence at Harvard among the students "as an eloquent expounder of the true catholic faith."

The *Christian Register* says: "The general assembly of the United Presbyterian church counsels its members to stand aloof from the Grand Army of the Republic. The reason for this act of pious vengeance may be that the Grand Army protected the property and members of the United Presbyterian church during the war. We hope the Grand Army will not be moved to advise its members to stand aloof from the United Presbyterian church. The accession to that body of a few thousand members of the Grand Army might infuse in it a healthy patriotism without proving destructive to its piety."

The Lowell *Courier* is authority for the statement that the late Dr. Whedon "called the departed dead 'angeloids.' His theory, in a general way, was that the ramifications of the nerves, forming in themselves a shape conforming exactly to that of the whole figure, made the soul of man, just like his body so far as configuration was concerned. At death, so Dr. Whedon thought, this contour and semblance of the dead body separated itself and became the eternal form of the spirit, visible to its fellows, and under some conditions to people who were yet in the flesh. This was his explanation of spiritual materialization."

Celibacy has never found much favor with any of the churches of the reformation. In the Church of England and also in the Protestant Episcopal church of America voices have occasionally been raised in its favor. Where the clergy are poorly paid marriage brings encumbrances and interferes with usefulness. At a recent meeting of clergymen at Cuddesdon college the subject of clerical households was a prominent subject of discussion. The clerical household would only be a kind of qualified monastery. The *Guardian* seems to approve of the idea and calls upon the clergy "to suffer and be strong." There are others, however, who have the sense to perceive that the clerical household implies celibacy, and that celibacy means sacerdotalism in weakness.

Some three Sundays ago two London pulpits were occupied by laymen, and these prominent public men. The lord mayor of London preached in the Baptist chapel, Bow, on the occasion of the centenary celebration. At the same hour Mr. Samuel Smith, member of parliament for Liverpool, was preaching in the Borough road Congregational chapel. In this connection it may be mentioned that Mr. Caine, one of the members of the late administration, is quite a popular preacher, and frequently heard in metropolitan pulpits. Two causes lie at the bottom of this anomaly—vanity and dislike of ministerial responsibility. Teachers should be responsible; and, in the language of St. Paul, they should give themselves "wholly to these things."

Christian union is a phrase which has been much more on the lip than any practical action has ever justified in the whole history of the church. The centrifugal force has in all the past been much greater than the centripetal. It is gratifying to know that there is a society which has for its object the bringing about of Christian union. Such a society, it appears, exists in London. It seeks nothing less than the reunion of Christendom. This society had a meeting a few days ago under the presidency of the bishop of Winchester. The bishop, in his address, admitted that the barriers in the way of a general reunion were numerous and not to be easily overcome. But union must come, he said, and if the gladsome sight might not be seen by them it would be seen by their children or their children's children. The day is not near.

A correspondent of the *Evangelist* mingles considerations of musical effect and social science as follows: "The tendency in some quarters, and in this particular city, is towards employing male quartettes. Two of our largest churches have adopted this reform, and sometimes it is a mooted question which quartette shall bear off the palm. But some admirers of the female voice protest that it is no better for man to be alone in the choir than in Eden. Such a reform is a backward movement in a day when woman is taking the front ranks in the work of temperance and missions. Is there any ground for complaint that woman is wronged by excluding her from any honorable employments and from the right of suffrage? What shall be said of the great wrong of depriving her of the privilege of singing praise in the sanctuary? The inspired word favors no such exclusive reforms."

The *Southern Churchman* says: "It ought to be, and no doubt sooner or later will become, a practical question, whether the gain to the church justifies holding a general convention every three years and a diocesan convention every year. The question of expense is serious. Such is the drain the general convention makes that unless the dioceses themselves pay the expenses of their eight delegates (as they will not be invited to be anybody's guests), they will not attend at all; and thus the government of the church pass into the hands of such dioceses as are contiguous to the place of meeting. The expenses of a diocesan convention are larger than is supposed. The salaries of secretaries and printing the journal in Virginia is a thousand dollars a year. The traveling expenses of 300 delegates and their entertainment costs much. If the benefit is great, well and good. As for the general convention, a meeting every ten years would be often enough, and diocesan conventions could meet once in three years, and no harm to the cause would ensue. The church got along well for several hundred years with five or six councils, and these local."

Among the manuscripts brought from El Fayoum two years ago by the Austrian Archduke Renier, is a fragment of the New Testament, which differs from St. Matthew, xxvi., 30-34, and from St. Mark, xiv., 26-30, more than these evangelists differ from each other. The following words are wanting: "But after I am risen, I will go before you into Galilee." Peter's oath also varies in wording and in length. The fragment seems to have been written in the third century A. D. The style, however, savors of the first century, being vigorous, terse and clear. According to Dr. Bickell, of Innsbruck, the fragment must be a copy of a manuscript older than that from which the accepted versions are taken. This is questioned by Dr. Hart, of the University of Cambridge. The papyrus is now in the hands of the famous Orientalist, Professor Karabacek, of Vienna.

The New Church, as Swedenborgians delight to call their organization, has never been given to demonstrative display, but neither has it been unambitious or inactive. That it has not been losing ground was abundantly proved a few days ago, when what is known as the Swedenborgian society held its twenty-fifth annual meeting in Bloomsbury street, London, under the presidency of Dr. Stacker. It appears from the report that of Swedenborg's works 2132 volumes had been sold, and 2841 presented during the year. To the free libraries of Darlington, Dunbarton, Inverness and Nottingham 117 volumes had been presented, and to various other institutions 150 volumes. To clergymen and theological students had been given 825 volumes. "Heaven and Hell" and "Angelic Wisdom Concerning the Divine Love and Wisdom" have been extensively advertised. A cheap edition of the "Compendium" has been published, and depots have been established at Birmingham, Glasgow and Manchester.

The London *Sunday School Chronicle* says: "The unveiling of Charles Darwin's statue at the British Museum reminds us of the important lessons which the relations of the Christian church to his theory ought to teach us. We ought to overcome our unreasonable fear of new theories and new scientific explanations that may be started. Darwin's theory was at once attacked; and many of us thought what a dreadful man this must be who was subverting scripture, and overthrowing the very creatorship of God. But we took our notions from what people said about Darwin rather than from Darwin's own writings; and we fear it must be admitted that religious people are unduly jealous, and very keen to suspect evil. Now we have come to see that whatever acceptance may be given to the idea of 'Origin of Species,' it is but a method of explaining divine operations, and that Darwin's theory can be harmoniously fitted into the old faith. But why did we not wait awhile before our confident denunciations were made?"

### A Titled Hostler.

General Stannard's second Vermont brigade camp at Union Mills in the spring of 1863 was the gayest camp possible in the Army of the Potomac. It boasted of such representatives as Colonel Hooker, chief of staff, Lieutenants Schermerhorn, Hill, Prentiss Perley Downer, George M. Clark, Hank White, etc., of whom Colonel Hooker was the recognized leader. In "foraging" some of the boys of the brigade had discovered an antediluvian vehicle, very costly and stylish probably in the day of its make in England. But it had been out of use for fifty years or more, and was kept as an heirloom.

The discovery of the carriage came to Hooker's knowledge, and he at once levied upon it. It was brought into camp, and with six mules in the hands of the brigade teamster, the members of General Stannard's staff started to go the rounds of inspecting regimental headquarters. They were gone nearly the whole afternoon, and of course were obliged to stop everywhere on their rounds to "take something." The times were not so strictly temperate then as now. There was but little doing in camp, and, Stannard was not aware of their absence or their mission, until this conveyance, with the party, drove up to his headquarters and called him out.

It is said that the general was very much chagrined at the predicament they were in, and considerably angered, too. Hooker sat with the driver on his "seat in the air," while Schermerhorn, Hill, Prentiss and Downer were in the box below. General Stannard did not intend the "rig" should depart, so he stepped to the mules on the lead and took one by the bit. Then he went for his boys at a furious rate, using more adjectives and expletives than Miss Cleveland, if possible, but not the same sort. One by one they got out of the confederate buggy below, and made for their quarters as best they could, taking plenty of time.

Stannard had directed the most of his conversation to Hooker, who, in turn, advised his comrades to go to their quarters. Finally Hooker came down; got down after awhile and went directly to Stannard and quietly said: "See here, general, I feel that I have been honored to-day as never before. I have been complimented beyond my expectations, because it is the first time in my life that I ever had a brigadier general for a hostler. Here is 25 cents; take it." The general took in the ridiculousness of the situation and closed his lectures with a hearty laugh. But the boys were slow to offend him afterwards.—*St. Albans Messenger.*

### Demolition of the Ghetto.

The demolition of the oldest Jewish quarter in Europe, dating, it is said from before Cæsar's time, is proceeding rapidly. The archæological commission which is charged with this exploration and protection of ancient monuments, has applied to the Italian government that measures shall be taken for clearing the temple of Jupiter and the portico of Octavia from the buildings which have grown up around them, and also for putting them in such a state of repair as is necessary for their preservation. The commission also requests that the new streets which are to be laid down over the cleared area shall be so planned that their points of intersection shall coincide with the following ancient buildings, which are now within the Ghetto: The theater of Marcellus, the crypt of the Emperor Balbus, and the porticos of the Flavian emperors and of the Emperor Philip. There is a supplementary request that these buildings shall be placed on the list of ancient monuments, for the preservation of which a small contribution is annually made by the state.

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**MEETING NOTICE.**

**Shipwright and Caulkers' Association.**—Will meet to-day at 4 P. M. at 47 D street. Attendance of all members required. By order of the President. J. J. JORDAN, Pres.

---

**LATEST STYLES of Domestic Patterns, Send stamp for Catalogue. Portland Hair Emporium, 103 Fourth st.**

**Cliff A. Wass, Artistic Wig Maker, 83 Yamhill st. Special prices.**

---

NEW TO-DAY.

ROOMS AND BOARD IN RESPECTABLE FAMily; terms moderate. 294 Fourth, cor. Jefferson.

FOR ALL WOOL READY-MADE DRESSES go to H. B. LITT, The Leader, Third & Alder. Also Dolmans and fine Dressmaking. 19jy

WANTED—A HOUSE TO RENT, CONTAINING [illegible] rooms, with bath and all modern conveniences. Address P. O. box 203, Portland, Oregon. 19jy2

OCEANS OF REMNANTS WILL BE READY for sale to-morrow morning. "THE CRITERION" DRY GOODS STORE, 165 Third street.

SEASIDERS CAN HAVE SCHLITZ MILwaukee Export Beer sent them by leaving orders with MARX & JORGENSEN, 25 N. Front st. 15jy7

WANTED—A GOOD GIRL FOR GENERAL housework; must be a good cook; German or Swede preferred. Apply 294 Third st., on Monday. 19jy

WANTED—TWO LIVE MEN TO ACT AS soliciting or canvassing agents, must be responsible and understand their business. Apply at Room 1, [illegible]. 19jy

OLD HORSE SALE—THE BAGGAGE LEFT AT the Burton House will be sold at auction at Wetzrauder's Warehouse, Front st., between Second and Third, in 30 days from this date. J. HAAS, July 19, 1885. (19jy3) Assignee Lee & Marx.

WANTED—A BUSINESS MAN WITH $250, [illegible] two persons with $500 to join a gentleman of unexceptionable reference and ability in an enterprise of indisputable profit of $600 to $1000 a year. Security of $7000 in real property will be given for the $[illegible]. Address with reference for reply, "H.," care Oregonian office.

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTing between the undersigned, under the firm name of Heise & Tansler, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued by Henry Heise and others under the firm name of Heise Brothers. All accounts due the old firm should be paid to Henry Heise. HENRY HEISE, [illegible] TANSLER. 19jy3

PORTLAND MECHANICS' FAIR
October 8 to 24. A. S. WHITING, Sup't. 19jy6

JUST RECEIVED
PER SCHOONER ALPHA
Tillamook Creamery Butter
For sale in lots to suit by
G. COHN & BRO., 170 Front st., Portland.

---

NEW TO-DAY.

THE
[illegible]
ON EARTH.

OLD JOHN ROBINSON
10 COMBINED BIG SHOWS! 10
WILL EXHIBIT AT
[illegible]
August 17 and 18.

The Largest Tented Exhibition Ever Given.
For which Industry sits her busy wheel, and Justice lays aside her ermine.

The Only Show Showing all its Bills, & More Too.
The Only 4-Ring Show on Earth.
The Only 50 Cage Menagerie.
Two Hundred Star Artists.
Sixty Palace Cars.

[illegible] Invested.
Daily Expenses, $4,500.

Herds of Elephants,
Herds of Giraffes,
Herds of Bisons.
Droves of Camels.
Droves of Dromedaries.
Droves of Zebras.

AMONG THE NOVELTIES ARE THE
TUILA FAMILY
Of Unicycle riders and skaters on stilts.

ZENOBIA, hurled 200 ft by the Catapult.
[illegible]
60 feet in mid-air.

ELLA ZOLA,
Walking on Stilts on a three-quarter inch Wire 80 feet above the heads of 10,000 people.

ALDA Dives 100 feet to the Ground below.

ZELA, Shot from the Cannon.

DORA—TATTOOED WOMAN.

The Giant Horse, 21 hands high; Giant Ox, larger than an elephant; Giant Camel, 15 hands high.

Unicorn, with 3 Separate Eyes, 3 Distinct Horns.

Features to be Seen Only with this Show.

WILL EXHIBIT:
—AT—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Baker City | August | 3 |
| Union | " | 4 |
| La Grande | " | 5 |
| Pendleton | " | 6 |
| Alkali | " | 7 |
| Dalles | " | 8 |
| Ashland | " | 10 |
| Roseburg | " | 11 |
| Eugene | " | 12 |
| Albany | " | 13 |
| Salem | " | 14 |
| Oregon City | " | 15 |
| McMinnville | " | 19 |
| Corvallis | " | 20 |
| Independence | " | 21 |
| Hillsboro | " | 22 |
| Seattle | " | 24 |
| Victoria | | 25, 26 |
| Tacoma | " | 28 |
| Chehalis | " | 29 |
| Astoria | | Aug. 31 and Sept. 1 |

TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY.

Be on time, for you may never see the like again. See the GRAND STREET PAGEANT, with its golden cages, its grand musical chariots, over 100 men, women and children gaily appareled, scores of elephants, elks, giraffes and camels, thousands of banners waving, forming a grand spectacular scene that vanities in golden grandeur the famed dreams of the Orient.

CITY VIEW PARK!
SUNDAY, JULY 19.
BASEBALL!
SEATTLE REDS of Seattle vs. PORTLANDS of Portland. Final game for Championship of the Northwest.
RUNNING and TROTTING RACES by noted fast horses from Portland and Vancouver.
GRAND SHOOTING CONTEST between W. L. Curry, of Portland, and J. F. McNaught, of Seattle, for $100 and the Diamond Medal now held by Mr. Curry.
FOOT RACES for a Purse.
Steamer Salem leaves foot of Morrison street at 1, 2 and 3 o'clock. Returning, first boat leaves Park at 5 o'clock, sharp, and last boat at ringing of Park bell.
Tickets 50c for round trip, including admission to the Park. Other steamers leave foot of Taylor st. for the Park every half hour; returning, leave Park every half hour.
Excursion to Park from Vancouver and Oregon City. Fare from Vancouver and return, including admission to park, 75c. 19

SPECIAL AUCTION SALE
OF
HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE
We will sell by auction on the premises (up stairs) on A street, bet. First and Second, over the Telephone office,
ON WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1885,
At 10 o'clock A. M.,
The Furniture and Fittings, comprising: Two full Ash Bedroom Suits, one Ash Bedroom Suit, Clipper Spring Mattresses, Blankets, Comforters, Brussels Carpets, Lace Curtains and Pole Cornices, Pictures, Ornaments, Toilet Sets, Heating Stove, One Bed Lounge, Handsome Hanging Lamps. Also Dining Table, Cooking Stove, Etc.
GILMAN & CO., Auctioneers.

NORTHROP & STURGIS,
PROPRIETORS
Portland Soda Works!
MANUFACTURE THE BEST
Soda Water, Sarsaparilla, Ginger Ale, etc.
No Marble Dust used, no Glucose used for Syrups; closest inspection invited.
Also in stock and delivered free to any part of the city
MEDICINAL AND TABLE WATERS,
APOLLINARIS, pints and quarts.
WILHOIT, pints and quarts.
HUNYADI, SELTZER, etc.
NORTHROP & STURGIS,
93 and 95 Oak st., cor. Fifth, Portland, Or.

LOUISVILLE RESTAURANT.
JOHN SLAVICH,
THE POPULAR RESTAURATEUR,
Has just refitted his large, elegant and well-appointed Restaurant, First St. bet. Morrison and Yamhill.
Meals can be obtained at all hours day or night.
A number of fine rooms have been fitted up for ladies.

---

SMOKE
HORACE R. KELLY & CO'S
CREME DE LA CREME
BEST
Havana Key West Cigars.
For Sale Everywhere.
H. ROSENFELD & Co., Sole Agents.

---

A NEW
[illegible]
—THE—
"LITTLE WONDER"
Successors to A. LOBE & CO.

THE OBJECT OF "THE LITTLE WONDER" will be to sell
Crockery,
Glassware,
Plated Goods,
Cutlery, Etc.,
For all purposes, viz: Household, Restaurants, Hotels, and at lower prices than has been the rule with other crockery stores. We propose to be what our name implies,
"A LITTLE WONDER!"
We are under small expense, have untold facilities for buying, and to all who wish goods in our line call on us before going elsewhere.
Country orders given careful attention, and we guarantee our prices.
"LITTLE WONDER"
169 First street,
Between Morrison and Yamhill.

[illegible]
Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in
Paints, Oils, Glass, Varnishes,
AND BRUSHES.
42 Front st., Portland, Or.
—SOLE AGENTS—
Phoenix Oil Works, Portland, Or.
Skidegate Oil Works, Queen Charlotte Island, B. C.
Pacific White Lead Works, Omaha, Nebraska.
Berry Bros.' Varnishes, Detroit, Mich.
Cary, Ogden & Parkers' Mixed Paints, Chicago, Illinois.
John W. Masurys & Son Colors, Chicago and New York.

—THE—
"[illegible]"
[illegible]
CHOICE FAMILY
PATENT ROLLER
FLOUR
Takes the Lead Wherever Introduced!
For sale by leading dealers, and by
SIBSON, CHURCH & CO.
GENERAL AGENTS OF THE
Portland Flouring Mills Co.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.,
The New Firm.
From July 1st, 1885, the firm of MURPHY, GRANT & CO., of San Francisco and Portland, Oregon, will consist of the following members:
ADAM GRANT, San Francisco,
HENRY M. MURPHY, New York,
JOSEPH A. FORD, San Francisco,
JOSEPH D. GRANT, San Francisco,
DANIEL T. MURPHY, San Francisco.

San Juan Lime!
LANGDON BRAND.
No old stock; every barrel fresh from the kiln. Renowned for its superior cement-like properties. Before buying elsewhere, call on us for price. Special bids made on contracts.
TAYLOR, YOUNG & CO.,
34 Front st., corner Ash,
Agents San Juan Archipelago Lime Co.

ST. DAVID'S,
715 Howard St., Near Third, San Francisco.
A first-class Lodging Hotel, containing 190 rooms; water and gas in each room; no better beds in the world; no guest allowed to use the linen once used by another; a large reading room; hot and cold water baths free. Price of rooms—Per night, 50c and 75c; per week, from $2 upward. Open all night.
H. HUGHES, Proprietor.
At Market street Ferry, take Omnibus line of street cars to corner of Third and Howard.

F. FRANK WALTERS,
(From Philadelphia)
Instructor and Demonstrator
—IN—
Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Take the elevator at 69 Washington st. to rooms 18 etc., third floor. Circulars mailed to any address.

Allen's Brain Food, Botanical Extract, positively cures Nervous Debility and all weakness of Generative System; either sex. $1; 6 for $5. Druggists, or by mail from J. H. Allen, 315 1st ave., New York.

DR. NEWCASTLE, DENTIST, 151 First st.

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AMUSEMENTS.

NEW MARKET THEATER,
J. P. HOWE..........Lessee and Manager.
TUESDAY, JULY 21st,
Five Nights and Matinee Only.
THE GREATEST OF THEM ALL!
DENMAN THOMPSON
—AS—
JOSHUA WHITCOMB,
SUPPORTED BY HIS
ORIGINAL COMPANY.
Reserved seats Friday morning at Prentiss' store.

[illegible] Picnic
—AND—
EXCURSION.
SUNDAY, JULY 19, 1885.
The steamer Fleetwood and barge Cascades will leave the foot of Morrison street at 9 A. M.
FOR LA CAMAS,
one of the most delightful spots for a picnic and a general day of rest for families and children. Good music will be furnished for those inclined to trip the "Light Fantastic."
Refreshments and delicacies of the season will be served. The boat will touch at East Portland, St. Johns and Vancouver.
Tickets, round trip, 75 cts. Children, 25 cts.

SUMMER RESORTS.

WILHOIT SPRINGS!
SUMMER RESORT.
HOUSE RENOVATED AND PLACED IN THOROUGH repair. New features added for the amusement and comfort of guests. Our aim will be to cater to wants of patrons. Table supplied with all the market affords. The pure air and well known curative qualities of the water make this the most desirable health resort on the coast. Camp grounds in good order. Provisions, cigars, tobacco, etc., at the most reasonable terms. Stage will leave Oregon City daily, connecting with the train Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, and with steamer Multnomah Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Through fare to the Springs, $2 00. FRANK McLERAN, Wilhoit, Clackamas Co.; or McLERAN BROS., Portland.

THE TACOMA.
Tacoma, W. T.
Reduced Rates—$3.00 per Day.
From $12 to $17.50 per week for stay of two weeks or more.
SPECIAL RATES FOR FAMILIES.
Professor Knell's famous San Francisco Orchestra engaged for the season. Address
W. D. TYLER, Manager.

Carpets,
Lace Curtains, Portiers.
We have resolved, in order to meet the times, to reduce prices on all our goods to the very
Lowest Cash Prices.
We keep the Choicest Designs & Colorings.
WALTER BROS.
85 FIRST ST.

KOHN,
....THE....
[illegible]
WILL REOPEN AUGUST 15TH IN MULKEY'S new building,
33 and 35 MORRISON ST.,
Corner Second, one block back of the old stand. I will leave for New York city, June 1st to manufacture my entire stock and will also have a first-class MERCHANT TAILORING DEPARTMENT, and I am determined to give the public better fitting clothing than ever, and at living prices. Cordially thanking my many patrons and friends for past favors and soliciting their future kind consideration, I am very respectfully,
ARTHUR KOHN,
33 and 35 Morrison st.

P. A. ICE CO.
Office, 63 Front st. - - - Telephone 190.
Works, 17th and U sts, Telephone 219.
ICE DELIVERED TO ANY PART OF THE CITY at the following rates:
10 lbs every other day, $1 50 per month.
10 lbs daily, $2 50 per month.
50 to 100 lbs daily, ¾c per pound.
200 to 500 lbs, 45c per hundred.
500 to 1000 lbs, 40c per hundred.
1000 to 2000 lbs, 35c per hundred.
Ton lots, $6 00.
Ice securely packed for shipment one dollar per ton extra on above rates.
The public are respectfully invited to visit our works and see the most modern ice machine in the United States making ice of distilled water. Factory open at all hours.

MY FINE LINE OF
SUMMER HATS
AT COST
For the Next Thirty Days.
A. ROBERTS,
First & Alder Sts.

LIBRARY ASSOCIATION
OF PORTLAND.
Over 12,000 Volumes and 125 Papers and Periodicals.
CORNER OF STARK AND FIRST STREETS.
Over Ladd & Tilton's BANK.
MEMBERSHIP OPEN TO ALL.
Monthly Dues, $1; Quarterly, $3, and Half Yearly, $4.50.
DIRECTORS.
WILLIAM M. LADD, ADDISON C. GIBBS,
PHILIP C. SCHUYLER, C. H. LEWIS,
MATTHEW P. DEADY, M. W. FECHHEIMER,
H. W. CORBETT, HENRY FAILING,
E. S. KEARNEY, R. H. LAMSON.
MATTHEW P. DEADY..........President
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PHILIP C. SCHUYLER..........Treasurer
M. W. FECHHEIMER..........Cor. Secretary
HENRY A. OXER....Librarian and Rec. Sec'y

SUMMER MILLINERY AT COST.
MISS A. S. JORGENSON,
103 First street, next to Ladd & Tilton's Bank, Portland.

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The Oregonian.

Entered at the Postoffice at Portland, Or., as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

BY MAIL—POSTAGE PREPAID—IN ADVANCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Daily, per month | $1 00 |
| Daily with Sunday, per month | 1 25 |
| Daily, per year | 10 00 |
| Daily with Sunday, per year | 12 00 |
| Sunday, per year | 2 50 |
| Sunday and Weekly, per year | 4 00 |
| The Weekly, per year | 2 50 |
| TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS. | |
| Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday excepted | 25c |
| Daily, per week, delivered, Sunday included | 30c |

*The Oregonian in the East.*

This paper can be seen at the following places:
NEW YORK CITY—S. C. Beckwith, eastern representative THE OREGONIAN, 48 Tribune building.
CHICAGO—Lord & Thomas, McCormick block, and leading newspaper offices.
PHILADELPHIA—N. W. Ayer & Son, Eighth and Chestnut sts., and Times office.
CINCINNATI—Public Library.
WASHINGTON, D. C.—Library of Congress.
ST. PAUL—Pioneer-Press and Globe office.
BOSTON—Offices of Post and Advertiser.
ST. LOUIS—Farvin & Sons, Olive st.
PITTSBURG—Dispatch office, Fleming Bros., Hostetter & Smith.
NEW ORLEANS—E. W. Allen, at Exposition.
BALTIMORE—Voegeler & Co.
LOUISVILLE—Courier-Journal office.
MILWAUKEE—Office Evening Wisconsin.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Or., July 18.—7:49 P. M.

| Place of Observation. | Hgt of Bar. | Ch'ge last 8 H'rs. | Ther. | Wind Direction. | R'n fall inch | State of W'thr. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Portland | 30.08 | 03 | 65 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| Olympia | 30.03 | 08 | 62 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| Roseburg | 30.03 | 00 | 66 | N | .00 | Clear |
| Red Bluff | 29.80 | —06 | 82 | S | .00 | Clear |
| Sacramento | 29.85 | —04 | 69 | S | .00 | Clear |
| Fort Canby | 30.06 | 05 | 60 | NW | .00 | Clo'dy |
| Tatoosh | 30.05 | 06 | 54 | SW | .00 | Clo'dy |
| Spokane | 29.88 | 04 | 64 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| Dayton | 29.94 | 06 | 64 | SW | .00 | Clear |

Minimum thermometer, 56; maximum, 75.

THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

Is for sale at the following places:
Cohn, First and Morrison.
Woods, Third bet. Morrison and Alder.
Shoert, near cor. First and Jefferson.
Lynch, 126 First.
Brown, First and B.
Lachman, First bet. Salmon and Taylor.
Merchant hotel, Third and D.
Postoffice candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
Staples', Fourth and Morrison.
Browning's, 52 Morrison.
Potter's, First and Washington.
S. L. Stone's, First and Ash.
Chas. Korell's, First and C.
Morgan's, northwest corner First and Salmon.
Odell, First and Columbia.
Rankin, Fourth and L streets, East Portland.
Mrs. M. Baum, 86 Morrison.
Bullet, 207 First.
Wilcox, southwest corner First and Oak.
Flanen, northwest corner First and Oak.
Portland News Co., 130 First.
Holton house news stand, Fourth and Alder.
Quimby house news stand, Fourth, corner C.
Rumey, Fifth and Morrison.
Reed, First near Salmon.
Mrs. Carroll, First, bet. E and F.
Cornell, 110 First.
Newberger, 41 Washington.
Bellinb, 104 First.
Shields, 62 North First.
Vucasovich, 51 North First.
N. Luttich, First and Market.
And at the counting-room of THE OREGONIAN, corner Front and Stark.

OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

Passed Sand Point to arrive over the N. P. to-day: W. W. McCoy and wife, Jno. Good, J. A. Drake, F. M. Drake, Miss M. Drake, Miss Ada Drake, T. P. Schontz, Mrs. E. Schontz, Mrs. M. Garland, Miss Farris, Mrs. Thos. Mackay, C. J. Loval, G. H. Pamaro, W. E. Collins, and twenty-three emigrants.

Passed Huntington, to arrive over the Short Line: George A. Boyden, Jas. Jeffers, Thos. Sebe, wife and daughter, Mrs. David Cole and daughter, eighteen emigrants.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Hall street M. E. church, corner Hall and Sixth streets.—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday school 12:15 P. M. Free seats.

Unitarian church, corner of Yamhill and Seventh, T. L. Eliot, minister.—Services at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:30. During July the evening service is omitted.

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's hall, corner Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school 3 P. M. Gospel meeting 8 P. M. Addresses by T. M. Parrish and others.

South Portland chapel, Porter street, west of First—Sunday school at 3 P. M. Services in the evening at 7:45, Rev. Mr. Eliot officiating. The public are cordially invited.

United Presbyterian church, cor. Sixth and Montgomery streets, Wm. R. Stevenson, pastor. Services at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. (Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to all.

St. Stephen's chapel, corner Fifth and Jefferson—Divine service will be held in the chapel on Sunday, at 11 o'clock; evening prayer omitted until further notice. Sunday school at 10. Seats free.

Presbyterian church, corner of Washington and Third streets: services morning and evening, conducted by Rev. J. C. Wyckoff. Hours of service: 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.; Sunday school at 9:35.

Taylor Street Methodist Episcopal Church—Classes at 10 A. M. and at 12 M. Sunday school at 12:15. Young people's praise meeting at 6:30 P. M. Public service morning and evening. Sermons by the pastor.

First German Evangelical church, corner of Sixth and Clay streets. Services Sunday, July 19, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. Preaching by the pastor. The public are cordially invited to attend these services.

Scandinavian M. E. church, corner D and Twelfth streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. C. N. Hauge, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:15. Praise service at 6:45 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. All invited.

Grace Methodist Episcopal church, corner Taylor and Eleventh—Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor. Rev. O. J. Squire of Iowa will preach at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 12:15 P.M. Prayer and praise service will be held at 7:45 P. M. No evening preaching.

First Presbyterian church, Albina—Rev. W. S. Forbes, pastor. On Sabbath, July 19th, in absence of the pastor the morning service will be omitted. Regular services in the evening by the pastor and Sabbath school at 12 o'clock. Cordial invitation to all.

The First Baptist church, corner of Fourth and Alder streets—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. Preaching to-morrow at 11 o'clock morning and 7:45 o'clock evening, by Rev. J. S. Festesen. Sabbath school at 12:20 o'clock, immediately after morning service.

German Methodist church, corner North Sixth and D streets—Pastor's residence on D street, rear of chapel. The pastor, Rev. F. [illegible], will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Germans are cordially invited to attend.

Calvary Presbyterian church, corner Ninth and Clay streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee. Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.. Sabbath school at 12:20 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45. Every effort is to make all feel at home, the pews are, therefore free and the singing congregational.

First Christian church, Columbia and East Park streets—Preaching every Lord's day by the pastor, J. W. Webb. Morning subject, "Don't Worry;" evening subject, "Without Money and Without Price." Sunday school immediately after morning service. Song service 7 P. M. Young People' society each Tuesday night and prayer meeting on Thursdays, both at 8 P. M.

FIRE AT KALAMA.

KALAMA, July 18.

Yesterday morning about 3 o'clock a fire started in what used to be occupied as the O. R. & N. office, and quickly spread to the N. P. depot and Patterson's hotel, which were totally destroyed. The hotel and contents were valued at about $4000, and insured for $[illegible]00. The company's loss consisted of the depot building, books and telegraph instruments, value unknown. There being no wind, the store of J. D. Wharton was saved by a liberal use of water. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary. The Kalama hotel was owned by A. N. Patterson. Of the $4000 insurance upon the place $2000 was placed with T. V. Andrews' agency in the Phœnix of Brooklyn and the American companies.

PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

The placing of the "R. R. Thompson" on the regular tri-weekly run between Portland, Astoria and the seashore resorts, and the large patronage given to this fine steamer demonstrate how ready the Portland public is to recognize an effort to improve the accommodations and facilities offered them. The great majority of the people are taking this steamer, or on the [illegible] days the ever-popular "Wide West."

The establishment of Dr. Vanmonnelan, corner of Third and Alder streets, is crowded constantly with patients from all parts of the country. In his various specialties, the treatment of chronic diseases, etc., the doctor is very successful.

[illegible] Boat House, south side Stark st.

Y & CO'S

Cigars.
here.
le Agents.

USEMENTS.

KET THEATER,
........Lessee and Manager.
DAY, JULY 21st,
ts and Matinee Only.
TEST OF THEM ALL!
N THOMPSON
—AS—
WHITCOMB,
PPORTED BY HIS
AL COMPANY.
day morning at Prentice's store.

URSION,
JULY 19, 1885.
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trip, 75 cts. Children, 25 cts.

MER RESORT.

IT SPRINGS!
ER RESORT.

TED AND PLACED IN THOR-
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of guests. Our aim will be to cater
. Table supplied with all the mar-
re air and well known curative
ter make this the most desirable
coast. Camp grounds in good
cigars, tobacco, etc., at the store on
Stage will leave Oregon City daily
train Mondays, Wednesdays and
steamer Multnomah Tuesdays,
urdays. Through fare to the
ANK McLERAN, Wilhoit, Clack-
RAN BROS., Portland.

TACOMA.
coma, W. T.
tes—$3.00 per Day,
.50 per week for stay of two
weeks or more.
ATES FOR FAMILIES.
famous San Francisco Orchestra
n. Address
W. D. TYLER, Manager.

ains, Portiers.

esolved, in order to
es, to reduce prices
ods to the very

the Choicest
& Colorings.

ER BROS.
FIRST ST.

....THE....
AUGUST 15th IN MULKEY'S
5 MORRISON ST.,
block back of the old stand,
ork city, June 1st to manufacture
nd will also have a first-class
ORING DEPARTMENT, and I
give the public better fitting
and at living prices. Cordially
patrons and friends for past fav-
heir future kind consideration, I
ARTHUR KOHN,
33 and 35 Morrison st.

ICE CO.
st. - - Telephone 199.
and Ursts, Telephone 219.
TO ANY PART OF THE CITY
ates:
day, $1 50 per month.
per month.
½c per pound.
er hundred.
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NEW YORK CITY—S. C. Beckwith, eastern representative of THE OREGONIAN, 48 Tribune building.
CHICAGO—Lord & Thomas, McCormick block, and [illegible] newspaper offices.
PHILADELPHIA—N. W. Ayer & Son, Eighth and [illegible] sts., and Times office.
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PITTSBURG—Dispatch office, Fleming Bros., Hostetter [illegible].
NEW ORLEANS—E. W. Allen, at Exposition.
[illegible]—Voegeler & Co.
LOUISVILLE—Courier-Journal office.
MILWAUKEE—Office Evening Wisconsin.

### METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

PORTLAND, Or., July 18,—7:49 P. M.

| Place of Observation. | Hig't of Bar. | Ch'ge last 8 H'rs. | Ther. | Wind Direction. | R'n fall inch | State of W'thr. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| [illegible] | 30.09 | 03 | 55 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| [illegible] | 30.07 | 08 | 62 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| [illegible] | 30.00 | 00 | 66 | N | .00 | Clear |
| [illegible] | 29.80 | —06 | 52 | S | .00 | Clear |
| [illegible] | 29.85 | —0[illegible] | 69 | S | .00 | Clear |
| [illegible] | 30.06 | 05 | 60 | NW | .00 | Clo'dy |
| [illegible] | 30.05 | 0[illegible] | 64 | SW | .00 | Clo'dy |
| [illegible] | 29.88 | 0[illegible] | 64 | W | .00 | Clo'dy |
| [illegible] | 29.94 | 0[illegible] | 64 | SW | .00 | Clear |

[illegible] thermometer, 52; maximum, 73.

### THE SUNDAY OREGONIAN.

[illegible] sale at the following places:
[illegible], First and Morrison.
[illegible], Third bet. Morrison and Alder.
[illegible], near cor. First and Jefferson.
[illegible], 128 First.
[illegible], First and B.
[illegible], First bet. Salmon and Taylor.
[illegible] hotel, Third and D.
[illegible] candy store, Fifth and Morrison.
[illegible], Fourth and Morrison.
[illegible]'s, 82 Morrison.
[illegible], First and Washington.
[illegible]'s, First and Ash.
[illegible]'s, First and C.
[illegible], northwest corner First and Salmon.
[illegible], First and Columbia.
[illegible], Fourth and L streets, East Portland.
[illegible], 88 Morrison.
[illegible], 257 First.
[illegible], southwest corner First and Oak.
[illegible], northwest corner First and Oak.
[illegible] News Co., 130 First.
[illegible] house news stand, Fourth and Alder.
[illegible] house news stand, Fourth, corner C.
[illegible], Fifth and Morrison.
[illegible], First near Salmon.
[illegible] Carroll, First, bet. E and F.
[illegible], 116 First.
[illegible], 41 Washington.
[illegible], 104 First.
[illegible], 63 North First.
[illegible], 37 North First.
[illegible], First and Market.
[illegible] at the counting-room of THE OREGONIAN, [illegible] Front and Stark.

### OVERLAND PASSENGERS.

[illegible] Sand Point to arrive over the N. P. to-[illegible] W. L. McCoy and wife, Jno. Good, J. A. [illegible], F. H. Drake, Miss M. Drake, Miss Ada [illegible], T. P. Schontz, Mrs. E. Schontz, Mrs. M. [illegible], Miss Farris, Mrs. Thos. Mackay, C. J. [illegible], G. H. Pamaro, W. E. Collins, and twenty-[illegible] emigrants.

[illegible] Huntington, to arrive over the Short [illegible]: George A. Boyden, Jas. Jeffers, Thos. [illegible], wife and daughter, Mrs. David Cole and [illegible], eighteen emigrants.

### CHURCH NOTICES.

[illegible] street M. E. church, corner Hall and [illegible] streets—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:45 [illegible]. Sunday school 12:15 P. M. Free seats.

Unitarian church, corner of Yambill and Sev-[illegible], T. L. Eliot, minister—Services at 11 A. M. [illegible] day school at 12:30. During July the even-[illegible] service is omitted.

South Portland M. E. mission, Baker's hall, [illegible] Meade and Hood streets—Sunday school [illegible] M. Gospel meeting 8 P. M. Addresses by [illegible] Parrish and others.

[illegible] Portland chapel, Porter street, west of [illegible]—Sunday school at 3 P. M. Services in [illegible] evening at 7:45, Rev. Mr. Eliot officiating. [illegible] public are cordially invited.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, cor. Sixth and [illegible] streets, Wm. R. Stevenson, pastor. [illegible] at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sunday [illegible] at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to [illegible].

[illegible] Stephen's chapel, corner Fifth and Jeffer-[illegible]—Divine service will be held in the chapel [illegible] day, at 11 o'clock; evening prayer omit-[illegible] further notice. Sunday school at 10. [illegible] free.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, corner of Washington [illegible] Third streets; services morning and even-[illegible] conducted by Rev. J. C. Wyckoff. Hours [illegible] service: 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.; Sunday [illegible] at 9:35.

[illegible] Street Methodist Episcopal Church—[illegible] at 10 A. M. and at 12 M. Sunday school [illegible] M. Young people's praise meeting at [illegible] P. M. Public service morning and even-[illegible] Sermons by the pastor.

[illegible] German Evangelical church, corner of [illegible] and Clay streets. Services Sunday, July [illegible], at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school [illegible] M. Preaching by the pastor. The [illegible] are cordially invited to attend these ser-[illegible].

[illegible] Unitarian M. E. church, corner D and [illegible] streets—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. [illegible] Hinge, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday [illegible] at 12:15. Praise service at 6:45 P. M. [illegible] meeting every Wednesday night. All [illegible].

[illegible] Methodist Episcopal church, corner [illegible] and Eleventh—Rev. E. W. Caswell, pas-[illegible] Rev. O. J. Squire of Iowa will preach at [illegible] Sunday school at 12:15 P. M. Prayer and [illegible] service will be held at 7:45 P. M. No [illegible] preaching.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, Albina—Rev. W. [illegible], pastor. On Sabbath, July 19th, in [illegible] of the pastor the morning service will [illegible] omitted. Regular services in the evening by [illegible] and Sabbath school at 12 o'clock. Cor-[illegible] invitation to all.

[illegible] First Baptist church, corner of Fourth [illegible] streets—Rev. J. Q. A. Henry, pastor. [illegible] to-morrow at 11 o'clock morning and [illegible] o'clock evening, by Rev. J. S. Festuson. [illegible] school at 12:30 o'clock, immediately [illegible] morning service.

[illegible] Methodist church, corner North [illegible] and D streets—Pastor's residence on [illegible], rear of chapel. The pastor, Rev. F. [illegible] will preach at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. [illegible] school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting [illegible] Wednesday night. Germans are cor-[illegible] invited to attend.

[illegible] Presbyterian church, corner Ninth [illegible] streets—Pastor, Rev. E. T. Lee. [illegible] at 11 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. Sabbath [illegible] at 12:30 o'clock. Prayer meeting Thurs-[illegible] evening at 7:45. Every effort is to make all [illegible] welcome, the pews are, therefore free and [illegible] congregational.

[illegible] Christian church, Columbia and East [illegible] streets—Preaching every Lord's day by [illegible] J. W. Webb. Morning subject, [illegible] Worry;" evening subject, "Without [illegible] Without Price." Sunday school im-[illegible] after morning service. Song service [illegible] Young People' society each Tuesday [illegible] prayer meeting on Thursdays, both [illegible].

### FIRE AT KALAMA.

KALAMA, July 18.

[illegible] morning about 3 o'clock a fire [illegible] in what used to be occupied as the O. R. [illegible] office, and quickly spread to the N. P. [illegible] and Patterson's hotel, which were totally [illegible]. The hotel and contents were valued [illegible] $6000, and insured for $4000. The [illegible]'s loss consisted of the depot building, [illegible] telegraph instruments, value unknown. [illegible] to wind, the store of J. D. Whar-[illegible] saved by a liberal use of water. The [illegible] supposed to be the work of an incendiary. [illegible] Kalama hotel was owned by A. N. Patter-[illegible] of the $4000 insurance upon the place [illegible] placed with T. V. Andrews' agency [illegible] Phoenix of Brooklyn and the American [illegible].

### PUBLIC APPRECIATION.

[illegible] of the "T. B. Thompson" on the [illegible] tri-weekly run between Portland, As-[illegible] the seashore resorts, and the large [illegible] given to this fine steamer demon-[illegible] already the Portland public is to rec-[illegible] effort to improve the accommodations [illegible] offered them. The great majority [illegible] people are taking this steamer, or on the [illegible] days the ever-popular "Wide West."

[illegible] establishment of Dr. Vanmonclesar, cor-[illegible] and Alder streets, is crowded con-[illegible] with patients from all parts of the [illegible] his various specialties, the treat-[illegible] chronic diseases, etc., the doctor is very [illegible] rooms, south side Stark st.

## IN AND ABOUT PORTLAND.

The steamer Bonita is to be laid up for repairs.

The A. B. Field leaves Astoria for Tillamook at 8 o'clock this morning.

William K. Smith, jr., arrived home from Harvard college yesterday.

A light shower fell in this city yesterday, and it was cloudy and cool all day.

Major W. A. Jones, United States engineer, went down the river yesterday.

Manager Gross of the Casino is at the Grimes, much reduced from his siege of illness.

Final game of baseball between the Seattles and Portlands, at City View park to-day.

The new tug, General Canby, was to have been launched at Astoria yesterday afternoon.

The Ocean Park campmeeting is to open Thursday evening, July 30, and continue over Sundays.

Charles Beattner, at one time teacher of gymnastics at the Olympic club in this city, died recently in Ohio.

Rev. S. P. Wilson of East Portland has not gone to the coast as reported, but will hold the usual services at his church to-day.

The S. G. Reed has been hauled off the Astoria route for a few needed repairs. Her place will be filled by the Mountain Queen.

Major Heath, secretary of the national light-house board, accompanied by his wife, is making a tour of the Sound on the Shubrick.

The Pendleton Tribune says the Umatilla county assessor has to take a foot race after some of its citizens to get to assess them.

A quartz crusher and amalgamator has been received from San Francisco, which is to be sent and set up at once at the Tillamook mines.

Little Katie May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. May of Astoria, fell from the porch at the family residence Friday afternoon and broke her leg.

W. W. Baker, dairy inspector, states that the fish and game stands in this city that have hen roosts contribute largely toward the spread of disease [illegible].

Wilbur Cornell has gone to Willamina, Polk county, says the Salem Talk, to locate a ledge of cinnabar, which he says he has discovered at that place.

The Multnomahs of East Portland and the Athletics of Portland have a baseball match to-day at Eighteenth and G streets in this city at 10 o'clock A. M.

B. S. Reilley proposes running his horse Tenbrooke against Tom Ellington's Record at City View park at a date hereafter to be fixed upon, for a purse of $200.

At the last meeting of the Turn Verein a resolution was passed to petition the city council to remove the house of ill fame from their immediate neighborhood.

Joseph Kelly, held to answer by Justice Greene for attempt to extort money from Mrs. Emma Sylvester, has filed his bonds and been released from custody.

Bertie Francis, a son of J. Francis, who resides on Carter's hill while running a few days ago, fell and broke two bones of his left arm. The boy is about 9 years old.

The Welcome says: "That exceedingly facetious young man who once drove a city sprinkling cart has been reduced to the ranks, and now mounts a city dump-cart."

Mrs. J. Jeremon, of Stephens addition, East Portland, died at her home July 18, at 3 A. M., aged 33, of consumption, after an illness of two and a half years. Funeral to-day.

The teachers' institute for the Sixth judicial district will be held at Baker City on August 4, 5, 6 and 7, and in the First judicial district, at Grant's Pass, on July 22, 23 and 24.

The charges made against Road Supervisor H. B. Oatman were heard by the county court and commissioners yesterday. They were not considered sufficient to warrant his discharge.

Commencing with Wednesday of last week grouse, pheasant, quail and partridge may be killed without violating the law. It is now unlawful to kill deer of any kind. Female deer and doe only may be killed after August 1.

By heavy forest fires three miles of the Puget sound telegraph company's lines were destroyed by fire between Port Townsend and Port Ludlow a few days since. It has been rebuilt, however, and connection once more established.

A Corvallis exchange says: "We are informed that it is the intention of the managers of the C. P. R. R. to run trains over to the bay every Saturday, returning Monday, until the tunnel has been repaired, after which they will run regular trains.

James Melville, a well digger, very nearly lost his life the other day while sinking a well on the Simms place near Seattle. A cave buried him under and bruised him considerably. He was, however, successfully hauled out, and is now laid up temporarily for repairs.

The hanging of circus posters in vacant store windows should not be permitted. They invariably attract a crowd, mainly of Chinamen, who block up the sidewalk and seriously annoy ladies and business men. The police should see to it that this nuisance in various parts of the city is stopped.

Al. Houghtaling, a young man who has long been a resident of Port Townsend, has been adjudged insane in the probate court, and Judge Van Bokkelen has committed him to the asylum at Steilacoom. The young man's malady is acute, and he has been quite violent for several days, necessitating a strict watch over his person to prevent suicide.

### HORSE RACING AT ILWACO.

On Thursday a 500 yard race took place at Ilwaco between Doc. Hall's horse Patsey and W. Graham's mare Flora Bell, Patsey coming out winner by six feet. Time, 27 2-15 seconds. Considerable money changed hands on the result. Weston Lagget, an Astoria boy, rode the winning horse.—Gateway Herald.

### TWO STATUES TO BE BLESSED.

To-day, the feast of St. Vincent de Paul, says the Catholic Sentinel the two statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph will be solemnly blessed at the chapel of the Sisters' hospital. The ceremony will take place at 3 o'clock P. M. All the friends of the institution are kindly invited to be present at the interesting occasion.

### INDIAN MURDERERS ESCAPE PUNISHMENT.

The Asotin Sentinel says: "We have information that the two Indians that recently murdered a white man by the name of Hilton, in Umatilla county Oregon, were on the Nez Perces reservation last week, but now have left for parts unknown. They are the same pair that broke jail in Lewiston last summer and made their escape down the river in a canoe."

### TOOK THE VOWS.

At the chapel of the Sisters of the Holy Names, in this city, Thursday morning, the religious profession took place of Sister Mary Hilda, formerly known as Sophia Sels of Canyon city, who took the perpetual vows, and Sister Mary Mildred, known in the world as Catharine Dugan, from Jacksonville, who made the vows of chastity, poverty and obedience for five years. Archbishop Gross delivered a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

### SOUGHT FOR BY ANXIOUS FRIENDS.

The United States consulate at Manchester, England, has written here, making inquiry as to the whereabouts of Richard Watson Schofield, whose friends in England are anxious to know what has become of him. About six years ago he was in this city and boarded at the Globe hotel, but for a time since when his whereabouts have been unknown. Any information concerning him may be communicated to W. G. Steel, Portland postoffice.

### VALUED AS A SOUVENIR.

City Auditor Curry went east a few months ago and while there visited Mt. Vernon, the last resting place of the bones of the father of his country. While he was there, with fifty or sixty other visitors, a photograph of the place was taken and Mr. Curry's familiar form and features are prominent and easily distinguishable in the foreground. He has a copy and has recently had it framed. It now hangs in his office, a highly prized souvenir of the trip.

### THE RIGHTS OF SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

One day last week a resident of Whitman county was brought before a city justice, charged with insulting and abusing a teacher in the presence of his pupils. The defendant pleaded guilty and paid the fine and costs, amounting to $30. A number of teachers in the county, says the Palouse Gazette, have been disturbed in the discharge of their duties this summer by parents who, for reasons, real or imaginary, felt aggrieved. We trust the above example will teach parents and guardians to seek redress of their grievances by a method that will not violate the good and wholesome laws of our territory on this subject.

### SUICIDE ON THE SECTION LINE ROAD.

J. C. Howerton, brother of Nelson Howerton, one of the proprietors of the hotel at Ilwaco, who has been stopping at the residence of his sister on the section line road, near the school house, died yesterday from the effects of an overdose of morphine, which he took about 9 o'clock on Thursday morning. It seems the deceased was a heavy drinker and was in the habit of taking morphine at times. He had been on a protracted spree, went to his sister's house, where he lay down after taking a dose of the drug from a box which laid on a chair beside the bed. He soon became stupid and remained in that condition until past midnight. His friends becoming alarmed, sent for a doctor, who arrived there early in the morning and upon learning the facts in the case, tried to get him to take something to counteract the effects of the poison, but found it impossible to force anything down him, and finding he could do nothing for him, he left. From that time the man never rallied, but at 3 o'clock this morning died. Deceased left a note in his pocket-book stating that he had taken an overdose for the purpose of ending his life, which had become a burden. His age was 50 years. His brother arrived from Ilwaco last evening. It is not yet known whether an inquest will be held.

### OREGON'S EXHIBIT CAR.

E. W. Allen was back yesterday from a trip to southern Oregon, where he went some days ago to effect arrangements for collecting specimens to be used on the exhibit car. He met with encouraging success at all points and secured the earnest co-operation of many persons. Mr. Allen will go up the west side road as far as Corvallis and make all necessary arrangements for the collection of specimens in that portion of the state. The exhibit car is expected to arrive here from the east next Saturday, July 25, and will be fitted up at once for the suitable reception of the samples. The work of collecting specimens will be crowded forward, as it is the intention to have the car and contents start east about August 15.

### INJURED BY A FALL.

William J. Shipley, bookkeeper for Smith Bros. & Co., while at work at his residence, corner Tenth and Harrison streets, on a ladder, tacking some gauze outside a window, his footing gave way. He was precipitated to the ground and rolled down the steep bank, where he was found in an insensible condition, wedged between the fence and the terrace. The men removed him to the house, where he was restored to consciousness. It was ascertained on examination that Mr. Shipley's injuries, though painful, were not of a dangerous nature. His left arm was badly bruised, but other hurts received were of a minor nature. Mr. Shipley is still confined to his home, but at last reports was much improved.

### HAD TROUBLE WITH HIS CHINAMEN.

As the Telephone was passing Bay View cannery on her way to Astoria, Thursday, Captain Scott noticed a lot of Chinamen gesticulating for him to come alongside the dock. The captain was about to land when he noticed Mr. Anderson, one of the proprietors of the cannery, motioning him to go on. He did so, when some of the Chinamen were seen to pull their knives and make a rush for Mr. Anderson. That gentleman drew his revolver and backed into the cannery, and that was the last seen of the trouble by those on the steamer. The cause of the trouble, as far as could be learned, was that as there was a good run of fish, the Chinamen thought it a good time to strike, but Mr. Anderson was too much for them.

### JUMPED INTO THE RIVER.

Early last evening a young man named O'Neil, who lives at 170 Yambill street, came down to the Stark street ferry in a great hurry to cross to East Portland. The boat had started and was fully ten feet away from the slip and getting farther every second. But the young man was running and he thought he could jump the intervening space. He tried it, but succeeded only in striking his chest heavily on the apron of the ferry and falling back into the water. The boat was stopped instantly, and Captain Van Auken sprang out upon the apron with a life preserver and line that is always kept handy in the event of such an accident. The current caused by the paddles had swept the young man under the pontoon, however, and it was then thought by everyone on the boat that he must surely be drowned. Fortunately he could swim, and as soon as he could recover himself he began battling with the current and in another moment his head appeared above the surface at the edge of the pontoon. A dozen eager hands were stretched to help him and he was quickly beyond the danger of drowning. The blow on the chest when he struck the apron of the ferry had stunned him, and he had swallowed considerable water, which made him violently sick at the stomach. This left him so weak that he was unable to walk, and a hack was called, which took him to his home.

### DON'T WANT TO LIVE AT HOME.

John Hicklin, the colored boy aged 12, who ran away from home, so it was supposed, a few weeks ago, has turned up again. His mother, now Mrs. John Edgar, lives on Sixth street, near Washington. She has been very much alarmed at her boy's disappearance, and feared something had happened to him. The aid of the police had been invoked in vain to find him. However his little sister yesterday caught a glimpse of him sitting on a farmer's wagon in the vicinity of Third and Washington streets, as much at home as though he was some other girl's brother. She quickly notified her mother, and a great time was made in getting a police officer. By the time an officer could be found the boy had jumped off the wagon and entered a store, where, after diligent searching, the policeman found him snugly hidden behind a box. The little fellow, when discovered, cried bitterly and said if he was taken home he would not remain and that he had found a better place. From the young man who was driving the team it was subsequently learned that young Hicklin ran away from home and made friends at the large fruit farm owned by Mr. Luelling, near Milwaukie. Here he worked faithfully, had all he wanted to eat and drink, but always objected to coming to town. Yesterday the people at the farm sent him here to get new clothes and shoes. The boy was evidently well satisfied and preferred to remain on the farm. It is not every boy who has such good inclinations, and his mother will do well to let him follow them.

## THEIR THIRD VICTORY.

### The Portlands Defeat the Seattle Reds by a Score of 10 to 6.

Luck was on the side of the Portland base ball club yesterday, and though their play did not fully merit a victory, they defeated the Seattle Reds for the third time this season. There was a good attendance, considerable betting, and several times enough excitement to make things interesting. A glance at the score shows the visitors to have been the better batters, and they made fewer errors, but all their errors were costly while the home club lost little by misplays. Features of the game on the part of the visitors, were Westhaven's remarkable batting, he scoring four singles and a two bagger; Thornell's work in left field, he capturing five long flies in fine style and Fairbairn's tricky pitching. On the part of the home club Connolly distinguished himself by taking four long flies in right field; Drennan led in batting, making a single, a double and a three bagger, while the work of Glendenning and Timmons was nearly perfect. Following is

THE SCORE.

| PORTLANDS. | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Coulter, 2b | 4 | 2 | 2 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Buchtel, s. s | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 0 | 1 |
| Brandt, 1b | 3 | 2 | 0 | 7 | 0 | 3 |
| Drown, c. f | 5 | 1 | 0 | 3 | 1 | 0 |
| Drennan, l. f | 5 | 2 | 3 | 2 | 0 | 0 |
| Connolly, r. f | 5 | 0 | 3 | 4 | 1 | 0 |
| Edwards, 3b | 3 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 3 | 1 |
| Glendenning, p | 4 | 1 | 0 | 1 | 8 | 0 |
| Timmons, c | 4 | 0 | 0 | 7 | 2 | 1 |
| Totals | 38 | 10 | 10 | 27 | 15 | 7 |
| SEATTLE REDS. | AB | R | BH | PO | A | E |
| Stevens, s. s | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 5 | 2 |
| Thornell, l. f | 5 | 1 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 1 |
| Fairbairn, p | 5 | 2 | 2 | 2 | 7 | 0 |
| Hughes, 3b | 5 | 0 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 1 |
| Coulter, r. f | 5 | 1 | 1 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Westhaven, 2b | 5 | 1 | 5 | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Kenney, c | 4 | 0 | 1 | 6 | 0 | 0 |
| Blackmore, 1b | 5 | 0 | 0 | 10 | 0 | 0 |
| Pancoast, c. f | 4 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 | 0 |
| Totals | 43 | 6 | 11 | 24 | 13 | 4 |

SCORE BY INNINGS.

| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | Total |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Portlands | 2 | 1 | 1 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 0 | 0 | x | 10 |
| Seattle Reds | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 1 | 2 | 0 | 0 | 6 |

Runs earned—Portlands 2, Reds 3.
First base on errors—Portlands 8, Reds 7.
First base on called balls—Portlands 4, Reds 1.
Two base hits—Drennan, Connolly; F. Coulter, Westhaven 1.
Three base hits—Drennan.
Double plays—Connolly and Brandt; Drown and Coulter.
Passed balls—Kenney 4, Timmons 1.
Wild pitches—Fairbairn 2.
Struck out—Portlands 6, Reds 7.
Time of game, 2:05.
Umpire—Ford.

## THE REAL ESTATE MARKET.

The following special report of the real estate market is furnished the OREGONIAN by J. Fred Clarke, real estate and stock broker: The business of the week has been light, the transfers of property numbering twenty-two and the total amount reaching $10,553 45. This, however, should not be regarded as surprising. In the height of the boom of 1882-3, the business during the summer months was nominal, when compared with that of the fall and early months of those years. The holiday term is the time when all who are rich enough, in coin and leisure, with their wives and families make the trip to the seaside, to the mountains or elsewhere, and few are inclined to consider investment until that period is ended. Comparison, however, clearly demonstrates that the best bargains of every year are secured by buyers during the slack times. Observation should teach the masses, but it never does, that a depressed market is their opportunity. An inflated market always catches them. When everybody wants it, be that it, real estate stock or any other marketable security, then the masses want it, and many of the rich, as well as people of moderate means, are carried away with the excitement. The fact that confidence in Portland's future is undiminished cannot be more clearly shown than by making the perfectly true statement that, whilst widely outlying speculative properties have largely depreciated, really first-class central business properties have not weakened to the extent of 10 per cent. of the prices commanded at the very height of the boom. Mention has been made of the number of vacant houses in Portland. We can adduce ample evidence that such has always been the case during the summer months, even during the booming years 1882-83. The number of inquiries at the present time points to a revival of business in the near future which will make many investors regret their lack of courage to avail themselves of what they will then know was the finest opportunity they ever had. The following is a condensed abstract of the past week's business:

| | Deeds. | Amount. |
|---|---|---|
| Country | 13 | $6,776 45 |
| City | 2 | 1,401 00 |
| Caruthers | 1 | 1 00 |
| East Portland | 3 | 2,050 00 |
| Albina | 1 | 300 00 |
| Cemetery | 2 | 25 00 |
| | 22 | $10,553 45 |

## VANCOUVER'S NEW THEATER.

### Opening of the "Standard" by the Thalian Dramatic Association.

Vancouver Register.

The opening of the new theater on Tuesday night was in every particular a grand success. Much has been said and written about our new theater—of the new stage and beautiful scenery, raised seats, etc. Shortly after 8 o'clock the large auditorium began to fill up, and in a half hour's time nearly every seat in parquette, dress circle and gallery was taken. The proscenium with its beautiful painting was at once the admiration of all. Above the stage was a handsome piece of painting, representing a couple of cherubs bearing between them a golden harp, while at their feet lay the violin, the clarinet, etc. On the right were imitation balconies and flowers. This work, as well as the scenery, is the work of Mr. George A. Geter, who is recognized as one of the best scenic artists on the coast. The woodwork of the proscenium is finished up in beautiful tints, gold and graining, by Mr. C. W. Cushing of this city. There is a seating capacity of about 600, one-half of which is furnished with chairs, the balance with curved seats. The mayor and city council occupied seats in the boxes on either side of the stage. Shortly after 8 o'clock Mayor Smith came before the footlights, accompanied by Mr. N. H. Bloomfield, president of the building company and the Thalian Dramatic Association. Mayor Smith made a brief speech, congratulating the people on the completion of the beautiful theater, giving as its name the "Standard Theater." He closed his speech with a few remarks to Mr. Bloomfield, expressing the people's appreciation of his untiring labors in the direction of the completion of this work, and presented him with a handsome gold-headed cane, inscribed as follows: "N. H. Bloomfield, from Vancouver friends, July 14, 1885." Mr. Bloomfield responded with his usual grace, and showed his appreciation of the valuable gift. The splendid Fourteenth infantry orchestra, led by Professor Claus, struck up, followed soon by the rising of the curtain on the beautiful drama of the "Ticket-of-Leave Man." For many weeks the Thalians had this play in preparation. It is known as a very heavy play, and the company is to be congratulated on having given it so well. The cast was as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Bob Brierly (a Lancashire lad) | W. B. Brewster |
| James Dalton (alias Downey, alias the Tiger) | T. B. Glover |
| Hawkshaw (a detective) | N. H. Bloomfield |
| Melter Moss | J. E. Francis |
| Green Jones | J. H. Juggy |
| Mr. Gibson (a bill broker) | Chas Knight |
| Sam Willoughby | Miss Clara Achilles |
| Maltby | M. J. Murphy |
| Burton (clerk) | Max Ehrlich |
| Sharp (clerk) | A. B. Eastham |
| May Edwards | Mrs. W. H. Brewster |
| Emily St. Evermond | Miss Dolly Mayer |
| Mrs. Willoughby | Mrs. N. H. Bloomfield |

## FELL FROM A TRESTLE.

### Henry Nachand, a Feeble Old Man, Falls Forty Feet and is Dashed to Death on the Rocks.

The man who was mentioned yesterday as having been killed by falling through a railroad trestle this side of Oregon City, was Henry Nachand. The circumstances of the fatal accident were as follows: Nachand was aged about 74 years and quite feeble. He lived a short distance from Oregon City, near the Clackamas river. Thursday he went to town, and late in the afternoon started to walk out to his home. He took the railroad, as that was the shortest route. Just north of the town, in fact in the suburbs the track crosses Abernethy creek. The bridge spanning that little stream is forty feet high. Nachand started to cross on the trestle, and when about midway fell through. Whether he slipped, or becoming dizzy and lost his balance, is not known, and as no one saw the old man fall the exact circumstances of the fatal accident will probably never be known. Soon after some one passing discovered the lifeless body of Nachand lying at the bottom of the creek. Death must have been instantaneous. The body was removed to Oregon City, and the funeral took place yesterday. No inquest was held over the remains, as the cause of death was apparent. Nachand is one of the old pioneers of Clackamas county, and has for many years resided near Oregon City. He has a family of grown up sons and daughters.

## SUSPECTED MURDER.

### F. G. Miller, a Young Man of Eastern Oregon, Whose Sudden Disappearance Created Suspicion, Believed to Have Been Foully Dealt With.

A correspondent writing from Malheur, Oregon, to a Pendleton exchange, says: "Circumstances last fall created a suspicion which has deepened into conviction that a murder had been committed on Bully creek, thirty miles south of this place. Two men named J. D. Moss and F. G. Miller located on a piece of land at the crossing of the agency road, with the avowed intention of going into the cattle business. They fenced the place, built a house and put up considerable hay. Early in August they went to the railroad and bought a load of supplies. On the 26th of August your correspondent met Moss going in the direction of Malheur City with his wagon; on being asked where Miller was, he said that he had gone down the creek on horseback; that they were just starting to Idaho to buy cattle, and that they would be gone a month at least. This is the last that has been seen or heard of either of them. It was afterward learned that Miller did not go down the creek as Moss stated, and that they had but two horses. The place had evidently been left in a hurry, as the hay had been left exposed to the ravages of stock.

Miller's father, who lives in Kansas, has been writing for information of his son's whereabouts, and writes that he has not heard from him since last July. It is surmised that Moss killed Miller in a quarrel and buried his body in one of the many beaver-dams along the creek. Moss was a heavy-set man, with blue eyes and a light complexion, and wore a moustache. Miller was a tall, slim man, of about 25 years of age, dark eyes and dark complexion, and had no beard.

### ARTIST SALE OF OIL PAINTINGS.

Prof. Frederick Schafer, of San Francisco, has brought here his collection of 20 highly finished works of art which he exhibited in the Mechanics' fair last year, and on which he received over $1200 in premiums. They will be on exhibition to-morrow morning at 212 First street, next door to the Oregon Furniture Co., and will positively be closed out by auction to-morrow and Tuesday evenings without limit or reserve, as he has made all his arrangements to depart for Europe in a few days. This is a treat to all picture connoisseurs and lovers of real art.

### An Ingenious Musician.

Boulder, Col., has an ingenious musician, according to a western newspaper, which says: "Neil McClay, who grinds music out of violins in the Board of Trade saloon, has made a small violin which is quite a novelty in its way. He caught a small turtle at the lake and used the shell for the body of the violin. The holes where the feet protruded were covered over with a banjo head and glue. The back of the turtle is turned up and the holes for the sound cut into it. The head of the violin is ornamented with the turtle's head and two of the feet."

A benefit was tendered to Mr. Leonard Grover, sr., at the Music hall in Plainfield, N. J., a few days ago. Among those who appeared were Messrs. John T. Raymond, Henry Dixey, John A. Mackay, Francis Wilson and N. C. Goodwin. Acts of "The Private Secretary," by a Madison Square company, and of Mr. Grover's comedy, "My Son-In-Law," were given.

## SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

### A Record of Society Events of All Sorts During the Past Week.

### The Weddings, Parties, and Personal Movements of City and Suburban People

Mrs. Wm. Warren is visiting friends in Albany.

Mrs. W. S. Sibson and family are visiting at Astoria.

Mr. C. P. Church returned Friday from a trip to California.

Miss Ella Dickinson is spending her vacation at Mount Hope.

D. W. Prentice and family are on the beach, north of Ilwaco.

Mrs. Judge Whalley and family left for the seaside yesterday.

Miss A. L. Dimmick is making a six weeks' visit on the sound.

Miss Ella Eldridge left Thursday for her home in San Francisco.

Mrs. F. Page-Tustin of Pendleton is in the city visiting friends.

Mrs. Ella Anderson left Friday for Astoria and Ilwaco, to visit friends.

D. Dalgleish and family leave Tuesday to camp out on North Beach.

Miss Nettie Spencer of East Portland is spending her vacation in Salem.

Mr. James Steel and family left for North Beach on Wednesday last.

Dr. O. P. S. Plummer, wife and children, left Thursday for North Beach.

Miss Blanche Kahn of this city is visiting Mr. and Mrs. I. Bargman at Astoria.

Mr. Al Raleigh and wife returned on the last steamer from an extended trip east.

Mrs. Meacham and daughter, Mrs. Nellie Troupe, left yesterday for the seaside.

Miss Lizzie Gibbs and the Misses Watkins are spending a few weeks on Young's river.

Mr. Ala Harris and bride of Yaquina, were in the city visiting friends during the week.

Mrs. Frank McCormick of San Francisco is a guest of Mrs. Al. E. Raleigh of this city.

Mr. H. C. Leonard arrived home from a three months' visit to New York on Monday last.

Mr. W. B. Ayer and wife spent several days in the valley during the week, visiting friends.

Mrs. Holman and daughters, Misses Kate and Fannie, are at their summer home at Ilwaco.

Miss Mary B. Rodney, principal of St. Helen's hall, will spend the summer months in Astoria.

Miss Edith Smith of Folsom, California, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Lizzie Thompson, in this city.

Mr. D. L. Thorpe and wife, of East Portland, are visiting friends on Clatskanie prairie, Washington.

Miss Jennie Caples, Miss E. F. Lawson and Mrs. M. C. Calhoun of Portland are visiting in Seattle.

Rev. E. W. Caswell, pastor of Grace M. E. church, left for San Francisco on the last steamer.

Miss Gracie Wilson of Oregon City left for the seaside with the East Portland party on Thursday last.

The engagement of Mr. A. Curry, with Staver & Walker, and Miss Jennie Depenning is announced.

Mr. W. P. Woodard and wife of this city, are spending the summer weeks with friends in Whatcom.

B. A. Miller left for his home in Jackson county Wednesday to spend the summer months sketching.

Mr. D. O. Miltimore and daughter, of Los Angeles, have been visiting in Portland during the past week.

The engagement is announced of Mr. J. D. Mayer of this city and Miss Tillie Levy of San Francisco.

Mrs. J. S. Polhemus of Yaquina, née Miss Mary Daily, is in the city visiting old friends and acquaintances.

Edwin P. Northrup, Miss Clara Northrup and Miss Nellie Northrup have gone to North Beach for the summer.

Ex-Senator James H. Slater and his two younger daughters are visiting his son, Robert Slater, in Salem.

Miss Edna E. Himes recently spent a few days with her friends, Miss Annie and Helen Warner, near Oregon City.

Mac and Scott Brooke of this city are visiting their sister, Mrs. Lieutenant J. S. Parke, at Fort Sidney, Nebraska.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Coleman have returned from their wedding trip and are now living in Multnomah block.

Mrs. H. M. Clinton and daughter, accompanied by Miss Elsie Hamilton, leave for Ocean Park in a few days.

Mrs. Captain Jerome and daughters left Wednesday for Ilwaco, where they will remain for about six weeks.

Mr. R. Weeks and wife left for North beach last Tuesday to remain some time as guests of Mrs. Judge Bronaugh.

Mr. A. H. Campbell and wife, of Illinois, are visiting Oregon as the guests of their son, Mr. B. Campbell, of this city.

Mrs. Jennie Niles went to Vinson, Oregon, early last week. She will probably spend the summer there with relatives.

Mrs. C. H. Muessdorffer and family of East Portland, are at the East Portland camp on Long beach, for the summer.

Mr. George D. Green and wife left on the last steamship Oregon Tuesday last for a three weeks' trip to San Francisco.

Miss Ada Bates left on Thursday evening's steamer for San Francisco, where she will spend several weeks visiting friends.

Colonel Effinger returned to this city a few days ago from a very pleasant visit with some old friends at Fort Coeur d'Alene.

Professor W. A. Wetzell and wife and Mr. John Sommerville and family of East Portland, left for the Ilwaco beach last Friday.

Rev. G. T. Munger, of North Adams, Massachusetts who has been spending several days in Portland, returned home last Sunday.

Mrs. F. H. Page and Miss Fannie Page of this city left on Thursday evening's steamer for a month's visit to friends in San Francisco.

Misses Lulu and Julia Maxwell, of Portland, have been spending a few days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cochran, in Vancouver.

Mr. Charles A. Morden, foreman of the Evening Telegram composing rooms, left yesterday for North Beach to spend a short vacation.

Hon. Binger Herman, M. C., has been visiting Astoria during the week and inspecting the government work at the mouth of the Columbia.

On Tuesday evening several young ladies in South Portland gave a woodland supper to a party of friends on a hill west of the city park.

Mr. Herbert T. Coffin, book-keeper of the Evening Telegram, and Mr. Louis Hadaway returned yesterday from a fishing trip to Hood river.

Mrs. George H. Johnson and children of Seattle are in Portland to remain a short time, after which she will join her husband in Minneapolis.

Miss Iba G. Davidson, daughter of I. G. Davidson, the scenic photographer, will spend the summer at Brownsville with her cousin, Mrs. Washburn.

Miss Louise Traffelmar, operator at the East Portland depot, and sister, Mrs. Winchester, are spending the season at their former home in Oakland, Cal.

Mr. Clarence Morgan, of this city, who has been visiting his parents at the Dungeness light-house, is now in Port Townsend, and will soon return to Portland.

Miss A. R. Lase, the elocutionist, is at Tacoma giving lessons at the normal institute. She will return to Portland to resume her work about September 1st.

Mr. L. T. Smith of Leavenworth Kansas, accompanied by several friends, is visiting Portland and the northwest. They arrived on Wednesday last by special car.

Mrs. L. F. Buddemer and daughters, Miss Ella and Miss Lulu, of this city, are now spending vacation at Oakland, California. They will probably be absent for two months.

Miss Mamie Tuckey of this city, who is visiting relatives in Oakland, California, is now rusticating in the Santa Cruz mountains in company with her cousin, Miss Marion Edwards.

Mrs. Captain Jerome, accompanied by her daughters, Misses Mary and Eva, and Mrs. Chas. Albright and children, of Oregon City, have gone to Ilwaco to remain until the 1st of September.

Prosecuting Attorney John M. Gearin, Dr. A. D. Bevan, U. S. marine hospital surgeon, and Dr. Harry Lane, will start to-morrow on a vacation trip to be spent in the Coeur d'Alene country.

Fred H. Pendleton, of the firm of Hamm & Pendleton, is spending a few days in San Francisco, where he meets his father from the east. Both are making a trip of pleasure and business combined.

The engagement is announced of Miss Eleanor Laidley, eldest daughter of the late James Laidley of San Francisco, and Thomas Lake Miller of Portland. They will be married sometime in September.

Prof. W. N. Ferrin, of the Pacific university, at Forest Grove, was united in marriage to Miss Martha M. Hassell of North Bloomfield, Ohio, on Wednesday last at San Francisco. The marriage took place at the Russ house, and was strictly private. Rev. H. Smalls of Forest Grove officiated. Professor Ferrin and bride leave San Francisco to-day on the steamship Oregon for their home in Forest Grove.

Cards are out for a wedding reception for Mr. and Mrs. H. L. McCauley, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Levi Knott, at Ingleside place, on the Vancouver road, to be held next Tuesday evening.

Mr. H. A. McCauley, of Alabama, and Miss Beckie Knott, daughter of Mr. Levi Knott, of East Portland, were married at Vancouver Friday evening of last week. It is stated they will make their home in the south.

Captain Henry Hoyt and wife, Mrs. Captain R. Hoyt, Miss Elsie Hoyt, Misses Ellen and Carrie Strong, Mrs. G. W. Pittock and son, H. W. Monnastes, wife and children, and Mrs. Ed. Hall are at the Grimes house, Clatsop beach.

Miss Lloyd Jesup left yesterday for the beach at Ilwaco, where she will be the guest for a few weeks of her friend, Miss Katie Barrett. Miss Lloyd is a finished elocutionist, and will be a welcome guest among the seaside pleasure-seekers.

Miss Eva Rhodes entertained a number of her young friends at her home in this city last Wednesday evening, on the occasion of her 14th birthday. A large number of the young folks were in attendance, and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Mr. H. A. A. Morley of the Hudson Bay Company, and Miss Jessie T. Fell, both of Victoria, were married in that city last Tuesday morning. They embarked on the steamship Queen of the Pacific on the same day for a bridal trip to San Francisco.

Mrs. M. W. Fechheimer and children are stopping near Summit, in Benton county. This place is located on the backbone of the Coast range of mountains, about half way between Corvallis and Yaquina bay, and on the line of the Oregon Pacific railroad.

Mr. Frank L. Logan of East Portland and Miss Emma Logus, daughter of Charles Logus, were married at the residence of the bride's parents in Portland Wednesday morning. Immediately after the ceremony the newly married couple left for Puget sound on a bridal tour.

A Salem coast party composed of William and George Gray with their families, Dr. Hall and family, J. H. Albert and family, the family of G. G. Van Wagner, part of the family of J. J. Shaw, and Mat. Berry, started for the Nestucca Tuesday morning. There are about forty people in the party.

The Misses Lamberson, sisters of Lewis Lamberson, of this city, are expected to arrive here next Tuesday afternoon in company with the returning Powers' excursion party. The Misses Lamberson are direct from Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and will in future make their home in this city.

A very pleasant commerce party was given at the residence of Mrs. A. E. Wintler of Vancouver July 9, by Miss Jessie Wintler. Among those present were Misses Celia Miles, Minnie Kensington, Annie Trotter, Lou Trotter, Arline Vickery, Jennie Kress, Julia Besson, Katie Waly, Annie Wintler, Emma Abbott, Emily West and Carrie Pittock, and Messrs. Al. Kensington, Will Page, Jacob Wintler, Fred. Trotter, Ben. Kress and Frank Wintler.

The following East Portland residents left for Ilwaco and Ocean park last Thursday: Mr. J. A. Knott and family, Mrs. C. R. DeBurgh and family, Mrs. Lynch and family, Mr. L. C. McCormick and family, Mrs. Gordon Knott, M. Stoker, Mrs. S. P. Wilson and family, Mrs. Wm. Gray, Misses Annie, Jennie and Amy Gray, Mrs. Johnson, Mr. H. R. Lewis and wife, Miss Louise DeBoard, Mrs. J. Slanterback, Miss Maggie Bell, Miss Clark, Mr. John Shaver, wife and family, Mrs. Fred Stephens and H. G. Knox.

Messrs. Wm. R. Sewall and family, B. P. Cardwell and wife, Mrs. L. Myrick, Miss Myrick, Mrs. L. W. Wallace, J. A. Dawson, G. E. Sturgis, wife and child, Mrs. J. M. Gearin, nurse and three children, of Portland, Governor Moody and wife, Miss E. Moody, Miss Nettie McCormack, E. P. McCormack, of Salem, Mrs. R. Jacobs, Mrs. F. E. Alford and Miss Nora Simpson, of East Portland C. F. Sliter, wife and daughter, of Portland, and Mrs. Olive S. England, of Salem, are at the Seaside, on Clatsop beach.

Prof. J. A. Gardiner and family, G. W. Craw and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Plummer, Mr. and Mrs. Carney, Mrs. E. C. Bronaugh and family, Miss Ella Husenberg, of Portland, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Muessdorffer and family, Miss Cora Weis, Mrs. W. H. West, Miss A. Detmering, Mr. Virgil and family of East Portland, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross of Rock Island, Ill., Mr. Peter Taylor and family and Prof. I. W. Pratt and family, Mrs. John Wilson and family, Mrs. Lombard and son, Mrs. J. K. Gill and family, Miss Clara Bates, D. W. Prentice and family, J. D. Sutherland and family, J. M. Birmingham and wife, Mrs. W. K. Smith, and W. C. Noon and family of Portland are at North beach and the East Portland camp.

## ARMY NEWS.

### Matters of Interest Relating to the Movements and Personnel of the Regular Army.

Lieutenant Colonel John Green of the 2d cavalry, will take command at Boise barracks, Idaho.

Major David P. Heap of the engineers corps, returned to the east during the week, after an inspecting tour through this department.

First Lieutenant John Conline of the 9th cavalry, who has been in an insane asylum at Washington, has fully recovered, and intends to join his regiment.

Colonel Henry Douglass, commanding the military post at Fort Townsend, has been relieved of his command and ordered to take command of the military post at Fort Union, New Mexico.

Lieutenant Colonel John Green, 2d cavalry, promoted from major 1st cavalry, has been ordered to report by letter to the commanding general department of the Columbia for assignment to a station, and will report in person for duty thereat on the expiration of his present leave of absence.

Captain Nathaniel Prime, of the retired list, died in New York July 7th. Born in New York, he was appointed from that state to the 17th infantry in May, 1861, with the rank of first lieutenant. He was promoted to a captaincy in August, 1862, after serving for nine months as regimental quartermaster. In August, 1864, he was brevetted major for gallant services in the battle of Spotsylvania, and lieutenant colonel for gallant services in the battle of the Wilderness. In September, 1866, he was tranferred to the 26th infantry, and in May, 1869, to the 10th infantry. He was placed on the retired list in March, 1879, on account of disability incurred in the line of duty.

A board of ordnance officers, to consist of Colonel Thomas G. Baylor, Lieutenant Colonel Adelbert R. Buffington and Major George W. McKee, has been appointed to meet in the Army building, New York city, on the 29th inst., for the examination of lieutenants of the line as may be authorized to appear before it, with a view to a selection for transfer to the ordnance department. The following named officers have been ordered to report in person to the above board: Second Lieutenant William F. Gibson, 3d artillery; Second Lieutenant Sidney E. Stewart, 1st artillery; Second Lieutenant J. Walker Benet 5th artillery.

The president has appointed the following cadets at large to West Point: Don Carlos Buell, Nadra Sykes, F. D. Hatch, Thos. Newton, C. L. H. Ruggles and E. M. Cleary. Young Buell is the son of the late Colonel George P. Buell and a nephew of General Don Carlos Buell. Sykes is the son of Major General Geo. Sykes, Hatch the son of Colonel Hatch, Newton the son of General John Newton, chief of engineers, and Ruggles the son of General Ruggles, assistant adjutant general of the army. Young Cleary is the son of a business man of Washington. He personally presented his request to the president for the appointment, and and impressed him so favorably that he determined to grant his petition. There is not a single paper on file in recommendation of the appointment.

A dispatch from Napa Springs, California, announces the death of Colonel W. N. Grier of the retired list. The deceased, who was in his seventy-third year was a native of Pennsylvania. He was graduated from West Point in 1835, joining the 1st dragoons and doing frontier duty for several years. He distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, being brevetted major for gallantry in the battle of Santa Cruz de Rosales. At the outbreak of the rebellion he joined the army of the Potomac, and was engaged in the siege of Yorktown and the battle of Williamsburg, where he was wounded, and for which he was brevetted colonel. He was present at the battle of Gaines' Mill and throughout the "seven days" change of base to James river." He was brevetted a brigadier-general for faithful and meritorious services during the rebellion, and placed upon the retired list in 1870 while colonel of the 3d cavalry.

### SEASIDE EXCURSIONISTS.

It will be gratifying intelligence to those who contemplate going to the seaside this season to learn that the ticket office for the steamers to Astoria, Clatsop, Ilwaco and any other of the lower Columbia river points, has been established at the office of the U. C. & B. T. Co., Second and Stark streets. Baggage for all these points can be checked at the residence and there will be no further trouble. This saves a world of annoyance.

Send your prescriptions to Plummer & Byerley, First and Main, and have them accurately compounded.

A MOST
[illegible] [illegible]!

Descriptive History of the Present Status at
[illegible]

CLOTHED IN A NEW DRESS.

OUR SPACIOUS SALESROOM HAS undergone a complete change to meet the requirements of our new departments, and we are now ready to sell the new lines of goods received to date. The order of the day will be

BARGAINS.

The order of the week will be Bargains.
The order of the month will be Bargains.
The order of the year will be Bargains.
The order from now on for all time will be bargains.

Bargains will be the great feature of our establishment, and to those who wish to buy their needs at bargain prices one word only is to be remembered, viz:

Ackerman's!

NOW FOR PROOFS.

Read Carefully! Read Carefully.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Ladies' Ribbed Striped Hose........5c pair
Ladies' solid color, cleared seam Hose........3 pr for 25c
Ladies' extra quality cleared seam fancy Hose 12½c pr
Ladies' Ingrain, fancy, solid color Hose........15c pr
Children's solid color cleared seam Hose...3 pr for 25c
Misses' solid color cleared seam Hose........10c pr
Ladies' Wraps, neatly trimmed, Middlesex cloth $2 75
Ladies' Jerseys........75c
Ladies' Seersucker Skirts, silk embroidery........50c
Ladies' Farmer's Satin Skirts, fancy quilted bottom........$1 15
Ladies' Princess Metternich Skirts, woven cloth, fancy colored embroidery........85c
Misses' fancy all wool Scotch Plaid Suits, stylish cut........$3 0
Children's Pacific Cashmere Suits........$1 00
Ladies' Underwear, good quality, nicely embroidered—
Chemises........50
Gowns........$1 0
Skirts........1 0
Shetland Wool Shawls........ 7
Parasols and Umbrellas—
Fancy Satin Club-handle Paragon-frame Parasols........$1 4
Fancy lined Black silk and satin, beaded top parasols........$2 5
Large Silk Parasols, 24 inches........$1 1
Best Serge Silk Ladies' Umbrellas, fancy handles 2 2
Fine Serge Silk Sunshades, 22 inches........85

☞ All Prices we quote are from 25 to 50 per cent below regular prices.

Millinery Goods.

This department requires a personal visit to get anyway near a correct idea of the astonishingly low prices at which we sell Hats, Plumes, etc.

Trimmed Hats worth $5 we sell for $2 50.

Fine Parisian and high style Bonnets worth $10 and $15, we sell at $5 and under.

Feathers and Plumes and Hat Ornaments at half the price charged in regular millinery stores. If you want to enjoy stylish goods at unheard-of prices, call on us.

Household Dry Goods.

Huckaback Towels, 60c doz.

Striped Toilet Towels, ⅞ yd long, $1 doz.

German Linen Damask Towels, 1½ yds long, 25c each.

Fine Glass Towelling, 22 in. wide, 10c yd.

Best Crochet Toilet Quilts, guaranteed the best, $1 25 each.

Lace Table Covers, 35c each.

Nottingham Lace Curtains, fine quality, 3 yds long, $1 90 pair.

Fine Bleached Irish Damask Table Linen, 2 yds wide, 45c yd.

Half-Bleached genuine Barnsley Table Linen, extra quality, 50c yd.

Now, Gentlemen,
Your Attention!

Good quality mixed grey Undershirts and Drawers, 40c each.

Canton Flannel Undershirts and Drawers, 40c each.

Very fine quality White Shirts, $1 each.

Fine Linen Collars, $1 dozen.

Fine Linen Cuffs, $2 dozen.

Good quality Merino Socks, 10c pair.

Good quality mixed grey Socks, 10c pair.

English solid colors silk stripe Hose, seamless, $2 dozen.

An assortment latest style scarfs, very fine, 25c; the very same tie that is sold everywhere for $1.

Traveling Shirts, very stylish, 75c.

Colored Shirts, 45c.

Good quality all hemmed Handkerchiefs, $1 dozen.

Fine Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs, 20c each.

Fine Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs 30c each.

BOYS' SUITS. BOYS' SUITS.

Burn up your old ones and buy those we sell at the following prices:

$1.65, $2.25, $2.65, $3.75, $4.00.

Worth more than double the price.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

IN A LARGE VARIETY.

Three-dollar Hats for........50c
Four-dollar Hats for........$1 00
Five-dollar Hats for........1 50

Gentlemen, times are not any too brisk in our country. Don't pay $5.00 for a hat when you can get one equally good for $1.50.

[illegible] and [illegible].

This department is as complete as ever. We could quote a thousand big bargains had we the space. We claim to have the largest assortment and at lower prices than can be found anywhere in town. Bargains in our old department equally as great as those in our new lines.

Baby Carriages.

You can save a few dollars by buying a carriage of us. We have the best make only.

SILVERWARE AND CUTLERY.

This department, as usual, is complete, and some other day we will advertise some our prevailing low prices.

Kerosene Lamps and Chandeliers.

Three hundred different styles to show. You will find just what you want by dropping in.

ACKERMAN'S,
87 and 89 First St.
86 and 88 Second St.

## WHEN THE COWS COME HOME.

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
'Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home;
Now sweet and clear and faint and low,
The airy twinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That make the daisies grow;
Ko-klang, ko-klang, koklinglelingle,
'Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And old-time friends, and twilight plays
And starry nights, and sunny days,
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft sounds that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home,
Malvine, and Pearl, and Florimel,
DeKamp, Redrose and Gretchen Schell,
Queen Bess, and Sylph, and Spangled Sue,
Across the fields I hear her oo oo,
And clang her silver bell;
Go-ling, go-lang, golinglelingle,
With faint, far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home;
And mother songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys, and childish tears,
And youthful hopes, and youthful fears,
When the cows come home.

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home.
Through the violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
The maple in the hazel glade
Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown;
To-ring, to-ring, to-ringleringle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home,
The same sweet sound of wordless psalm,
The same sweet June-day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.

With a tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home,
A loitering in the checkered stream,
Where the sun rays glance and gleam,
Starine, Peachbloom and Phoebe Phyllis,
Stand knee deep in the creamy lilies,
In a drowsy dream;
To-link, to-lank, to-linklelinkle,
O'er the banks with butter-cups a twinkle,
The cows come slowly home;
And up through Memory's deep ravine,
Come the brook's old song, and its old time sheen,
And the crescent of the silver Queen,
When the cows come home.

With a klingle, klangle, klingle,
With a loo-oo, and moo-oo, and jingle,
The cows are coming home;
And over there on Merlin hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip poor-will;
The dew drops lie on the tangled vines,
And over the poplars Venus shines,
And over the silent mill;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, ko-linglelingle,
With ting-a-ling and jingle
The cows come slowly home;
Let down the bars, let in the train
Of long-gone songs, and flower and rain
For dear old times come back again
When the cows come home.

—*Agnes Mitchell.*

## REV. RAINFORD GUNN.

### *A TALE OF GEORGIA PIONEER LIFE.*

BY RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON, AUTHOR OF THE DUKESBOROUGH TALES, ETC.

Written for the Sunday Oregonian.

The Rev. Rainford Gunn had a small farm, the income from which was supplemented, to a varying but always moderate degree, by the pay that he received from the two country churches to which he rendered stated monthly service. Admitting himself to be of quite limited education and other advantages favorable to an eminent public career, he contended that nobody could have been taken by greater surprise than himself when the call came to him to preach the gospel, a call, however, that had been heard too distinctly to admit of hesitation to heed it. His success had been beyond any expectation. He was a man of good presence, tall and erect, of excellent common sense, of sincere piety, and had acquired in time a stock of words that he could employ with some effect.

Mr. Gunn's forte as a preacher was not considered, even by those who admired him most to lie in the eloquent elaboration of doctrinal points, although he would not forbear, when he believed it necessary, or proper, to wrangle with the knottiest, and he would generally emerge from the scuffle in a plight that seemed reasonably satisfactory to the brethren. He might have been, it was probable, a speaker of considerable unction but for a peculiarity of his pathos, which, when at its highest, had to be excited to it by ire, instead of sympathy and compassion

"I ain't no great hand at cryin', brethern," he would say, "'ithout I git mad. I don't often git mad, and that's when I start on a cryin' spell, because cryin', ev'y sence I mowed myself, makes me mad."

Yet more than one revival had attended his ministry, in which several men far superior to him in culture had been brought into the church. His modesty, approximating humility, his industry and his staunch integrity, in spite of his homely phrase, obtained for him the respect of men of every degree. A devoted family-man was he, yet people used to suspect that among all his children, about half a dozen in number, he was rather fondest of his daughter Lizy Ann, who, at the period told of in this sketch, was about 19 years old, tall, fair-haired, peachy-cheeked, cheery, industrious, affectionate, pious and admitted to be the very best singer of religious songs among all in both her father's congregations. In the last revival that had taken place in the church nearest their home Lizy Ann Gunn's voice in the various singings was argued by many, especially among the younger men to have been very nearly, if not quite, as effectual as her father's preaching in the ingathering. More than one or two, or, for all I know, three in that class had tried their hands to induce her to change her name, but she had always answered about thus

"Not yet. I'm not ready quite yet, for such as that, Mr. Blank."

Mr. Gunn had been in the ministry about a dozen or so years when he received a call from the church at Raysville, a village of a population numbering about 300, situated in an adjoining county, beyond the Oconee river, about ten miles distant from his residence. The call was almost as unexpected to him as the original for there were several wealthy and some considerably cultivated persons residing therein, or in the near neighborhood. Few of this class, however, were members of any church, especially that which had sent an invition to Mr. Gunn, though they, as was the case with all classes, habitually attended the monthly Sunday meetings

On this invitation, notwithstanding the cordiality, and he might say the liberality with which it had been extended, Mr. Gunn had to ponder before accepting, and advise with some of the brethren, and with his family, especially with Lizy Ann, and I will candidly state why. Raysville had long been noted as an uncommonly wicked town. They fought chickens there, there they raced horses there they played cards, all with impunity, even the last, which was forbidden by the laws, but which the solicitor general never could get at, because so many of the grand jury habitually practiced it themselves. The fact was that matters had become so discouraging to this officer and even to the presiding judge that for their consolation they would occasionally take a moderate hand themselves in these games. But that which had imparted to the town its greatest notoriety was the existence of a secret band of young men and boys, styling themselves *Arabs*, who often at night, after the rest of the people were in bed, went about the streets singing songs, beating tin pans, removing wheels from vehicles and gates from front yards, building fences across the street with rails taken from continuous cattle-pastures, and making such and similar pranks especially marked in the case of any who were unusually pronounced in their words of condemnation. The resignation of the late pastor of the church was suspected to be due to the fact that shortly theretofore his horse, while standing in Brother Mullen's stable, had had his tail shaved. Not only so, but he had received an anonymous letter intimating that not only his horse, but himself would fare worse if he were more guarded in what he had to say in his Sunday sermons about the behavior of certain persons in the meeting house and elsewhere.

Another matter Mr. Gunn pondered over and counseled with his friends and family. This was how a plain countryman like him, with his country ways and country clothes, was to get along before a town congregation. Yet, it was urged in the counselings he held that calls of that kind, the same as the first he had received to the ministry, came from heaven. Then the stipend (for the brethren at Raysville thought it almost certain that among themselves, with contributions from the outsiders, they could count upon $60 or $70 was) not a thing to be despised by a man with a family of the size of his. So he concluded to obey this new, unexpected call. His country congregations, gratified at the Raysville endorsement of their estimate of their pastor, went so far as to raise, extra of their usual pay, a sum enough to buy several yards of nice satinet, together with thread, buttons, lining and binding, and these, by the deft hands of Mrs. Gunn and Lizy Ann, were cut and made up into a suit that everybody in the neighborhood who saw it said it was decent enough for anybody, not even excepting the governor.

The meeting days of the Raysville church were the third Sunday and the day before. On Saturdays very few besides the members attended service, though there was always a sermon preceding the "conference," held for purposes of discipline and general business. On Sundays, however, the house was usually filled; for chicken-fighters, horse-racers, card players and Arabs were nearly as punctual as the best, partly to see, be seen and amused, and partly to show that they, though not professors, were as good respecters of religion as there was any reasonable need to be.

The embarrassment of the new preacher, on his first Saturday's appearance, did him no disservice, for there is something always respectable in the persistent endeavors of a single-minded man who is as modest as he is earnest. All, especially the older members, felt and so expressed themselves that Brother Gunn's work was destined to give general satisfaction

That night he tarried at the house of Sister Aikens. This pious and otherwise excellent woman among other much chat about the church and about the village ways enlarged upon the orgies of that "gan," as she styled the Arab club It had been started, she exclaimed, by one Tom Rogeers, a young man of about 30 who had been brought up in the city of Augusta and had settled in Raysville two years ago.

"He's one o' the desperest men, Brer Gunn, any body ever see. He had some prop'ty, and some people say that what's make him so Zallib-like in his ways, and set sech a example. He don't git drunk, and he even don't play keards like some, an' in the daytime he's in gene'l tolerable decent in his behavior, though he got a tremenjous temper; an' anybody make him mad, there's a fuss and a fight, a-prowidin' the other man don't back out, for he's a puffec' Julius Cæsar about fightin', an' they say he can whip anybody that'll fight him, an' he had the imperdence to tell Brer Pilcher that if he weren't a preacher he'd whip him for what he said about the gang, though he didn't preach that he'd been one of 'em, nor that he knowed any of 'em, an' so, lo an' behold! they shaved off Brer Pilcher's hoss' tail, an' people say, some of 'em, that Tom Rogers driv him off. An' yet, if you'd believe me, Brer Gunn, Tom Rogers is a perlite an' a obligin' sort o' feller, a notwithstandin' his wildness, an' he give free not only to poo people, but he put his name liber'l to help paint an' new weather-board the meetin' house."

Mr. Gunn felt that the situation was grave. He lay awake much beyond his usual hour after retiring to bed and ruminated.

The house on the next day was crowded. The Arabs were in unusual, full force. Their purpose, it soon appeared, was to test the metal of the new preacher. He speedily recognized many of them, especially their leader, by their inattention to his words, their whisperings and gigglings, among themselves and other unbecoming behavior. Such conduct, so unlike anything to which he had been accustomed in the simple-minded people of his country congregations, pained and embarrassed him much. Several times he remonstrated in a homely but not offensive manner against what he styled onorderly behavior in some of the congregation. The Arabs would suddenly come to order, for a brief while appear to be most painfully attentive to the sermon, but upon a mute signal from Rogers, a very stout, well-dressed and rather handsome man, they would speedily relapse into pranks so patent as to be plainly indicative of their meaning to be insulting and defiant.

The confusion of the speaker at last became such that he foresaw that he must cut short a discourse the threads of which he was fast losing. Stopping suddenly, he covered his eyes with his hands for a few moments, then removing them and closing the great Bible before him he said, in a tone which it was evident that he was striving with much difficulty to control:

"Brotherin and sisters, I have taken charge of this church in the good hopes of doing some good in a place where it's mighty plain that some good o' some kind is monstrous bad needed to be done by somebody. But you'l have to be disappinted of a sermon from me to-day. I ain't been used to the behavior that's been carried on 'mong them back benches, and I'll have to get used to it, unless it can be stopped, before I can do even what little preachin' as are in my power to preach. I aint deny'n' that my feelin's has been hurted, not only as a minister o' the blessed gospel, but as one lone singuil, poor man by his lone sef. And they's of been hurted a heap worse exceptin' that I'm noticed that some o' them onordery people is nothin's but boys, and is led on in their mischief by older heads. Now as for 'em, I naterally loves young people, and special boys, because they got to be men some time if their lives is spar'd, and I've in genil noticed that when they're oncommon bad, its because they're led off by older heads, that keers nothin' for God, nor for man, nor for——I come mighty near sayin' for who else. I aint mad, brothern an' sisters. For if I was to git mad I should go to cryin' first. I aint mad, but I'm sorry, and I'm disappointed. Let us pray."

This homely remonstrance, delivered in tones that sometimes became tremulous, impressed all. Everybody looked at Rogers, some reproachfully, others amusedly, and his followers sympathizingly and interrogatively. He was evidently in a rage. When the congregation was dismissed, he had a brief conference with his set at the back door, after which all except himself went away.

The last to leave the church were the preacher and his hostess. As they reached the edge of the building, the former casting his eyes down the side that now came within view saw Rogers standing just by the corner of the further end

"Sister Aikens," he said, "you go on; I want to step back a little while in the meetin' house and pray. I feel bad, an' I jis know that a little prayin' right now, 'l help me. You go on. I shan't keep your dinner awaitin' too long."

Saying which, he turned and went on back.

"I'd of some ruther," soliloquized Sister Aikens, "that Brer Gunn 'd of come 'long o' me. He must meet up 'ith that Tom Rogers, an' *he* mad as he is, an' big man as he thinks hisself, wouldn't, hasn't to give Brer Gunn much o' his sass before *me*."

When Mr. Gunn had entered the house, he straightway ascended the steps of the pulpit, and kneeled, his face, as on occasions of public service, towards the further end. In a very few moments Rogers, who had re-entered by the back door, walked rapidly up the aisle through the men-side, his walking-cane in hand, and when he had gotten within a few feet of the pulpit, said bluntly:

"Wish to speak with you, sir."

"Can you wait a few minutes, sir, until I can get through with it—"

"No, sir; right now, sir."

The preacher deliberately rose, saying first audibly these words:

"Now, 'member, good Lord, what I ast you."

Then descending to the floor he stood before his antagonist and said mildly

"Now, sir."

"When you was noratin' all that meanness an' foolishness, sir, I want to know who you was a meanin' it at, an' if you was a meanin' it at me?"

"I shall first stick a pin right thar, sir, whar you names the preachin' o' the blessed gospel, or rather, the tryin' to do it. You names it meanness an' foolishness, an' I'll now ast you your name, although I hain't a doubt but what it's Rogers. That so?"

"My name's none o' your business, sir. Answer my question."

"Umph, humph. Well, you know, Mister—Rogers—I'll call you that, jest for the sake o' the argiment, so to speak, that when one man asks a question, sometimes before he can git his answer he's liable to have more'n one question ast of him hisself. I'll put you another. Weren't you or weren't you not the one that chawed paper an' rolled it in a wad an' looked at me an' flipped it from your fingers, an' a leetle more an' it would of strick one o' the female persons o' the congregation, an' done it more'n wunst at that?"

"I shan't answer that question, sir, neither. None o' your business nor the business o' no other clod-hopping, deceitful old cap."

The preacher's eyes moistened as he said in a low measured tone

"Young man, when I see you a standin' out yonder at one o' the back corridors, I knowed what you was arfter, an' I let Sister Aikens go 'long on home by herself, so as me an' you could settle it betwixt ourselves; jes' you an' me, us two."

Here Mr. Gunn made a brief pause in order, it seemed, to snuff the air. Then he proceeded:

"I come back in here determ'd, in my mind, to ast you, like Abner ast Asahel, to turn to the left, or turn to the right any way you choosen, to not be a follerin' arfter me, and I've jes' a minute ago made my prayer to God A'mighty to not let me cry 'ithout were His will, an' ef it were to let me cry good, an' bless His Holy name, He have heerd me, an' I feel 'em a comin'."

They were, indeed, coming drop by drop, quicker and quicker, though his face was wreathed with smiles.

"Now I ain't a keerin' not so mighty much about the names you named me, but did you mean to say, sir, that the preachin' o' the blessed gospel is meanness an' foolishness? Answer, and answer quick."

"I d—, you old——"

These were the last words of the chieftain then and there. The preacher took a step rearward, doubled his fist and dealt upon the assailant's breast a blow that prostrated him upon his back at the foot of the pulpit. Snatching his cane as he was falling, he raised it aloft.

"Now try to rise if you dare," cried Mr. Gunn, whose eyes were now floods of tears, "an' I'll scatter that pulpit with your brains."

"My God," cried Rogers.

"Them's the words, sir. Them's the very words. Before I let up I'm a goin' to make you beg Godamighty's pardon, an' ef you don't do it 'ithout, I'm goin' to git down o' you an' choke you tell you do."

"You got the advantage of me, sir."

"I know I has, an' I'm goin' to keep it. Come, sir. I got no time to tarry long. Out with it! You sorry for your impudence to Godamighty in His own house? No merely mouthin' 'bout it. Out 'th it. Sorry or not sorry, which?"

The prostrate man looked up, and he afterwards declared that if he had ever seen the Bad man, it was on that occasion, in the weeping eyes that were bent upon him.

"I'm sorry, Mr Gunn."

"All right so far, sir; but tell me, now, is it a Godly sorrow, or is it you're sorry because you're knocked flat on your back, an' ain't quite shore you ain't goin' to be beat into sassage meat?"

"I——I——reckon, Mr Gunn, it's—it's—a—some o' both."

"That's jes what I spicioned. Howbeever, I'm thankful you got on that much gainin' ground. Know the Lord's pra'ar, sir?"

"Of course I do, Mr. Gunn."

"Say it."

Rogers hesitated.

"Say it, I tell you."

"Won't you give a man time to think it up?"

"I thought you knowed it. Said you did."

"I do, Mr. Gunn, but it's been so long since—"

"Blaze away, and go as far as you ken."

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray—"

"Stop it, sir," cried the preacher with almost a shriek. "Call that the Lord's pra'ar! My goodness of gracious of merciful heavens! Look at me, Tom Rogers. I heard o' you some time back. You'n your gang betwix you driv Brer Pilcher away from the pastorship of this church, an' shaved his horse's tail off."

"I didn't, Mr. Gunn, God knows I didn't."

"Very well, maybe you didn't, but you know who done it, and you know you could have perwented it. But let that go. You ain't goin' to shave my horse, ner let him be shaved. I got no anxiety on that pint o' the case. But now you look at me. Look straight at me. I ain't goin' to tell 'bout this fracas here a perwidin' I hear that you have broke up them Arabs, as you call yourselves, or done your level best tryin', and afterwards you'll try and behave yourself when your in the hands o' God."

Then drying his eyes he continued, with softening voice: "Pity, pity, pity. You've got money, Mr. Rogers, and they tell me you're liberal with it. Sister Aikens say you put down very liberal to new weather-boardin' and repaintin' this here meetin' house, an' you gives free to poor people if they don't cross you. I wonder you picked me out, that's a poor man hisself, that never done you no harm, nor never would of wished to do you any harm, and jes try to hurt my feelin's when I'm a tryin' in a mighty poor way, I acknowledge that, to preach the blessed gospel. Has you got any parents?"

It was now time for the Arab chief to shed a tear.

"My father died when I was a child, Mr Gunn, my mother not long before I moved here."

"Was they Christian people?"

"My mother was, sir, a very prayerful one."

"Well, it's to my hopes and my opinions that her pra'ars ain't to allays go without a anser. Now git up and go 'bout your business. I hope the Lord'll forgive you. I do."

The vanquished man rose from the floor, sat down upon the front bench and, covering his face with his hands, sobbed aloud. Mr. Gunn had already turned and gotten as far as the door, when, hearing the lamentation, he walked back, sat down by the weeper's side, and, taking one of his hands from his face, held it within his own. And then they had a talk together, lasting full half an hour. Sister Aikens had already grown uneasy about him, and especially so when, going out of her house and looking toward the church at the end of the street, she saw the two coming along side by side. Just before reaching her gate they parted, and Rogers, who had come some distance beyond his own boarding house, turned back and repaired to it.

"'Pon my word, Brother Gunn, I were that oneasy about you, an' special when I see that Tom Rogers along o' you, that —— well I didn't know what to do. What did the creetur have to say?"

"Oh, well, Sister Aikens, we had a little chat, an' I convinced him, I think, that I were nigher right than he were. We quit friends. But, Sister Aikins, I owe this people a sermon, because, they ain't no a denyin' of it, I broke down to-day an' I'm a man that in giniel tries to pay up, as the sayin' is; an' I'll thank you to tell the brotherin', and to let word be sent around that I shall preach, God willin', in the church to-morrow night, at candle-light."

He lingered only to eat his dinner, answering his hostess' suggestion that she should send for some of the brethren, that it would be near night when he reached home and he must have a good rest after the day's experience. The brethren, surprised but gratified by this mark of persistence and fidelity in their new pastor, gladly sent the notice to all in the village.

Sometime before sunset on the following day Mr. Gunn returned to the hospitable mansion, but this time in his gig and accompanied by his daughter Lizy Ann.

"I brought her 'long, Sister Aikens, because I wanted her to see the people that her pa is to go in and out before, and—and then Lizy Ann's a right good singer o' hymns, an' somehow when I can hear her voice in the singin' it 'courages me up, an' so I told her ma if she could spare her for this evenin' and to-morrow to let her come 'long 'ith me. She aint goin' to give you much trouble, and she's willin' to help you 'bout anything you want."

"Why, bless the child's heart! trouble! Sher! I'm proud you brung her, Brer Gunn."

The house was nearly full again, for the breakdown of the preacher the day before had created considerable interest in him. Rogers had not been seen on the street the whole day until late in the afternoon, when he had interviews singly with quite a number of his class, all of whom afterwards attended the night service. During the singing of the first hymn a voice new and of marvelous sweetness was heard, and many turned to notice whence it proceeded. The preacher taking for his text the parable of the prodigal son, spoke with a fluency and unction that had not been believed to belong to him, and when he was through, to the astonishment of all, he announced that while the next hymn was being sung, he would descend to the space in front of the pulpit, where he would be glad to take the hand of any one who might thus express a desire for interest in his prays and those of the brethren and sisters. As he descended he said:

"Will the brethrin and sisters please sing—

"Come, humble sinner, in whose breast."

The first distich was scarcely sung when from the very last bench Rogers rose, walked rapidly along the aisle, gave his hand, and, weeping aloud, laid his head upon the preacher's shoulder. Murmurs rose into cries, into shouts, when in a few moments the Arabs, by ones, by twos, by threes, then sprinklings even of the chicken-fighters, the horse-racers, the card-players came rushing up. Indeed, but how could I describe that scene and the great revival that followed? Sister Aikins, laughing and crying, used to say, among multitudes of other things,

"That first night, me and Sister Little, we hugged, an' hugged, we did, so that Sister Plunkett used to laugh an' say we look thet ezactly like we was wraslin'. The revival it lasted two weeks, an' we gathered in forty-three, an' which the most of 'em had done been giv' up for lost. An' as for 'Lizy Ann's singin', if I didn't consate sometimes it sounded Heb'n-like. An' then to think that nobody ever heerd o' ther kyarin on in the meetin'-house betwix Brer Gunn and Brer Rogers ontill the night, six months afterwards, when him an' 'Lizy Ann was married, an' bless your soul, you would of laughed to hear Brer Roger say how skeered he was, special when he found he couldn't even say the Lord's Pra'r, an' he weren't shore but what Brer Gunn, he cried so an' were that mad, were a gwine to scatter his brains all over the meetin'-house."—Copyrighted, 1885, by S. S. McClure.

### Celestial Kitchens.

The Chinese kitchen cannot be called cozy or neat for the smoke goes out through the skylight and wherever it finds an outlet. The walls are black with the accumulation of years of soot. The large stove in the corner is built of brick. On the top of the stove is a large iron spider about three feet in diameter. In this rice is cooking. Straw, being cheaper, is burned in this stove instead of wood, and some one is required to feed the fire constantly. Turning to the left we see little clay stoves on which food is frying in spiders or boiling in earthern pots over a wood fire. Vegetables are cut into bits and boiled with pork or mutton, making a soup. Greens are boiling. Fish is steaming, frying or stewing, with or without vegetables. Meat is cut fine, when the spider becomes heated lard is put in, then pieces of onion then the shred meat, and all is stirred till well embrowned; then turnips, potatoes, and sometimes other vegetables are added, and after boiling water is poured in the whole is left to simmer and stew. All food, we observe, is cut in pieces before serving, for no knives, no forks, are used. At 10 o'clock in the morning the tables are set; those for men either in the wings or in their rooms, those for women in their common sitting-room or parlor. Each table will seat eight persons. No table linen is used. Chop-sticks and spoons are placed before each place. The food is brought in large bowls or plates. Rice is carried to the table in a wooden pail or wicker basket from which it is served in small bowls. The servants summon the inmates to breakfast. The younger ones do not presume to sit till their elders are seated, then after making a show of asking permission to eat, when the elders gravely nod assent, the breakfast begins. Soup is taken first; then each person, holding the chop-sticks in his right hand and the bowl of rice in the left, lifts his food to his mouth, pushes the lumps in with the sticks, alternating this motion with picking meat, fish or vegetables from the dishes which are common to all. One must take only from that side of the plate which is nearest to him however. It is a breach of etiquette to eat over to the opposite side. When one finishes he bids the rest to "eat leisurely," which is our mode of saying "excuse me." The Chinese invariably wash their hands and faces after every meal. Tea is drunk about the same time. It is taken without milk or sugar. Coffee is not common in China, and we are not accustomed to drink cold water. Tea is the national beverage, and is taken to assuage thirst at all times and occasions as water is in America. At noon a lunch of cakes or pastry may be served. The majority of people are satisfied with two meals a day. Supper (or dinner) is served at 5 in the afternoon.

### The Experience of Kind Mr. Adams

Mr. Archibald Adams, a teamster, who resides out on the Brownsville road, had an interesting and exhilarating experience yesterday morning. A week ago Mr. Adams bought a pair of plain, ordinary, everyday mules at a horse market. Now Mr. Adams is a careful man and has a kind heart for animals. So when he noticed in the farmers' column of a newspaper a day or so ago that it was an excellent thing to wash the hoofs of horses occasionally in hot water, he came to the conclusion that he would try its beneficial effects on those mules. He got a pail of hot water, yesterday morning and hied himself away to the stable. The mules blinked at him with a mild, languid air, flirted their little tails about pleasantly and awaited their master's will. Mr. Adams set the pail of water down at the rear feet of one of the mules. The mule kept on looking pleasant. Then Mr. Adams lifted up one of the hoofs and carefully put it in the bucket. ——! ! ! * * *

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures Liver Complaints, Female Disorders, Rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood.

### OPTIMISM.

The world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold,
They say.

My lady tastes the pleasure
Of each hour that passes by;
In fashion's golden garden
The brightest butterfly.
Meanwhile down town, her husband,
From dawn until dark,
In his close and cobwebbed office,
Out toils his busiest clerk.

For the world is old,
And love grows cold,
And hearts are sold
For gold—
Well a-day.

But my lady's presence ever
Brightens the busy place
When he pauses in his writing
He sees her perfect face.
Meanwhile, up-town, my lady,
The gayest of the gay,
The kiss of her lips keeps for him—
The love of her heart all day.

Is the world, then old?
Does love grow cold?
And are hearts sold
For gold
Alway?

—*George T. Lanigan.*

## THE MYSTERIOUS LOVER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY D' MAUPASSANT

[Written for the Sunday Oregonian.]

She was a Russian countess, Marie Baranow, a very great lady, of exquisite beauty. You know how beautiful the Russians seem to us, with their fine noses, delicate mouths, eyes set close together, of a bluish grey, an indefinable color, and their cool, indifferent grace. There is something seductive about them, something both haughty and gentle, tender and severe, which is altogether charming to a Frenchman. It may, however, be only the difference of race and type which causes me to see so much in them.

Her physician had seen for several years that she was threatened with a disease of the lungs, and had tried to bring her to a decision to visit the south of France, but she obstinately refused to leave St. Petersburg. Finally, last autumn, judging her already lost, the doctor warned her husband, who immediately ordered his wife to leave for Mentone.

She took the train, alone in her coach, while her servants occupied another compartment. She leaned back and watched the plains and villages move by, feeling isolated, abandoned in life without children, almost without relatives, with a husband whose love had died, and who cast her out thus to the ends of the earth without going with her, as he would send a sick *valet* to the hospital.

At each station Ivan, her servant, came to see if his mistress needed anything. He was an old man, and blindly devoted, ready to carry out any order she might give him.

Night fell, and the train moved swiftly on. From excessive enervation she was unable to sleep. Suddenly the thought came to her that she would count the money which her husband had given her at the last moment. She opened her little bag and emptied out into her lap the shining stream of metal.

Suddenly a draught of cold air crossed her face. She raised her head in surprise. The door had just opened. The Countess Marie in alarm quickly threw a shawl over the money spread out in her lap, and waited. A few seconds elapsed, and then a man appeared in evening dress, bareheaded, panting, and with a wounded hand. He shut the door, sat down, regarded his neighbor with gleaming eyes, and then wrapped his bleeding wrist in a handkerchief.

The young woman grew faint with fear. This man had certainly seen her counting her gold, and was there to rob and murder her.

Still out of breath, his features strained, he kept his eyes on her, ready, doubtless to fall upon her.

"Madame," he said abruptly, "do not be alarmed!"

She made no reply, being unable to open her mouth, hearing her heart throb and her ears hum.

"I am not a rascal, madame," he resumed.

She still said nothing, but bringing her knees together by a sudden movement, her gold began to drop to the carpet as water runs from an eave-trough.

The man looked in surprise at the stream of metal, and stooped at once to pick it up.

She rose wildly, throwing all her treasure to the floor, and rushed to the door to throw herself on the track. But he understood what she was going to do, sprang forward, caught her in his arms, placed her in her seat, and holding her by the wrists said, "Listen to me, madame. I am not a scoundrel. I am going to pick up this money and give it back to you. But I am a lost man, a dead man, unless you help me to cross the frontier. I cannot tell you more. In an hour we shall be at the last Russian station; in an hour and twenty minutes we shall cross the boundary of the empire. Unless you come to my aid, I am lost. And yet, madame, I have neither murdered, nor stolen, nor done anything to stain my honor. That I swear to. More than that I cannot tell you."

And kneeling down, he picked up the gold from under her seat, searching for the smallest pieces that had rolled away. Then when the little leathern bag was full again he returned it to his neighbor without a word, and returned to his seat in the opposite corner of the compartment.

Neither of them stirred again. She remained motionless and mute, half fainting with terror, but gradually growing calmer. As for him, he made not a gesture, not a movement; he sat upright, looking straight before him, very pale, as if he were dead. From time to time she cast on him an abrupt glance, quickly turning away. He was a man of about 30, very handsome, with the appearance of being a gentleman.

The train rushed on through the darkness, uttering its piercing shrieks to the night, at times slackening its speed and then starting again as rapidly as ever. But suddenly its motion moderated, it whistled several times and stopped altogether.

Ivan appeared at the door at length to receive his orders.

Countess Marie took one final look at her strange companion and then said abruptly to the man.

"Ivan, you are to return to the count; I have no further need of you."

The man opened his eyes enormously, struck with astonishment, and began to stammer his remonstrance.

"No," she continued, "you are not coming. I have changed my mind. I want you to remain in Russia. Here is money for your return. Give me your cap and cloak."

The amazed old man bared his head and offered his cloak, obeying without a question, accustomed to the sudden determinations and unanswerable caprices of his masters. He withdrew with tears in his eyes.

The train started again, hastening on toward the frontier. The Countess Marie addressed her neighbor:

"These articles are for you sir," said she. "You are my servant, Ivan. I do this on only one condition; that you never speak to me, never address one word to me, either to thank me, or for any other purpose."

The unknown bowed without speaking.

Soon they stopped again, and officers in uniform visited the train. The countess gave them her papers and pointing to the man seated in her compartment, "That is my servant, Ivan," said she, "whose passport I have here."

The train resumed its course. All night long they sat facing each other, both silent.

When morning came and they had stopped [illegible] he stopped in the doorway.

"Pardon me, madame," said he, "for breaking my promise; but having deprived you of your servant it is just that I should fill his place. What can I do for you."

"Go for my maid," she coldly replied.

He did as she bade him and disappeared. But all the way to Mentone, whenever she alighted for refreshments, she saw him watching her from a distance.

Here the doctor paused for a moment and then resumed his story.

One day, when I was receiving my patients in my office, a tall young fellow entered and said to me:

"Doctor, I have come to ask news of the Countess Marie Baranow. I am, although she is not aware of it, a friend of her husband's."

"She is beyond relief," I replied. "She will never return to Russia."

The man broke into sobs and then rose and went out, staggering like a drunken man.

That very evening I mentioned to the countess that a stranger had come to me with inquiries for her health. She seemed touched and told me the story I have just related.

"This man," she added, "with whom I have no acquaintance, follows me now like my shadow. I meet him every time I go out. He looks at me strangely, but he has never spoken to me."

She was silent a moment and then added.

"Wait! I could wager that he is under my window now."

She left her couch, parted the curtains slightly and pointed out to me the very man who had visited me, sitting on a bench in the open walk opposite, his eyes raised to her window. He saw us, rose and walked away without turning his head.

From that time I was witness to a strange and sorrowful thing—the silent love of these two beings who did not know each other. He loved with the attachment of a brute saved from a painful death, grateful and devoted to the end of life. He came to me every day to ask how she was, understanding that I had found him out. And he wept grievously to see her go by, paler and weaker every day.

"I have spoken to that singular man but once," she said to me, "and yet I feel as if I had known him twenty years."

When they met she returned his bow with a grave and charming smile. I knew that she was happy—she who had felt herself so abandoned, and who knew that she must die—happy to be so loved, with such reverence and constancy, with such poetry, such deep devotion. And yet faithful to her high resolution, she refused to receive him, to know his name, or to speak with him.

As for him, he appeared to be a sort of Don Quixote; for he would do nothing to bring him nearer to her. He would keep to the end the absurd promise made her in the coach.

During her long hours of weakness she would often rise from her couch and peep between her curtains to see if he was still there, under her window, and when she had seen him sitting quietly on his bench, she would lie down again with a smile on her lips.

One morning about ten o'clock she died. As I was leaving the house he came to me with convulsed features. He already knew it.

"I should like to see her an instant, in your presence," he whispered.

I took his arm and re-entered the house. When he stood before her death-bed he lifted her hand and pressed a long kiss upon it and then fled, unable to contain his grief.—[Copyrighted 1885, by S. S. McClure.

### A Chinese Woman's Tresses.

Joe James, whose other name was left behind him in the Flowery kingdom, rejoices in the possession of the only almond-eyed wife this side of the Mississippi. He is as proud of her as a boy with a new red wagon. Joe James is a merchant and has a partner called Wing Wah Lee and another one who, like Mark Tapley Martin Chuzzlewit's immortal partner, hides his identity under a "Co." These sons of Chung-Fu-Tsee have pooled their capital in a shop where tea, golpshes made of Canton grass, idols, comfits, Whang-hee nuts, dried reptiles and opium pipes are offered for sale. Joe James embarked in traffic in Oakland, California, several years ago, but he did not understand the rules of American trade and straightway he lost "plenty much money," he says, but got some good experience. Then he took a vacation and devoted the time to thinking over matters. He discovered the rock on which his frail junk was wrecked. All around him the fair Caucasian maidens were selling in the busy marts of trade. He would put Chinese beauty against the fair types of the outside barbarians. And so Joe James took counsel of the wise old men, and sailed for Canton, and got him a wife, the lovely Chung Sui Lang, daughter of Chung Wah Ho, the wealthy ex-shoemaker of San Francisco, then retired and living in affluence on a tea plantation in one of the valleys. He paid $150 in trade dollars to Chung Wah Ho to help along festivities, and sailed for America, booking as Mr. Joe James and wife. When a reporter of the *Press* saluted the slant-eyed beauty in the store last evening she sat upon a tea chest, coyly displaying the tips of her tiny feet, for she is a "little-foot woman," her husband says. She wore her hair in wonderful style—like the wings of a bat, making her head resemble a schooner yacht running before the wind, with foresail and mainsail spread to port and starboard. The black tresses were stiffened with wires and glossy with grease. It takes six hours to do up this wonderful headdress, and in order that the dizzy affair shall not be spoiled, the fair owner sleeps with a block of wood under her neck. In this way the dressing of the hair lasts three weeks.—[Philadelphia Press.

### The Queen and Beatrice.

It is very evident that the queen of England and her family have no love of purple and fine linen when they are "off duty."

"Our royal family has always been dowdy," said a loyal English woman at Aix-les-Bains, as she returned from presenting some flowers to the Princess Beatrice on her birthday.

"Well," said an outsider, "what did the princess wear? I desire to know what clothes princesses wear when they are at home in the morning."

"An old checked black-and-white silk dress which I should have given to my maid," answered the loyal English woman, "but she was very lovely and courteous and blushed and stammered and was frightened when we offered her the flowers, just like any other girl. I could not help loving her for it."

On another occasion the queen sent for the doctors of Aix and their wives, who, being French women, were of course beautifully dressed. On being asked what the queen wore, one of these ladies said, "A very plain, short black cashmere dress, rather the worse for wear, with no ornament excepting the picture of Prince Albert at her neck."

"And how were her manners?" asked her interlocutor.

"Very simple, unostentatious, kindly and dignified. She speaks French perfectly, without an accent, and talked to the doctor of the scenery, the history of Savoy, the treatment, baths, etc. I did not feel that she was the queen until she rose, which was her signal to us that the interview was at an end. Then a certain dignity, a certain habit of command, clothed her short, stout figure as with a royal mantle and she looked the queen."—[Harper's Bazar.

**The *Baptist Weekly* says: "If pulpits were not made so often such a general advertising agency it would be well. The bell-man who in earlier days used to perambulate village or town to announce important events, has become obsolete, and it is to be hoped that vocal proclamations of strawberry and waste-paper festivals, steamboat excursions, concerts, lectures, and other worship-inspiring notifications, will soon cease to be made from the pulpit."**

### TACON'S STERN DECREE.

How Cuba's Captain-General Redressed a Wrong.

About two or three hours' ride out [illegible] Havana was the magnificent estate of [illegible] Marquis of Villaflores. He was a [illegible] widower of enormous wealth and [illegible] man of pleasure. He was as [illegible] unscrupulous as ever a bandit knight [illegible] middle ages. His house was a [illegible] castle, and among his slave [illegible] had organized a band of bravos to [illegible] him from assault and aid him in [illegible] off his prey by main force when [illegible] means were unavailing. It was while [illegible] con was carrying out his reforms with [illegible] and hand of iron that the gay [illegible] passing through Havana one day, [illegible] eyes on a blooming Andalusian face [illegible] over her work at the open bars of a [illegible] in one of the poorest streets. He [illegible] his volante and insolently gazed [illegible] til the beautiful dark eyes were [illegible] startled wonder to those of the [illegible] villain. The frightened gaze, the [illegible] blush, and the hasty disappearance of [illegible] graceful girl did the work. [illegible] Marquis of Villaflores had [illegible] a new flower for his garden. [illegible] was easy for him to force himself [illegible] the poor girl, and urge his peculiar [illegible] with an art in which he was well [illegible] But Pepita was honest and virtuous, [illegible] told her suitor that she was already [illegible] trothed to Pedro, a fellow-towns[illegible] hers, an artisan, who was striving and [illegible] ing all he could to enable them to [illegible] and have a home. When Pedro came [illegible] night and lingered outside the bars to [illegible] to his sweetheart, he found her, for the [illegible] time in tears, and, on pressing her to [illegible] the cause of her trouble, she poured out [illegible] whole story. Poor Pedro could only [illegible] her to be faithful and reject the wicked [illegible] vances. Again and again came the [illegible] quis to press his suit, offering to buy [illegible] Pedro, anything at all that money could [illegible] in order to carry out his wishes. But [illegible] ita was inflexible, and at length, [illegible] he could not induce her to fly with him, [illegible] determined to carry the girl off. [illegible] cover of a dark night he and his [illegible] brazos came down into Havana, [illegible] in gaining possession of the girl, and [illegible] her away to the house of Villa[illegible] When Pedro heard the news he [illegible] despair. He knew the power [illegible] which he had to contend; he [illegible] the police, but he had heard of the [illegible] captain-general, and went [illegible] with his story to Tacon. Tacon [illegible] it through, bade him to be of good [illegible] and say nothing, and that he would [illegible] both himself and his betrothed [illegible] Tacon desired, above all things, the [illegible] marquis should not escape. Accordingly there was no display of force and [illegible] made. A few days later some workmen [illegible] peared at the gates of the Villaflores [illegible] to ask for work. They were taken [illegible] superintendent and examined. [illegible] straggled after them, not at all an [illegible] thing, for it was the busy season when [illegible] help was employed. When a fair [illegible] had gathered in the grounds a sudden [illegible] was made for the door of the fortress, [illegible] the exits were guarded, and the [illegible] Civil, in the guise of workmen, [illegible] themselves, armed to the teeth. The [illegible] quis was captured in the very act of [illegible] ing out to see what the disturbance [illegible] Pepita was found within, a caged [illegible] Both were taken to Havana and brought [illegible] fore the captain-general. Pepita told [illegible] story. "You have heard what the [illegible] says," said Tacon, turning to Villaflores. "Is her statement true?" "So far as [illegible] part in it goes, yes." "You carried her [illegible] then?" "Yes." "Why?" "Because [illegible] love her and could win her in no other way." "You love her and could win [illegible] in no other way. You wish to marry [illegible] girl, then?" There was a silence in the room. "I ask," said Tacon, impressive[illegible] "do you wish to make this lady your wife?" There was a visible struggle in the [illegible] of the marquis. Then suddenly: "Yes, I do." Tacon moved his hand, and summoning a guard said: "Bring me [illegible] priest." The face of the marquis lengthened and he pleaded for a short time for [illegible] tion. "You are a widower, are you not?" inquired the captain-general. "Yes." "Then no further preparation is needed, since you want to marry the lady." The priest was brought and the marriage ceremony was performed then and there. Pepita became the Marquesa Villaflores. Captain General Tacon congratulated her on her newly acquired [illegible] and fortune, and offered her the hospitality of the palace for a few days. The marquis, he said, might return to his estate to make fitting preparations for the reception of his bride. He was escorted on the way thither by the same band of the Civil Guard that had brought him in a prisoner. The Cuban roads are [illegible] and on the road out, it was said, the Marquis assaulted a member of the guard and endeavored to break from them. He was shot down. Little accidents of this kind often happen to obnoxious or dangerous persons in Cuba. A few days after the Marchioness of Villaflores, who succeeded to all the wealth and estates of her late childless husband, was married to Pedro, the artisan, who was raised to a dignity corresponding to his new position.

### Romance of a Popular Song.

A Washington correspondent gives the following as the origin of a once popular song. "I heard a curious story yesterday in regard to the well-known song,

No one to love! none to caress!
Traveling along through life's wilderness, etc.

"The author of this song lives here in Washington, and he boards at a hotel within a square or so of the White House. He is now a man of perhaps forty, and [illegible] wrote the song many years ago. He [illegible] love with a beautiful girl and the day [illegible] fixed for their marriage. In the interval between the engagement and this day [illegible] war broke out and the young man enlisted. He was on the field when the time [illegible] proached for his wedding. It was on [illegible] eve of a great battle, and that the first [illegible] tle in which the young man was to [illegible] part. He wrote to his sweetheart, asking her to postpone the day of the marriage until after the fight. This she refused [illegible] do, and said if he did not return and [illegible] his part of the agreement she would [illegible] sider the engagement off. The young [illegible] preferred to trust a risk in regard to [illegible] engagement to being considered a coward [illegible] running away from his first battle, and [illegible] mained on the field. His lady-love, [illegible] ever, was so piqued at the refusal that [illegible] persisted in her rejection of his suit [illegible] married another man. Inspired by the feeling of the desertion, the rejected [illegible] wrote the song which has had such [illegible] run. He not only wrote the song, [illegible] remained true to his first love, and [illegible] time, the story goes, he has been [illegible] here with his mother. Not long [illegible] ever, his love's husband died, and [illegible] time he has renewed the acquaintance [illegible] the widow, who, though older [illegible] he went to the war, is still charming [illegible] old flame has, it is said, revived in [illegible] widow's breast, and there is a fair [illegible] of a match."

### The Faultless Blue Blood.

I remember having a long talk [illegible] years ago with an English lady, a [illegible] liberal in politics, who stoutly [illegible] the absolute necessity of an hereditary [illegible] tocracy to keep up the standard [illegible] manners. I counted over to her, [illegible] one, the noblemen I had happened [illegible] it did not take long, not one of [illegible] served had what would be called [illegible] good manners. In each case she [illegible] it, but found each case an exception [illegible] one was a notorious oddity, and [illegible] before him; that one was "a [illegible] tion;" the other was a "law [illegible] whom I might, the real blue [illegible] never at fault. At last I said [illegible] stream rise above its source? [illegible] very rude things as done [illegible] princes." "Oh," she said, [illegible] Englishmen; they are German [illegible] per's Bazaar.

## MADGE'S LETTER.

Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14, 1885.—"I ha brought you a petrified mud-turtle."

This astounding declaration burst upon ear as I loitered lazily along Clay street, and h the effect of nailing me to the spot. I was u certain as to the correct manner of receiving petrified mud-turtle, having never before be the pleased recipient of such a pet, neither w I at all sure that I desired it, and moved by sudden determination to run away from it, turned to flee. I had been precipitate.

Beside me, 'tis true, I saw a queer little o man, toothless, gummy, disheveled, agitat bearing in his hand a *something* done up a newspaper, but his remarks were not a dressed to me. He stood before a shop wh might have passed for a corner of the O World, inscribed upon it a line from the histo of all countries, a sketch from a London stre a chapter from Dickens, an old Curiosity Sho

In the doorway stood the proprietor, smil and cynical. The petrified mud-turtle appear to amuse him. He even went so far as to s in playful satire that it might be a genuine b of cobble stone. The insulted discoverer pr tested vehemently, gesticulated violently, h necktie flapped wildly in the breeze, his inton tion became indignant, but the dealer remaine unconvinced, and the rejected turtle went sadl away in the coat pocket of its master.

I entered the shop and encountered an o friend from the north, a British Columbia tote Upon its fifteen faces beamed a smile of kindl recognition, upon its topmost head reposed th conventional tall hat, the badge of civilizati adopted by the modern Indian. He was handsome, well-preserved, well-groomed tote and his peculiarly smooth slatestone skin ha been polished until it shone with subdued bri liancy. He presided over as choice a collectio as I have ever seen of smaller images, placque baskets, paddles, fish-hooks, weapons, potter horn spoons, moccasins and silver jewelry Alaskan Indian manufacture.

One of the placques was especially remark ble. It was oblong and but slightly concav and upon its inner surface two sphinx-like pro files were engraved. Coiffed in the Egypti head-dress, with faultless noses and faces full a deep, unfathomable significance, they migh easily have passed for hieroglyphics from th portals of Cleopatra's palace by the Nile.

How the models had strayed from the sand of Egypt to the shores of Queen Charlotte' island is a lesser riddle of the sphinx, and in spires one with increased awe of the great, in comprehensible, unlettered secret of the desert

A little toy of the festive Fiji islander wa hung on the wall as an especial warning to mis sionaries, and was formidable enough t dampen the ardent zeal of the most devoted Christian. It consisted of a handle of some un known substance cleverly covered with twiste thongs of hide, dyed in gay colors, and to tha was attached by a thong a perfectly roun stone of great weight, covered in skin, very lik the innocent baseball of the civilized schoolbo in appearance; widely different in all intent an purpose. An array of cruel, dangerous knive artistically surrounded this weapon, some o them in the oddest and clumsiest shape, all ca pable of doing their work of destruction with neatness and dispatch. A few pieces of curious hideous pottery and musical instruments whose power erst-while did soothe the savage breast led us from the Indian to the Chinese de partment and we refreshed our eyes with the bright tints and tinsel finery of idols, spoils of some ancient Joss house, quaint bits of carved ivory, fiddles covered with the skin of the ana conda, inlaid cabinets and Cloisonne' jars. But these had neither the charm of novelty, nor great antiquity and a garden slipper carved from oak and stated to have been worn by the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette had the power to attract me from the curios of the Flowery Kingdom.

Whether Marie's slipper or no, I care not, it was a relic that I fancied. Of queer contour and delicate workmanship, a band of blue velvet above the wooden toe and heel which the dust of ages (and of Clay street) had reduced to a tint esthetically fade, it would grace the cabinet of any collection. Poor little patrician! It looked strangely out of place on a shelf filled with tawdry colored vases, cheap clocks, French gilt jewelry and charm beads. Surprised to find such trash where there was so much of genuine merit, I said as much to Mr. Joseph, the proprietor, and in a burst of confidence he assured me that he found a much easier sale for this class of goods than for the other. He was quite an entertaining person, and gave me several of his amusing experiences with human nature, among both buyers and sellers.

Various brazen individuals had brought him the skull of Julius Caesar, leaving him in a dense and foggy state of mind concerning the number of heads Cæsar had, and his curious and flippant manner of leaving them around in different parts of the globe.

The petrified turtle, he assured me, was a mere circumstance, and faded to insignificance beside the petrified moonbeams, dewdrops and icebergs which were, constantly offered for his acceptance.

In return for these impositions it is only human to take revenge, and Mr. Joseph has coral beads which will ward off disaster and Persian amulets which prevent disease and death, antique coins made in California, and all such harmless deceptions which amuse the purchaser and are profitable to the dealer.

With its judicious mixture of good and evil, genuine and spurious, modern and antique, costly and cheap, rare and ordinary, Mr. Joseph's establishment on Clay street is a very interesting place to spend an occasional afternoon, a reliable depot for curios, and about the only place in San Francisco which has not been swept clean of its choicest treasures by the decorative mania of the late renaissance.

San Francisco rings and reverberates with a new scandal, and as is usual in such cases, exaggeration and vivid imagination supply what stern facts omit to state. It is affirmed that having invited a party of choice spirits to the Geysers, the lady in question entertained her guests with a can-can in the bar-room, attired in such garments as are usually considered appropriate to the privacy of the dressing-room, and inspired to this act of *gaiete* by the influence of Roederer's best. Moved by the same social spirit, the gentlemen of the party attended the ball, airily dispensing with the ceremony of the coat and the linen usually considered becoming on such occasions. A divorce is now under consideration.

The *Stock Report* of Saturday evening published a much more detailed, and it is said quite truthful, account of this little pleasantry of our upper ten, and, if curiosity prompts, you may therein read.

Ada Rehan is one of our favorites, and when she brought her European success, "Love on Crutches," to San Francisco, seats were engaged a month beforehand. The opening night crowded us out entirely, and Tuesday we with difficulty secured places for the evening. Ada Rehan is charming, fascinating as ever—her one defect, bad teeth, two of which assert themselves boldly, leaving all the rest in a hopelessly bewildered snarl.

One forgets even this unfortunate peculiarity beneath the grace of her acting, and finds the married lover excusable, enviable in his very pronounced Ringgold embrace.

It is the new style of romance—husband and wife falling desperately in love with each other, having begun a *marriage de convenience* with a firm and rooted dislike, but the much played-upon theme is vigorously treated and delightfully sounded, and one goes away satisfied with the general harmony.

One also goes away madly smitten with Miss Kingdom, a beautiful, graceful, *svelte* figure, gold hair, curling and soft, laughing eyes, laughing lips, laughing dimples. She is what one calls a delicious woman, kissable and pink. She is natural in her manner, and it is natural for her to be lovely. She has taken San Francisco by storm, and if she has not absolutely dethroned Ada Rehan, she has at least mounted to a seat of honor beside her.

Tuesday evening represented a gathering of the very best society. The house gleamed with social lights, conspicuous among them Lady Hesketh, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, *nee* Tevis, the Marquis of Queensbury. The entire Sharon family, you perceive, with the glittering exception of William and Sarah Althea, who are of a retiring disposition.

MADGE.

### Bill Nye on Vesuvius.

One thousand eight hundred and eighty-four years ago, the Roman geographer and weather clerk, Strabo, spoke of Vesuvius as a burnt mountain; but it had not at that time turned the wrong side out. Quite a forest grew where the crater now stands. For fifty years Vesuvius had bilious spells, but kept on drawing its salary without loss of time, but in A. D. it broke itself loose and tore up the ground a good deal. Real estate went to an astonishing height, but became depressed at once. The north half of the mountain was jerked loose, as they has it, and knocked gally west. This was followed by a shower of hot, wet ashes, which completed obliterated Pompeii and Herculaneum. Those two towns have been exhumed

## TACON'S STERN DECREE.

### ptain-General Redressed a Girl's Wrongs.

wo or three hours' ride out from was the magnificent estate of the of Villaflores. He was a young of enormous wealth and fam as leasure. He was as daring and ous as ever a bandit knight of the es. His house was a veritable d among his slave retainers he ized a band of bravos to protect assault and aid him in carrying prey by main force when softer re unavailing. It was while Ta arrying out his reforms with will d of iron that the gay marquis, hrough Havana one day, cast his blooming Andalusian face bent work at the open bars of a window the poorest streets. He stopped e and insolently gazed his fill un autiful dark eyes were raised in wonder to those of the fascinated The frightened gaze, the mantling d the hasty disappearance of the girl did the work. The of Villaflores had discovered flower for his garden. y for him to force himself upon girl, and urge his peculiar suit rt in which he was well practiced. ta was honest and virtuous, and suitor that she was already be to Pedro, a fellow-townsman, artisan, who was striving and sav e could to enable them to marry a home. When Pedro came tha l lingered outside the bars to talk eetheart, he found her for the first ears, and, on pressing her to tel e of her trouble, she poured out the ory. Poor Pedro could only exhor faithful and reject the wicked ad Again and again came the mar ress his suit, offering to buy nything at all that money could to carry out his wishes. But Pep inflexible, and at length, seeing tha not induce her to fly with him, h ned to carry the girl off. Unde a dark night he and his band ame down into Havana, succeeded ng possession of the girl, and bor ay to the house of Villaflores. Pedro heard the news he was i He knew the power agains e had to contend; he distrusted ce; but he had heard of the new -general, and went straigh is story to Tacon. Tacon hear gh, bade him to be of good hea nothing, and that he would se mself and his betrothed righted esired, above all things, that th s should not escape. Accordingl as no display of force and no nois A few days later some workmen ap at the gates of the Villaflores estat or work. They were taken to th endent and examined. Other d after them, not at all an unusu or it was the busy season when out s employed. When a fair numbe hered in the grounds a sudden rus le for the door of the fortress; a s were guarded, and the Guardi n the guise of workmen, reveale ves, armed to the teeth. The mar s captured in the very act of rush to see what the disturbance was was found within, a caged dov re taken to Havana and brought b captain-general. Pepita told he You have heard what the gi aid Tacon, turning to Villaflores statement true?" "So far as t goes, yes." "You carried her o "Yes." "Why?" "Because and could win her in no other way love her and could win h other way. You wish to marry n?" There was a silence in t "I ask," said Tacon, impressivel wish to make this lady your wife as a visible struggle in the so marquis. Then suddenly: "Ye Tacon moved his hand, a ing a guard said: "Bring me The face of the marquis lengthen pleaded for a short time for prep You are a widower, are you not? the captain-general. "Yes no further preparation is neede u want to marry the lady." T was brought and the marria y was performed then and ther became the Marquesa es, Captain General Tacon co ed her on her newly acquired ra nune, and offered her the hospitali alace for a few days. The marqui might return to his estate to ma preparations for the receptio bride. He was escorted thither by the same band l Guard that had brought him in The Cuban roads are lonel the road out, it was said, t assaulted a member of the guar eavored to break from them. t down. Little accidents of th en happen to obnoxious or da persons in Cuba. A few days aft rchioness of Villaflores, who su to all the wealth and estates of h idless husband, was married the artisan, who was raised to a di responding to his new position.

### Romance of a Popular Song.

ashington correspondent gives t g as the origin of a once popul "I heard a curious story yesterd d to the well-known song,

to love; none to caress!
ng along through life's wilderness, etc.

author of this song lives here gton, and he boards at a hot a square or so of the White hous ow a man of perhaps forty, and he song many years ago. He was h a beautiful girl and the day w their marriage. In the interv the engagement and this day t ke out and the young man enliste on the field when the time l for his wedding. It was on t great battle, and that the first b hich the young man was to ta He wrote to his sweetheart, aski ostpone the day of the marria ter the fight. This she refused said if he did not return and ke of the agreement she would c e engagement off. The young m d to trust to luck in regard to ment to being considered a coward away from his first battle, and on the field. His lady-love, ho as so piqued at the refusal that d in her rejection of his suit a another man. Inspired with of the desertion, the rejected lo he song which has had such a w He not only wrote the song, but d true to his first love, and for so e story goes, he has been livi th his mother. Not long ago, ho is love's husband died, and since t has renewed the acquaintance low, who, though older than w t to the war, is still charming. ne has, it is said, revived in the 's breast, and there is a fair prosp itch."

### The Faultless Blue Blood.

ember having a long talk a do go with an English lady, a thorou in politics, who stoutly maintain solute necessity of an hereditary a to keep up the standard of go s, I counted over to her, one noblemen I had happened to me ot take long, not one of whom I had what would be called in Am manners. In each case she ad found each case an exception. a notorious oddity, and his fa him; that one was "a recent the other was a "law lord." l might, the real blue blood t fault. At last I said: "Can rise above its source? I hear ude things as done by the "Oh," she said, "they are bmen; they are Germans." Bazaar.

# MADGE'S LETTER.

Correspondence of the Sunday Oregonian.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 14, 1885.—"I have brought you a petrified mud-turtle."

This astounding declaration burst upon my ear as I loitered lazily along Clay street, and had the effect of nailing me to the spot. I was uncertain as to the correct manner of receiving a petrified mud-turtle, having never before been the pleased recipient of such a pet, neither was I at all sure that I desired it, and moved by a sudden determination to run away from it, I prepared to flee. I had been precipitate.

Beside me, 'tis true, I saw a queer little old man, toothless, grimy, disheveled, agitated, bearing in his hand a *something* done up in a newspaper, but his remarks were not addressed to me. He stood before a shop which might have passed for a corner of the Old World, inscribed upon it a line from the history of all countries, a sketch from a London street, a chapter from Dickens, an old Curiosity Shop. In the doorway stood the proprietor, smiling and cynical. The petrified mud-turtle appeared to amuse him. He even went so far as to say in playful satire that it might be a genuine bit of rubble stone. The insulted discoverer protested vehemently, gesticulated violently, his mantle flapped wildly in the breeze, his intonation became indignant, but the dealer remained unconvinced, and the rejected turtle went sadly away in the coat pocket of its master.

I entered the shop and encountered an old friend from the north, a British Columbia totem. From its fifteen faces beamed a smile of kindly recognition, upon its topmost head reposed the conventional tall hat, the badge of civilization adopted by the modern Indian. He was a handsome, well-preserved, well-groomed totem, and his peculiarly smooth slatestone skin had been polished until it shone with subdued brilliancy. He presided over as choice a collection as I have ever seen of smaller images, placques, baskets, paddles, fish-hooks, weapons, pottery, horn spoons, moccasins and silver jewelry of Alaskan Indian manufacture.

One of the placques was especially remarkable. It was oblong and but slightly concave, and upon its inner surface two sphinx-like profiles were engraved. Coiffed in the Egyptian head-dress, with faultless noses and faces full of deep, unfathomable significance, they might easily have passed for hieroglyphics from the walls of Cleopatra's palace by the Nile.

How the models had strayed from the sands of Egypt to the shores of Queen Charlotte's Island is a lesser riddle of the sphinx, and inspires one with increased awe of the great, incomprehensible, unlettered secret of the desert.

A little toy of the festive Fiji Islander was hung on the wall as an especial warning to missionaries, and was formidable enough to dampen the ardent zeal of the most devoted Christian. It consisted of a handle of some unknown substance cleverly covered with twisted thongs of hide, dyed in gay colors, and to this was attached by a thong a perfectly round stone of great weight, covered in skin, very like the innocent baseball of the civilized schoolboy in appearance; widely different in all intent and purpose. An array of cruel, dangerous knives artistically surrounded this weapon, some of them in the oddest and clumsiest shape, all capable of doing their work of destruction with neatness and dispatch. A few pieces of curious, Alaskan pottery and musical instruments whose power erst-while did soothe the savage breast led us from the Indian to the Chinese department and we refreshed our eyes with the bright tints and tinsel finery of idols, spoils of some ancient Joss house, quaint bits of carved ivory, fiddles covered with the skin of the anaconda, inlaid cabinets and Cloisonne' jars. But these had neither the charm of novelty, nor great antiquity and a garden slipper carved from oak and stated to have been worn by the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette had the power to attract me from the curios of the Flowery Kingdom.

Whether Marie's slipper or no, I care not, it was a relic that I fancied. Of queer contour and delicate workmanship a band of blue velvet above the wooden toe and heel which the *dust of ages* (and of Clay street) had reduced to a tint esthetically fade, it would grace the cabinet of any collection. Poor little patrician! It looked strangely out of place on a shelf filled with tawdry colored vases, cheap clocks, French gilt jewelry and charmed beads. Surprised to find such trash where there was so much of genuine merit, I said as much to Mr. Joseph, the proprietor, and in a burst of confidence he assured me that he found a much readier sale for this class of goods than for the other. He was quite an entertaining person, and gave me several of his amusing experiences with human nature, among both buyers and sellers.

Various brazen individuals had brought him the skull of Julius Cæsar, leaving him in a dazed and foggy state of mind concerning the number of heads Cæsar had, and his curious and frequent manner of leaving them around in different parts of the globe.

The petrified turtle, he assured me, was a mild circumstance, and faded to insignificance beside the petrified moonbeams, dewdrops and things which were constantly offered for his acceptance.

In return for these impositions it is only human to take revenge, and Mr. Joseph has lucky beads which will ward off disaster and ancient amulets which prevent disease and antique coins made in California, and all the harmless deceptions which amuse the purchaser and are profitable to the dealer.

With its judicious mixture of good and evil, genuine and spurious, modern and antique, costly and cheap, rare and ordinary, Mr. Joseph's establishment on Clay street is a very interesting place to spend an occasional afternoon, a reliable depot for curios, and about the only place in San Francisco which has not been swept clean of its choicest treasures by the decorative maniacs of the late renaissance.

San Francisco rings and reverberates with a new scandal, and as is usual in such cases, exaggeration and vivid imagination supply what the facts omit to state. It is affirmed that a lady invited a party of choice spirits to the house, the lady in question entertained her guests with a can-can in the bar-room, attired in such garments as are usually considered appropriate to the privacy of the dressing-room, being inspired to this act of *gaiete* by the influence of the brewer's best. Moved by the same social spirit, the gentlemen of the party attended the affair, dispersing with the ceremony of the tie and the linen usually considered becoming on such occasions. A divorce is now under consideration.

The *Stock Report* of Saturday evening published a much more detailed, and it is said quite truthful, account of this little pleasantry of our upper ten, and, if curiosity prompts, you may read.

Ada Rehan is one of our favorites, and when she brought her European success, "Love on Crutches," to San Francisco, seats were engaged a month beforehand. The opening night crowded us out entirely, and Tuesday we with difficulty secured places for the evening. Ada Rehan is charming, fascinating as ever—her only defect, bad teeth, two of which assert themselves boldly, leaving all the rest in a hopelessly confused snarl.

One forgets even this unfortunate peculiarity in the grace of her acting, and finds the devoted lover excusable, enviable in his very pronounced Ringgold embrace.

It is the new style of romance—husband and wife falling desperately in love with each other, having began a *marriage de convenience* with mutual and rooted dislike, but the much played-upon theme is vigorously treated and delightfully handled, and one goes away satisfied with the general harmony.

One also goes away madly smitten with Miss Rehan, a beautiful, graceful, *svelte* figure, hair curling and soft, laughing eyes, laughing lips, laughing dimples. She is what one calls a delicious woman, kissable and pink. She is natural in her manner, and it is natural for her to be lovely. She has taken San Francisco by storm, and if she has not absolutely dethroned Ada Rehan, she has at least mounted to a seat of honor beside her.

Tuesday evening represented a gathering of our very best society. The house gleamed with bright lights, conspicuous among them Lady Ashburton, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sharon, *nee* Teirs, and the Marquis of Queensbury. The entire family, you perceive, with the glittering exception of William and Sarah Althea, who is of a retiring disposition. MADGE.

### Bill Nye on Vesuvius.

A thousand eight hundred and eighty-four years ago, the Roman geographer and weather prophet, Strabo, spoke of Vesuvius as a burnt mountain; but it had not at that time turned the wrong side out. Quite a forest grew where the crater now stands. For fifty years it had bilious spells, but kept on drawing salary without loss of time, but in A. D. it broke loose and tore up the ground a good deal. Real estate went to an astonishing figure, but became depressed at once. The top half of the mountain was jerked loose, as it were, and knocked gally west. This was followed by a shower of hot, wet ashes, which covered ill-fated Pompeii and Herculaneum. These two towns have been exhumed lately, but, owing to the delay of the authorities in doing so, no lives were saved. These cities are not covered with lava. Scientists say that the ruins were found under a deep layer of volcanic tufa. I do not know what tufa is, but presume the term is perfectly proper and safe to use in good society. I have heard of the tufa digan, which is sold at the rate of tufa five cents, but am comparatively ignorant of the general appearance of volcanic tufa.

# LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Kegan Paul, the London publisher, paid $26,250 for the manuscript of General Gordon's diary.

The correspondence of Peter the Great, of Russia, about to be published, comprises nearly 8000 letters, written from his sixth year up.

Ben. Perley Poore, who is now on his Massachusetts farm for the summer, completed before leaving Washington his book entitled "A Descriptive Catalogue of Government Publications." He has been at work upon it for the past two years.

The August *Atlantic* will contain two anniversary poems by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the first to James Russell Lowell "On the Harvard Commencement, June 25, 1885;" the second, "To the Poets Who Only Listen," delivered at the recent Phi-Beta-Kappa society dinner.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's writings are to be drawn upon by her publishers, Houghton, Mifflin & Co., for the new calendar next year, and a Lowell calendar will also be issued by the same firm, which will be welcome to the public with which Mr. Lowell is so popular.

The library gathered by Richard Grant White is to be sold at auction in the autumn. About a dozen years ago Mr. White's extensive library was disposed of, and the present collection, which is particularly rich in Shakespeareana and the early English drama, has been brought together since that time.

Mr. Howard Lockwood of New York, well known in printing and publishing circles, has begun the publication of the *American Bookmaker*, a journal of technical art and information, which he purposes making a faithful and intelligent exponent of the various interests to which it is devoted. The first number is one of excellent promise.

The third paper of William Cabell Bruce's series on "The Duel in America," is given in *The Current* of July 11, the principal feature being the famous affair between Commodores Decatur and Barron. These papers being written with the view of showing the influence of the dueling practice as a social factor have an especially important historical value.

"A Maiden All Forlorn," and "Tender Dolores" are the two last novels of "The Duchess." They are equal in all respects to that author's other novels, of which she has written almost as many as Mrs. Southworth. They are not of a high order of literature, but are always interesting, and the present issues from her pen are brought out at a time when there is a dearth of high-class fiction. [E. Dekum & Co.

Fanny Davenport, in describing her life in her country home, says: "I devote myself for a couple of hours daily to my books. I am taking an inventory of them, for I pride myself on my library, and think I have the finest collection of books of any woman in the country. I have chosen them myself, buying them gradually. I have always had an ambition to own a library, and when I went on the stage I made a rule from the first of buying a book a week. Sometimes it was a complete set, more times it was a single volume. The foundation, however, of my library, was a little book, a wee testament, with the following inscription on the fly leaf: Miss Davenport. From her parents. September, 1858.' Then followed a scriptural verse. The first book, or books, I ever bought was Dickens, a second hand set, for which I paid, I think, $5. This was the nucleus of my present large collection."

ADDED TO THE LIBRARY.

The following new books have been received and added to the Portland library association of Portland during the week:

By Shore and Sedge. By Bret Harte
The Caxton Edition of Pelham and the Disowned. By Lord Lytton.
The Ante-Necene Fathers. Edited by Rev. Alexander Roberts and James Donaldson. Notes by A. Cleveland Coxe, D. D. Volume 2.
Appleton's Annual Cyclopedia for 1884.
Aurora Leigh. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning.
Complete Works of Count Rumford, 4 vols.
Memoir of Sir Benjamin Count Rumford. By George E. Ellis.
Toschi's Engravings from frescoes. By Correggio and Parmegiano.
A Series of Studies. By Raphael.
A Treatise on Wood Engraving. By William Andrew Chatto and John Jackson.
Other Men's Minds. By E. Davies, D. D.
Wilkie Collins' Works in 13 volumes.
Complete Works of Joseph Addison, 6 vols.
Letters From Hell. By George Macdonald
Dictionary of National Biography, edited by Leslie Stephens, Vol 3. Baker—Beadow.
Within the Clasp. By J. B. Harwood.
Wearing of the Green. By Basil.
Under Which King? By C. Reade.
Good Hater. By F. Boyd.
Crime of Christmas Day. A Novel.
Tie and Trick. By Hawley Smart.
Memoir of a Man of the World. By Edmund Yates.
Mistletoe Bough. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
Face to Face. By R. E. Francillon.
By Mead and Stream. By Charles Gibbon.
Philistia. By C. Power.
Miss Brown. By Vernon Lee.
Man of His Word. By W. E. Norris.
Someone Else. By B. M. Crocker.
Bouderstone. By W. Sime.
Wyllard's Weird. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
Gerald. By Eleanor C. Price.
Lester's Secret. By Mary Cecil Hay.
Shadow of a Crime. By Hall Caine.
Week of Passion. By E. Jenkins.
Secret of the Cliffs. By C. French.
Some of Our Girls. By Mrs. Ellvart.
Two Orphans. By D. Ennery.
Fisher Village. By Anne Beale.
Addie's Husband. A novel.
Led Astray. By Octave Feuillet.
Tero. By Mrs. Campbell Praed.
Coral Pin. By F. Du Boisgobey.
Sealed Lips. By the same.
Promises of Marriage. By E. Gaborian.
Master of the Forges. By G. Ohnet.
Mignon. A novel.
That Terrible Man
Home Letters.
Society in London
Alsiora Peto. By Laurence Oliphant.
Milly's Hero. By F. W. Robinson.
The Picture. By Charles Beade.
Peeries and Player. By Florence Marryat.
Ghost of Charlotte Cray. By the same.
Struggle for Fame. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell.
Her Gentle Deeds. By Sarah Gytter.
My Sister Kate. By C. M. Braeme.
Rainy June. By Ouida.
Talk of the Town. By J. Payne.
From Post to Finish. By Hawley Smart.
Ichabod. By Bertha Thomas.
White Witch. A Novel.
Great Porter Square. By B. L. Farjeon.
Lazarus in London. By F. W. Robinson.
On the Fo'k'sle Head. By W. Clark Russell.
Captain Brand. By H. A. Wise.
Ishmael. By Miss M. E. Braddon.
Love Finds the Way. By Besant & Rice.
Dorothy Forster. By W. Besant.
Lilliesleaf. By Mrs. Oliphant.
Salem Chapel. By the same.
Wife's Secret. By Bertha M. Clay.
Fair but False. By the same.
Wife Only in Name. By C. M. Braeme.
Redeemed by Love. By the same.
Thorns and Orange Blossoms. By the same.
Minister's Wife. By Mrs. Oliphant.
Coming Thro' the Rye. By Helen B. Mathers.
Found Out. By the same.
Lord Lynne's Choice. By C. M. Braeme.
Under a Ban. By Mrs. Lodge.
Three Sisters. By d'Esterre Keeling.

### COME.

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You town builders from the west!!
You Yankee manufacturers from the east!!
Here is a chance for you to take a hand in building the boss town on the Columbia river.
Millions in value can be created by your skill, enterprise and nerve.
A good start is already made in a solid foundation.
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Manager La Camas Colony Co., La Camas, W. T.

# CAPTAIN "DICK" BROWN.

### Sailing-Master and Pilot for Half a Century—In Charge of the Yacht America When She Won the Queen's Cup.

Captain Richard Brown, sailing-master and pilot, died recently at his residence, No. 89 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, in the 75th year of his age. His death was caused by gangrene, his foot having been frozen in February last while he was bringing a steamer into port. She was sunk in a collision with the schooner Frank Harrington, south of Barnegat, on the morning of the 13th of May last. Her crew of ten men had a narrow escape from drowning.

Captain Brown was also for a time in command of the steamer Falcon, which plied between Savannah, Charleston, New York and Boston. She afterward became the old hospital ship, and remained so until her place was taken by the Illinois. Captain Brown, at the time of his death, was the oldest of the New York and Sandy Hook pilots. He leaves six children, all grown up. His wife died nine years ago.

He had sailed, in all, in fifty or sixty yacht races. Before his fatal illness set in he weighed 222 pounds. At the time of his death he was only the shadow of his former self. The pilots speak of him as one of the best and most honest of men they ever knew. They say that no smarter man ever put his foot aboard a vessel, and that there was none better as sailor or pilot. He was gifted with keen eye-sight, even in his old age. Whatever he said he would do he did. He died without owing anyone a cent. He never liked to see a man without work, and was himself the earliest in the morning to turn out and among the last to leave off.

For more than half a century he sailed in and out of this port, making thousands of good friends and maintaining such a reputation for cleverness in his calling that he was at all times looked up to and consulted by his associates.

Captain Brown was born at Mystic, Conn., July 3, 1810. His father was a ship carpenter, and to show that the deceased early in life mapped out his own career it is only necessary to say that he and four other boys from the same village ran away from home, came to New York and went to sea. Years and years elapsed before Brown's return. His mother never forgot her absent boy. His plate was on the table at every meal through that long stretch of time, and a chair always stood before it. "Richard will come back," she always said, and, seemingly in answer to her prayers, there was a knock at the door of the old house on one Thanksgiving morning, and when it was opened the boy absent so many years fell into the arms of his mother. Boy no longer, however, he was but a full-grown man, with features so disguised by whiskers that his mother of all the family knew him. The Browns of Mystic were the happiest people in Connecticut that Thanksgiving day. The five runaways all became captains, and four of them were drowned at sea, the fourth being Captain Starks, who with his wife perished in the ship Minturn, on the Jersey coast, thirty-nine years ago. Their bodies were recovered and brought to New York, and Captain Brown attended the funeral. "There is something strange about this drowning of all my associates in that freak of my boyhood," Captain Brown said hundreds of times, and, with a sailor's superstition, he would add, "and that will be my death, too."

Upon making up his mind to remain near home after his rovings of youth, Brown engaged in the fishing business making his headquarters in New York. This undertaking proved fairly profitable, and after some years he was offered the position of pilot on the United States brig Washington, then engaged in surveying the port of New York. Valuable aid was given the commission by Brown and upon the Washington being transferred to another station he accepted a similar position in the United States brig Somers, which was ordered to complete the work begun by the Washington. During his term of service in the Somers there was mutiny on board, and upon trial of the offenders by a court convened for that purpose, one of the number was condemned to death, and was promptly strung up to the yardarm. Brown always remembers with great clearness the incidents of the trial and the summary carrying out of the order of the court. Brown remained in the Somers until he joined the New Jersey and Sandy Hook pilot service, in which association he was licensed in January, 1841. The association was only four years old at that time. Fishing smacks and news boats were hired by the pilots until they could charter larger boats or build, and subsequently they purchased at different times the Sylph, from Boston; Commerce, from Virginia, and the Thomas H. Smith, an old news boat. The Smith was the first boat in which Brown served as pilot, and his associates were Theophilus Beebe, John Ward, Benjamin Chase, Henry Beebe and Daniel C. Chapman. The William F. Hagstaff, named after an old pilot captain and pilot commissioner, was then built for the Jersey association by Messrs. Steers and Hathorne, of Williamsburg; and Brown for a while made one of the new boat's company. The Smith did good service for four years, when it was determined to build another boat, the Mary Taylor, which was launched from the yard of George Steers in 1850. A new company was formed and a majority of the pilots of the Smith joined Brown, and went into the new boat. These were John Roberts, John Buntington, A. M. Maxwell and others. Brown was made captain of the Taylor. Chapman and Chase remained in the old Smith. The Taylor proved a fine vessel and did good service for fourteen years, and was finally cut down and sunk forty miles outside of Sandy Hook by a United States transport, but all hands were saved.

Meanwhile the most memorable incident of Brown's life occurred. Messrs. J. C. Stevens, Edwin A. Stevens, Hamilton Wilkes, J. Beekman Finley and George L. Schuyler caused the schooner yacht America to be constructed by George Steers. "As she was about being finished," Mr. Schuyler, the only survivor of the above named company of gentlemen, said on April 24, 1885, "we began looking around for a sailing-master. This, as you know, was early in the spring of 1851. There were no large yachts then, excepting the Maria, and she was a leviathan compared with the others of the New York fleet, and most of the boats were sailed by their owners. Mr. Steers suggested Captain Brown as being an excellent and suitable man, and he was at once engaged. His reputation at that time as a boat-sailor was head and shoulders above all his associates. He took the America across the Atlantic to Havre, fitted her there, and, as sailing-master, had charge of the yacht when she won the queen's cup in the race around the Isle of Wight, August 22, 1851. Brown was always a hard worker, knew his place, and unlike some of the yacht sailing-masters of the present day, always obeyed the orders of his owners and did not pretend to instruct them. He was a practical boat-sailer, and having the vessel, experimented until he got her to suit his owners and himself. He was careful, reliable, faithful, one of the best men in his position I ever saw, and it will be difficult to find many like him in this day."

Captain Brown returned to the United States in a steamer, the America having been sold on the other side, and then rejoined the pilots of the Mary Taylor.

His success with the America made him in demand with the owners of fast yachts, and he was engaged in many memorable races. He made one of the company on the Dauntless in the race across the Atlantic to New York with the Cambria. Captain Brown left the Taylor in 1861 to superintend the construction of the pilot boat Mary E. Fish. She was built by Mr. Edward Williams of Williamsburg, L. I., and from that time Captain Brown to his death was a member of the Fish's company and captain of the craft. He continued in active service until last February, when he was compelled to give up going to sea on account of the foot frozen on board the West Indies steamer which he was bringing into New York. His brother, Joseph Brown, who has lived thirty years at Hunt's Point, says: "It was the coldest night of the winter, and as there wasn't steam enough to bring the vessel into port my brother caused her to be anchored. For twelve hours—in fact, all the night—he remained on the bridge unprotected, and at times his feet were so cold that they brought hot ashes from the fire-room, which they placed about them. When he reached home and took off his boots he found his left foot frozen. He had been confined to his home since that time."

The associates of Captain Brown in the Mary E. Fish were William Maxwell, Jeremiah Reardon, Robert Sylvester, Frank Nelson, Michael Egan and Edward Nichols. —[New York Herald.

## SHOOTING AT PIPES.

### What Caused a Flat-Boatman to Board a Mississippi River Steamer with a Knife.

Soon after the boat left Vicksburg a young man in a swell suit brought out a pearl-handled revolver and began shooting at floating objects on the bosom of the mighty Mississippi. His object seemed to be to show off, and as a knot of passengers began to applaud his shots he grew what might be called triumphantly reckless. The steamer presently overtook a flat-boat loaded with hoop-poles, bound for the New Orleans market. The steersman, wearing a broad-brim hat and red shirt, was a very prominent figure.

"I've seen the day," remarked a passenger, "that I could put a bullet through that chap's hat and not harm a hair of his head."

"I can do it myself," replied the shooter.

"I doubt it, sir; doubt it very much. If you make that shot you can call yourself the champion of the world."

What did the idiot do but haul off and pop away! We saw the man's hand go up to his ear, and it wasn't half a minute before his place was taken by a second man and he was pulling off for us in his small boat. He was soon along-side, and not a man of us moved as he pushed up stairs with a bowie knife as long as the leg of a chair in his mad right hand. The shooter was whiter than chalk, but his sang-froid was the genuine article. Before the man with the bleeding ear had come within ten feet of him he had a $50 bill out of his wallet, and, taking a step forward, he held it out, and said:

"Sorry to have troubled you, my dear sir. Intended to leave it for you at the next landing. I shot to break the pipe in your mouth, but it hit your ear. This is my regular price when I make such blunders."

Red Shirt hesitated—took the bill—scanned the figures on the corners—slowly put up his knife, and then turned and left the steamer without having said one single word to one of us. The nerve and money of the dude had prevented that wicked knife from tasting life's cor. —Detroit Free Press.

### M. Clemenceau.

He is a Breton, a doctor by profession, a keen cold man with a cutting tongue, and something of a military peremptoriness in his manner. He began his political career by opening a free dispensary in the Montmartre quarter of Paris, and giving advice gratis to the poor on politics as well as medicine. He was elected mayor for one of the wards of Paris during the siege and performed his administrative business splendidly at a time when almost all the other mayors were blundering. He and Gambetta hated each other so thoroughly that it is a wonder they never came to dueling. The Breton doctor, who loathes "gush," despised the southerner's rodomontade, and Gambetta used to bound and roar like a stung lion at the contemptuous thrusts which Clemenceau made at him from the tribune and from the columns of his newspaper, the *Justice*. This paper is not pleasant reading, for its editor appears always to write as if he meant to provoke his enemies into personal quarrels. He is a brilliant swordsman, most dangerous because left-handed, and a capital shot with pistols. Even the doughty Paul de Cassagnac once declined a meeting with him. M. Clemenceau has been patiently biding his time—which does not mean that he has been spending his time to good purpose, for he has attacked every government during the last eight years with an utter disregard of the dangers which might accrue to the republic through the continual overthrow of ministries. This must lead one to doubt whether there is not more of personal ambition than of public spirit in his tactics, for the only alternative would be to suppose him stupid, and that he certainly is not. He has now transferred to Jules Ferry the scorn which he formerly poured upon Gambetta, and the two men must be regarded as exponents of two completely antagonistic schools of republicanism. Jules Ferry used not to be an opportunist, but in succeeding to the leadership of Gambetta's party he has had to take up its programme—Colonial extension, little wars for glory, protection, temporization in some affairs, and in particular as regards the relations between church and state. M. Clemenceau, on the contrary, is a free trader, non-interventionist, decentralizer, and disestablisher. He is more in harmony with the Manchester school than any other French politician. That huge system of administrative centralization which Napoleon created is to him abhorrent, and he is a partisan of local self government on the largest scale. He is fond of relating how a certain village mayor, receiving in 1852 a copy of the new imperial constitution with orders to post it up, wrote to M. de Morny, saying that he had done as requested, and would be happy to post up as many more constitutions as might be sent to him thereafter. M. Clemenceau's church policy may be summed up in the word destruction; he goes much further than a mere abrogation of the concordat. He looks to the day when Notre Dame shall be a museum and the Madeline a scientific institute. He holds that the republic should repudiate the Catholic church and treat all ecclesiastical buildings as state property.—[Temple Bar.

### The Great American.

In the senatorial contest between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Douglas, when they spoke at Freeport, Illinois, Mr. Douglas appeared in an elegant barouche drawn by four white horses, and was received with great applause. But when Mr. Lincoln came up in a "prairie schooner," an old-fashioned canvas-covered pioneer wagon, the enthusiasm of the vast throng was unbounded.

When traveling about the quiet country towns on his law business it was his custom, at the tavern or boarding house where he stopped, after tea to get a candle and go to his room and read awhile. He was not a loafer.

At a political meeting in a grove, a long, shambling figure was seen sitting on the fence and whittling thoughtfully, clothed in the slightest of summer attire. After others had spoken, "Lincoln! Lincoln!" was called, and the whittler, pocketing his knife, and slipping from the fence, made a characteristic speech. This was before his great prominence.

At the same place, when the lady who entertained him and some others at dinner made some apology, he said he guessed it was better than they would have got at home, anyhow.

To Bishop Simpson, after a lecture on American progress, in which he did not speak of petroleum, Mr. Lincoln said, as they came out, "You did not 'strike ile.'" —[Harper's Magazine.

## THE HOTELS.

### INTERNATIONAL.

W Willis, Albina
C M Pierce, do
F Soward, Kalama
A Frank, Walla Walla
R Robertson, Astoria
J Nelson, do
J Lumsborn, do
J McDonald, do
J Williams, do
R Hunter, Oak Point
C Murker, Astoria
B Belle, do
A Buckley, Tacoma
G A Peterson, Seattle
F H Andrews, N P R R
N C Howland, Astoria
J C Lemoine, Canada
P Murphy, Victoria
F Larsen, Astoria
A Cox, Corvallis
J Fee, Montreal
A F McDonald & family, Deer Island
A C Gilmour & fam, Victoria
W Gray, do
Mrs Moist & son, Seattle
W L Cheshire, Albany
A J Wilson, Sheridan
A F Hendricks, Mich
W H Roberts, do
A Davis, Salem
W Holwell, Albany
Mrs M'Strom, Clackamas
P Lyons, Astoria
C W Price, San Fran

J Statler, San Francisco
J Mullaney, do
P Hacker, do
E L Folk, do
J W Porter, do
G Handley, do
J Jackson, do
J Jamieson, do
C W Ring, do
S Pepple & fam, do
H D Butler, do
W Wilkins, do
J Hall, do
Mrs J Hall, do
Mrs A Peterson, do
J Deal, do
Mrs J Deal, do
T P Roberts, do
Mrs F A Roberts, do
M Walsh, do
P Sullivan, do
E B Stevens, do
G Gillard, do
J Liverty, do
W A Fenton, do
H A Daniels, do
W G Louis, do
D L Bell, do
C D Gabrielson, do
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J Ivory, do
P Hawker, do
J Hawkey, do
P J Fitzgerald, do
W H Cross

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A H Beck, do
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C G Sanderson, Muncton
H H Curtis, Cal
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Mrs Henderson, Watson
H Langan, do
G H Hirman, do
Mrs G H Hirman, do
H McFarland, San Jose

Miss Kelly, McMinn
H W Carter, St Paul
C W Carson, Omaha
L R Chambers, Victoria
Mrs Dawson, Salem
Mrs Harding, Dalles
Rev O Zardt, Milwaukee
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H G James, Cal
Jas McCormack, Ga
V H Burton, San Fran
M G Walters, do
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W Powell, do
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Wm A Porter, Philadel
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H Clarke, Chicago
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Lamoine Minot, Boston
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S Elmore, Astoria

J M Wilson, Chicago
J D Vroom, Chicago
A D Knick, Walla Walla
J F Fenderson, Chicago
T Ford, Salem
B Woods, W Quincy, Ill
C B Haudson, Yakima
A Plente, Forest Grove
Fred Logan, Sea Side
Joseph Welch, do
C Herbert, Tacoma
J Bennett, do
C Ward, do

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| Columbia, Wed | " | 8 | State, Tuesday | " | 7 |
| Oregon, Monday | " | 13 | Columbia, Sunday | " | 12 |
| Columbia, Thurs | " | 16 | State, Wedn'y | " | 15 |
| State, Monday | " | 20 | Oregon, Sunday | " | 19 |
| Oregon, Friday | " | 24 | Columbia, Thurs | " | 23 |
| Columbia, Tues | " | 28 | State, Monday | " | 27 |
| State, Satur'y | Aug. | 1 | Oregon, Friday | " | 31 |

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Mail Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland.......7:30 A. M. Ashland.........4:15 A. M.
Ashland.......9:20 P. M. Portland.........4:25 P. M.
Albany Express Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland.......4:00 P. M. Lebanon.........9:20 P. M.
Lebanon.......4:45 A. M. Portland.........10:05 A. M.
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars daily between Portland and Ashland.
The O. & C. R. R. Ferry makes connection with all the regular trains on the East Side Div. from foot of F St.
West Side Division.
BETWEEN PORTLAND AND CORVALLIS
Mail Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland.......8:50 A. M. Corvallis.........1:30 P. M.
Corvallis.......8:30 A. M. Portland.........3:20 P. M.
Express Train.
LEAVE. ARRIVE.
Portland.......5:00 P. M. McMinnville.........8:00 P. M.
McMinnville.......5:45 A. M. Portland.........8:30 A. M.
Local tickets for sale and baggage checked at company's up-town office, cor Stark and Second streets. Tickets for principal points in California can only be procured and baggage checked at company's office,
Corner F and Front Sts., Portland, Or.
Freight will not be received for shipment after five o'clock P. M. on either the East or West Side Divisions.
R. KOEHLER, Manager. E. P. ROGERS, G. F. & Pass. Agent.

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BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO.,
Shipping and Commission Merchants,
AGENTS FOR
The British and Foreign Marine Ins. Co., L'd.
Import and offer for sale—Steam and Household Coal; Foundry Coke; Pig Iron; Fire Bricks, English Salt; Cement, Soda Crystals; Soda Ash; Caustic and Bicarb. Soda; Coke, Charcoal and Roofing Tin Plate; Block Tin; New and Second-hand Grain Bags, etc.
Office—Corner First and A streets.
Wharf—Mersey Dock, foot of O st.
BALFOUR, GUTHRIE & CO., San Francisco.
BALFOUR, WILLIAMSON & CO., Liverpool.

J. LOEWENBERG, Portland, | PHIL. GOLDSMITH, N. Y.
GOLDSMITH & LOEWENBERG
MANUFACTURERS OF
Stoves, Ranges & Hollow-ware.
Importers of Metals, Iron and Lead Pipe, House-furnishing Hardware, Pumps and Plumbers' Goods. Full line of Tinners' Tools and Material.
84 and 86 Front St.

VISITORS TO
Astoria, Seaside and Ilwaco
Should not fail to call on FRANK FABRE, the old experienced Restaurateur. He serves the very best of Meals, Oysters and Ice Cream, at all hours and at moderate prices.
Fabre's Model Restaurant.

# JOHN ROACH FAILS.

## The Assets Believed to Exceed the Liabilities.

### THE DOLPHIN CAUSES HIS RUIN

The Strain Said to Have Injured his Mind—Over Two Thousand Men Thrown out of Employment—The Failure a Surprise

NEW YORK, July 18.—John Roach, the shipbuilder, who built the dispatch boat Dolphin, and who has been doing business under the name of John Roach & Son, has made an assignment to George W. Quintard of this city, and George L. Weed of Stamford, Connecticut. The assignor first directs that the wages and salaries of all employes be paid and then he prefers William Rowland of New Brunswick, New Jersey, for money loaned, work and labor done and material furnished, $62,217, for a part of which he holds four promissory notes made by Mr. Roach. A promissory note made by assignor, bearing date of June 10, 1885, and payable in three months for $20,000, which was discounted by the Mechanics and Trades' bank of Brooklyn, is also preferred. P. W. Gallaudet & Co., for money loaned and advanced, are also preferred to the extent of $20,000, which was loaned about June 27th last, $10,000 July 2d, and $10,000 on the 11th inst.

The assignment then directs the payment of all other debts and liabilities due or to become due, together with all interest money due, including all lawful claims against Roach by W. R. Pitney, Thomas F. Rowland, James E. Ward, George W. Quintard and William Rowland, for indemnity against expenses and liability incurred by them by reason of their having become sureties and having executed bonds at the instance of assignor and for his benefit, upon certain contracts entered into by assignor on or about the month of July, 1883, with the United States, represented by the secretary of the navy, for the construction of three steel cruisers, known respectively as the Boston, the Atlanta and the Chicago, and the dispatch boat Dolphin, and the lawful claims of the estate of Levi Kerr against assignor by Kerr, now deceased, on certain of the bonds and contracts.

A GREAT SURPRISE

The assignment was the chief topic of conversation at clubs and theatres to-night. Lightning out of a clear sky could not have been more unexpected than the announcement that John Roach, who was considered one of the richest ship builders in the world had failed.

A club man, whose knowledge of and interest in public affairs has given him wide acquaintance with leading business men of the country, expressed himself thus, while talking with a reporter: "The announcement of the failure is indeed startling to me, as it undoubtedly will be to thousands of people, but if you stop and think a moment you will come to the same conclusion as myself, namely, it is nothing more than could be expected under the circumstances. Secretary Whitney's action in regard to the Dolphin was the entering wedge which has torn Roach from his financial moorings. The repeated trial trips of the Dolphin, the adverse decision by members of the examining board and finally the decision of the attorney-general that the contracts had by Roach, authorizing him to build the four steel cruisers now nearly completed at his yard at Chester are null and void, were enough to ruin any man. Roach has expended in the construction of these four vessels $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. Now he finds he has on his hands some $20,000,000 worth of ironclads which the government will not buy. Roach has undoubtedly made large loans on the strength of his contract with the government, which he cannot now meet."

GARRETT ROACH INTERVIEWED

This evening Mr. Roach and his two sons, Garret and Stephen, went to Flushing, Long Island, where the family resides during the summer. Roach refused himself to callers during the evening, but Garrett Roach said in his father's behalf: "Father has nothing to say. His physical health is such that he is crushed beneath the blow that has fallen upon him. He will not see or talk with any one. Of one thing you may rest assured—no one will ever lose a dollar but him, but in the complications which have arisen in his business, and in the claim of the attorney general that there are no contracts for the building of these vessels, he has been compelled to place his property in the hands of trustees. Whatever may be the outcome of his trouble, you may rest assured that justice will be meted to all to whom my father is in any way indebted."

AT THE YARD

CHESTER, Pa., July 18.—Little if anything was learned in this city concerning the assignment of Roach. His son John, secretary of the Delaware Iron Shipbuilding and Engine Works left for New York early in the afternoon. The treasurer of the company has no information concerning the matter, and even doubted the truth of the report. The 800 men employed in the yard received their week's wages as usual, and expect to go to work Monday morning. The reduction in force, which has been going on for weeks, has decreased the number just one-half. Less men were laid off to-night than for a long time.

The only unusual thing that took place at the yard to-day was the loading of the ship Comal, built for the Mallory line, with all her anchors, chains, etc., and towing her to the New Jersey channel after 5 o'clock. It is rumored that a United States marshal either took possession or will do so at an early day, but this is not verified. There are persons in a position to know who say that Roach's credit is just as good to-day as at any time previous; that he is not financially embarrassed, but is abundantly able to meet all obligations. The cause of the towing of the Comal out in the stream is also said to be from some trouble between the company and the wrecking company which seized the Guadaloupe. Most of the machinery of the Guadaloupe has been put in the Comal, and wreckers are following it up. Hence the rumor in reference to the United States marshal. The trouble, it is said, will be cleared up in a few days and all will go on as usual at the yard.

FROM THE "TRIBUNE."

The *Tribune* says: One cause of the assignment is said to be that Roach is suffering from heart disease, and fatal results were feared if he continued to worry over the supervision of his business. His attorney Van Post, says the contracts for the remaining three cruisers will be carried out.

The *Tribune* adds: The assignment fell heavily upon the 800 men at the Morgan iron works. They were thrown out of employment, and this fate may extend to the 1700 others employed at Chester, Pa.

Friends of Roach thoroughly informed as to his financial condition said the assets are undoubtedly far larger than the liabilities. Roach has an extremely extensive property. He has been obliged to take this step because of the condition of his health. He is a remarkable man, and he has fought a hard fight against discord unknown to the world in general. I say he is a remarkable man. Ex Secretary Chandler has said that of him, and he considered Roach, although uneducated, a man wonderfully well informed, and possessing clear and strong ideas on all topics, especially those within the range of his business experience.

A FRIEND'S OPINION

The relation of the Dolphin investigation to Mr. Roach's health was naturally discussed yesterday by his friends, one of whom said: "Roach has felt the weather keenly. He has not received direct information of the action of Secretary Whitney, but has heard of it indirectly. Now let me say that I know from conversation with Whitney that he has had no personal animus towards Roach, but he has said he was performing simply what he considered to be his duty. I do not doubt that the letter of May 2[illegible], regarding the twelve knots' speed of the Dolphin as being satisfactory, was written by Commodore Harmony in the absence of Whitney, who, on his return to Washington expressed his dissatisfaction. Still it is true that Roach was not dealt with directly, and he felt aggrieved over that fact. I cannot say how far his health was affected by the matter. I only know that his sons have watched him closely of late, not leaving him out of sight."

AN ASSIGNEE INTERVIEWED

The *Tribune* also has the following: George W. Quintard, one of Roach's assignees, said last evening at the country home at Port Chester: "While the fact that Roach was contemplating making an assignment for the benefit of his creditors was known by me, for the reason that I had been asked to be one of his assignees, yet I did not think it was coming so soon. The cause of Roach's assignment is perfectly plain, and is attributed to the act of the government in regard to the Dolphin, and Roach's desire to deal honestly with his creditors. He could get no satisfactory reply from Whitney as to the disposition of the Dolphin matter, and as the alleged failure of the Dolphin was a complete surprise to him, and seemed in some manner to reflect upon his honor. It preyed upon his mind so that for the last six weeks he has not been considered by his friends to be in a fit condition to conduct his business. The adverse criticisms that have appeared from time to time in the newspapers preyed upon his mind, and he has become melancholy, and it has been necessary to have him closely watched. He could not stay in his house, and two men, one in front and the other behind him, have accompanied him wherever he has gone. As the government claims that it had no contract with him there would be the same trouble with the rest of the ships that there has been with the Dolphin, so nothing in his judgment was left for him to do but to turn over his property to his creditors."

AN HONORABLE FAILURE

"What are his assets and liabilities?"

"That I cannot answer, as no schedule is made up, but I believe that his assets are more than his liabilities. Roach has turned over everything, and is penniless. He has not, and I blame him for it, in his long business experience made any provision for his family, and they, in common with him, have nothing."

"Is there any probability, in the case that some satisfactory arrangement could be made with the government, that Roach will resume?"

"No, I don't believe Roach could go on with his business, on account of his mental trouble. He is not able to do anything."

"Will the business of Roach be continued?"

"Not at present. This is a sad feature of the affair, as it throws about 2,000 men out of employment, at a dull time of the year."

# PACIFIC COAST.

## CALIFORNIA

A VANDERBILT IN NEED OF HELP

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—Among the hundreds of applicants for positions in the mint under the incoming administration is an old gentleman whose nearest relatives are worth more than all the millions of money that the mint contains. This seeker for a modest favor under Judge Lawton is a pioneer of '49, and for twenty years has held no communication with his family, who are no less personages than the New York Vanderbilts, his name being John Henry Vanderbilt. His story of his lineage has been obtained with difficulty, and no argument sufficiently forcible to induce him to make himself known to his cousins can be made. He protests that he has had his chance at affluence, and has lost it, and as he knows the characteristics of the first prominent member of the family have descended to his heirs, he does not care to risk rebuff at their hands. Mr. Vanderbilt is now nearly 60 years of age, having been born May 1, 1827. His parents were Jacob and Catherine Vanderbilt, the former the cousin of the "Commodore." He is a queer character, and some gentlemen of high standing here who have been impressed with a belief that he is worthy of assistance, have written to his wealthy cousins, informing them of his unfortunate circumstances. What his course will be, should either of the present railroad kings take his case in hand, is doubtful speculation but his intimates claim that his cranky firmness in declining communication with them will enable him to put away a life of ease, should it be offered him.

TROUBLE WITH MEXICAN AUTHORITIES

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—The Pacific Mail steamer Colima, arrived to-day from Panama, via Mazatlan, and reports having serious trouble with Mexican authorities at the latter place. It appears that the Mexican government recently passed a law requiring all vessels touching at Mexican ports to produce for inspection bills of lading and manifest of the entire cargo, without regard to its ultimate destination. This the captain arriving at Mazatlan the 12th instant, was unprepared to do, as he had no previous knowledge of the existence of such a law. Examination of his books was finally accepted as a compromise for the non-production of the required documents, but the authorities insisted on imposing a fine of $100, which the captain paid under protest, and sailed July 13, after being detained fourteen hours beyond the usual time.

SARAH ALTHEA IN NEED OF MONEY

SAN FRANCISCO, July 18.—Petitions for rehearing have been filed in the supreme court by counsel for plaintiff in the Sharon divorce case. The rehearing asked for is on the recent decision of the supreme court, denying a motion made by plaintiff to dismiss defendant's appeal. This decision prevented the payment of alimony being made to plaintiff, in accordance with the order of Judge Sullivan of the superior court. The petition concludes by stating that plaintiff, Mrs. Sharon, is at present without means other than are necessary for bare subsistence, and has even been compelled to dispose of her valuables to pay notary and other fees.

FIRE NEAR OAKLAND

Fire late to-night at Vernon Heights, near Oakland destroyed the residence of John Allman, well known proprietor of a number of stage lines. The loss on the building is estimated at $15,000, and on the furniture at $10,000, mostly covered by insurance. At the time the fire broke out the family were attending a circus at Oakland. The cause of the fire is not known.

THE "WASP" SOLD

It is announced that the *Wasp*, heretofore published by E. C. MacFarlane & Co., has been sold. Colonel J. P. Jackson, well known in connection with a San Francisco journal, is mentioned as the future director of this weekly illustrated journal's destinies. The price paid by the new management for the journal is said to be in the neighborhood of $8000.

ARRIVAL OF GENERAL JOHNSTON

Joseph E. Johnston, United States railroad commissioner, and ex-lieutenant general of the confederate army, has arrived here to investigate the condition of subsidized railways.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE

Arrived—Bark Germania, Seattle. Cleared—Steamer Oregon, Astoria. Sailed—Ship State of Maine, Port Townsend.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

9 P. M.—Weather indications for the next twenty-four hours: Fair all along the coast.

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

NEWS ITEMS FROM VICTORIA

VICTORIA, July 18.—The robber of the paymaster of the Island railway, was captured at [illegible] this morning on the road to Victoria. All the money was recovered. The man was identified as O. Acalr, a southern American.

The Idaho five days out from San Francisco is not yet reported.

The Idaho arrived at 11:30 P. M., five and one half days from San Francisco.

News from the northern mines is not encouraging. The yield of gold is light.

### The Planets in July

July is one of the finest months of the year for the study of the stars.

Venus is evening star, coming to the front once more, and winning her legitimate place at the head of the planetary roll.

Venus set on the 1st about a quarter after 9 o'clock in the evening; on the 31st she sets about 8 o'clock.

Mercury is evening star, his course lying near that of Venus during the month.

Mercury set on the 1st soon after half-past 7 o'clock in the evening, on the 31st he sets about 8 o'clock.

Jupiter is evening star, and divides the honors of the July evening sky with Venus.

Jupiter set on the 1st soon after 10 o'clock in the morning; on the 31st he sets at twenty-one minutes after 8 o'clock.

Uranus is evening star. He has completed his passage of seven years through the constellation Leo, and has entered the constellation Virgo.

Neptune is morning star, and leads the trio of planets that precede the sun and shine as morning stars.

Saturn is morning star. Before the month closes he will be a conspicuous object, rising a few minutes before 2 o'clock.

Mars is morning star. There are no changes during the month in the classification of the planets as morning and evening stars. Venus, Mercury, Jupiter and Uranus are on the east side of the sun, and shine as evening stars; Saturn, Mars and Neptune are on the west side of the sun, and play their parts as morning stars.

The July moon fulls on the 26th at 9:23 o'clock in the evening.—*Providence Journal.*

### Approaching Earthquakes

The earthquake shocks which were felt last week over a wide area in Yorkshire remind us that an authority on the subject of these phenomena, M. Delaunay of Paris is of opinion that next year will see the recurrence of upheavals of the earth's crust in an intensified form. M. Delaunay is a prophet of evil, but unfortunately all his prophecies have hitherto come true. His specialty is earthquakes, and he predicts them only too surely. In 1877 he announced that that year would not conclude without violent disturbances of the earth, and as a matter of fact, two frightful catastrophes on the coasts of South America followed. In 1883 M. Delaunay again pointed to approaching earthquakes, and soon after the volcanic eruptions in the Indian Archipelago occurred, by which thousands of human beings lost their lives, and hundreds of square miles of terra firma were engulfed by the sea. Toward the end of last year M. Delaunay once more raised his warning voice, and the earthquakes in Spain proved how well founded were his warnings. Quite recently he has prophesied very severe volcanic disturbances for 1886. Having acquired a well-merited notoriety in foretelling earthquakes, some weight ought to be attached to M. Delaunay's utterances. He affirms that next year these natural phenomena will be of a very intense character, and that they will show themselves either when the earth is under the direct influence of the planet of the first rank, such as Jupiter, or under that of a group of asteroids, or at a time when sun and moon are nearest to our planet at the same time.—*Iron.*

# THE EAST.

## Great Suffering Caused by Hot Weather in New York.

### EX GOVERNOR KINKEAD DYING

News and Gossip from the National Capital—The President Makes a Number of Appointments—A Triple Tragedy

NEW YORK, July 18.—The weather here to-day was sultry and close. The thermometer at noon stood at 90. Up to that hour to-day six cases of prostration had been reported at the health office, which reports this week 1019 deaths in the city, against 870 in the corresponding week last year. Of this number 395 were from diarrhoea, and 643 were children under five years of age.

At 3 P. M. the thermometer registered 93 in the shade. Two additional sunstroke cases are reported in this city and three on Long Island.

The highest the mercury rose here to-day was 95, at 3:30 P. M., but at 6 P. M. it registered [illegible] and at midnight it was [illegible] for that hour, at the unusually high mark of [illegible]. The average temperature of the day was 88¾, against [illegible] the same day last year. Since 3 o'clock twenty cases of prostration have been reported. Five persons died from heat during the day. Five cases of prostration and one death are recorded in Brooklyn.

JOHN McCULLOUGH'S INSANITY

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—The commission appointed to inquire into the condition of the mind of John McCullough, the demented tragedian, met again here to-day. The commission was to have heard the testimony of members of the family, but as the commissioners deemed that the testimony of others was sufficient to establish insanity they decided not to inflict and pain his relatives. An affidavit made by Walter Heil of New York, swearing he had served on the actor personal notice of the lunacy proceedings was admitted in evidence, and the commission then adjourned until Monday, when counsel for the family will be examined. Mr. McCullough will then be formally adjudged a lunatic. The Guarantee Trust and Safe Deposit company has been appointed as trustee of his estate.

CALL FOR A RIVER CONVENTION

ST. PAUL, July 18.—A call for a river convention of unusual magnitude, to be held at St. Paul September 8, was to-day addressed by the governor of Minnesota to the governors of Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Dakota and Montana. The document declares the people of the upper Mississippi and Missouri in need of immediate relief from exorbitant transportation charges. Congressional appropriation that will open the waterways to be the chief object of the convention. Governors, congressmen and ten delegates at large from each state and territory mentioned are invited, with three delegates from each of their congressional districts, five from each commercial organization, and five from each municipality.

GENERAL GRANT'S CONDITION

MOUNT McGREGOR, N. Y., July 18.—General Grant slept less than usual last night, owing to the stifling closeness of the atmosphere, which rendered sleep well nigh impossible for members of the general's family, and others on the mountain. The patient was quiet and without pain and dozed much of the time but did not enjoy his sound sleep until late and then had only a few hours solid sleep. His pulse this morning is about eight, and although he is feeling listless as a result of a restless night he shows little weakness. This morning he left his room at about 6 o'clock and went to sit on the verandah in the cool morning breeze. The sick man is now trying to make up for the night by dozing in his room.

AN ARTIST MARRIES A MODEL

NEW YORK, July 18.—The *World* says: The few members of the artistic world who still linger in their studios were given food for gossip a couple of days ago by the discovery that Charles X. Harris, one of the most talented and popular of our young artists, has married Miss Mary Joyce, a young lady who has, for some years, posed and smiled on every exhibition wall as the favorite model of New York. Harris is an American, and a son of a millwright. He was born in Maine in 1851, and educated in Minnesota and California.

DISAGREEABLY SURPRISED

NEW YORK, July 18.—The *Herald's* Gloucester special says: A British schooner arrived to-day from the Grand Banks with halibut. This was the first provincial vessel to arrive at this port with fish since the termination of the treaty, and the captain was taken by surprise when the collector informed him that a tariff of fifty cents per 100 pounds would be collected and the case submitted to Washington for consideration. The vessel has 50,000 pounds of fish, and it would be a heavy tax for the privilege of selling fish in this market.

AN OFFICE OFFERED A REPUBLICAN

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The president to-day tendered William B. Webb of this city the position of district commissioner to succeed Commissioner West, whose term has expired. Webb is aged 60, and is a republican. In 1861 he was appointed superintendent of police and served three years. He is a lawyer with a good practice. Webb has asked for a few days in which consider the tender. It has been the custom that both political parties shall be represented in the district commission. West, whose term has expired was a republican.

A MARTYR TO DUTY

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—An express train from Atlantic City, on the West Jersey railroad, ran off the track at Newfield station this morning. The engine was demolished and Engineer George Murphy received injuries from which he expired in a short time. A number of passengers were slightly injured. The engineer's brave conduct in remaining at his post averted a more disastrous result. The accident was caused by a misplaced switch.

THE CLEVELAND STRIKE

CLEVELAND, July 18.—All is quiet at the scene of the strike to-day. The day will be devoted to payment of strikers' wages, an event that has been anxiously looked forward to in some quarters, but there are no indications of trouble. The men began to assemble early, but have indulged in no warlike demonstrations. Those employed in the wire mill, about 1500 in number, are being paid their stipend at the mill office.

THE CHEYENNE INDIAN TROUBLE

FORT RENO, July 18.—Nothing of special interest has developed here. General Sheridan talked with a number of Indians yesterday, including Stone Calf, one of the leading dissatisfied chiefs. They are divided on the question of leasing lands to cattle men. The Indians appear to realize if the government undertakes to disarm them they must submit and all danger of an outbreak is practically ended.

AN EDITOR APPOINTED

WASHINGTON, July 18.—S. H. Henry was to-day appointed national bank examiner for Texas, New Mexico and Arizona. Henry is editor and proprietor of the *State Ledger*, Jackson, Miss., and was recommended for appointment by Tilden and other prominent democrats. He has previously declined appointment as chief of division in the sixth auditor's department.

EX-GOVERNOR KINKEAD DYING

NEW YORK, July 18.—A special to the *Tribune* from Lancaster, Ohio, says: A dispatch was received here to-day by Mayor J. C. Kinkead, announcing the dying condition of his brother, J. H. Kinkead, ex governor of Alaska, who was on the point of departure for the United States when stricken with paralysis.

WILL DEMAND THE PRESENT WAGES

PITTSBURG, July 18.—The convention of green glass blowers, which has been in session here all week adjourned this afternoon after deciding to demand present wages for next season.

FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—The operating room of the Western Union telegraph company was burned at 2:15 o'clock this morning. Connections in all directions were destroyed.

WEEKLY BANK STATEMENT

NEW YORK, July 18.—Weekly bank statement shows a reserve increase of $575,000. Banks now hold $64,[illegible],000 in excess of legal requirements.

### CRIMINAL CALENDAR

TRIPLE TRAGEDY IN KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE, July 19—1 A. M.—Meagre particulars are just received of a triple tragedy at Stepstone, Ky., yesterday (Saturday). It grew out of an old grudge between Town Marshal Perry Oakley and John Smith. Very few words were exchanged before Oakley fired on Smith. Before Smith could return the fire he was shot dead in his tracks. Nute Osborne, a friend of Smith's, came up to take part, firing at Oakley, when he was himself shot in the breast, just below the heart, dying in half an hour. Henry Smith, a brother of John, was next shot twice, once in the head and in breast, under the heart.

The fight occurred in Hooker's store and it does not appear at all clear who did the shooting, which was all done with pistols. John Smith's body was left in the store, but the wounded men were removed to the house of R. McGuire, where they both died.

LATER.—As McGuire was going between his house and store with a loaded shot gun in his hands he was fired on by Oakley, without effect. McGuire returned the fire with one barrel of his gun, the shot taking effect in Oakley's right eye, neck and body. He was removed to the residence of Major Cassidy where he lies in a critical condition. All was quiet at a late hour last night. An inquest will be held to-day (Sunday). More trouble is expected as both parties are well represented and full of fight.

A GIRL SHOOTS HER DECEIVER

NEW ORLEANS, July 18.—At 10:30 o'clock this morning Chief of Detectives T. J. Boasso was shot on the street by Mary Katharine Kuhne, a girl 16 years of age, and daughter of the turnkey at the central police station. The girl met Boasso on the street and drawing a revolver placed it to his stomach and fired. Boasso took the weapon from the girl and told her to go home, and then jumped into a carriage and was driven to the Charity hospital. The girl walked to the Third precinct station and surrendered herself. At the station she told the reporters that she had shot Boasso because he had deceived her. She said Boasso had made her believe that he was a single man and had betrayed her, under promise of marriage. She found out a day or two ago that Boasso had a wife, and that she had been deceived. At the Charity hospital it was found that Boasso was seriously wounded, the ball having penetrated his stomach, and it is believed the liver. His condition is critical.

THREE THUGS CONVICTED

PINE LEVEL, Fla., July 18.—The jury in the case of the state versus the Sarasota thugs, Edmund P. Bacon as principal and Leo Andrews, Adam W. Hunter and Alfred B. Bidwell as accessories before the fact, brought in a verdict of guilty against Bacon, Andrews and Bidwell, and cleared Hunter. The crime charged was the murder of Harrison T. Riley in August, 1884. Two of the thugs, Cat and Dignum, turned state's evidence.

### WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS

THE CATTLE TRAIL DISPUTE

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The secretary of the interior has received a number of telegrams in regard to cattle trails through Indian territory, some of them from drovers complaining that trails are still obstructed, and others from stock growers requesting that cattle be not forced through until the judiciary has ascertained the rights of the parties to the controversy. They also request that a veterinary surgeon be sent to Indian territory to examine the condition of herds.

Secretary Lamar to-day sent the following dispatch to Inspector Armstrong at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency, in Indian territory: "The trail leading from Fort Supply in a northerly direction to and into the neutral strip, known as the Camp Supply trail, must be opened for the passage of cattle forcibly stopped, and for other purposes of inter-state commerce. You will confer with General Sheridan, who has instructions of even date herewith from the war department as to the adoption of measures best calculated to effect this result."

ANYTHING FOR OFFICE

NEW YORK, July 18.—The *Tribune's* Washington special, in order to show the inordinate greed for office of ex-Senator Pomeroy and his readiness to sell out the republican party, contains a letter from him, dated at Nantucket, bidding for appointment to office by the president. The office in question is district commissioner of Washington. General West's term expired to-day. He is a republican. In his letter Pomeroy says: "You know I was nominated in Chicago last year as the prohibitionist's candidate for the presidency. I declined to run and this made the way for St. John clear, and whether the president knew it or not that movement made his election possible, if it did not secure it. Still saying so may do more hurt than good and now this year St. John is dividing the republican vote in Ohio and other states and taking off the large prohibition vote from the republican party, which makes the success of the democratic party in Ohio more than probable."

A REQUEST FOR INFORMATION

WASHINGTON, July 18.—Secretary Manning has prepared and is sending out a circular letter to manufacturers and others interested in industrial arts, stating that investigations prove that the tariff laws are largely evaded by under valuation. He asks them to give their views as to the feasibility of simplifying the tariff and changing ad valorem duties to specific. Information is sought to be laid before congress, and as aid in the improvement of the customs system. Information is also asked as to the relative cost of manufacturing in this country and Europe.

APPOINTMENTS

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The secretary of the interior has appointed Samuel N. Holliday, Jr., of St. Louis, and William B. Henderson of Martinsville, assistant superintendents of Yellowstone National park.

Allen M. Easterby of Montana, John A. Gunn of Indiana, Hugh C. Quigley of Ohio, Nathan B. Wharton of Ohio, James N. Smithie of Arkansas and John Jones of New York have been appointed special agents of the general land office.

THE GOVERNMENT SWINDLED

NEW YORK, July 18.—The *Herald's* Washington special has a long account of how the government has been systematically swindled for years by wool importers, by means of undervaluations. It seems that our Liverpool consul informed the government of these practices years ago, but his letters have just been unearthed by the new administration.

A MONTANA APPOINTMENT

WASHINGTON, July 18.—The following internal revenue collector was appointed this afternoon: Daniel J. Welch, for the district of Montana. Welch is county treasurer of Silver Bow county, Montana. A majority of the internal revenue offices of the country have been filled. There are but nine remaining vacant.

### SPORTING NOTES

MONMOUTH PARK RACES

MONMOUTH PARK, July 18.—Despite the torrid temperature the attendance was large.

Mile and an eighth: Forester won, Duchess second, Revelier third, time, 1:57¼.

Three-quarters mile: Arch won, Shamrock second, Homeward Bound, third; time, 1:16¼.

Mile and a quarter: Jack O'Hearts won, Long Knight second, Richmond third, time, 2:11.

Mile and five-eighths: Euclid won, Lydia Stanhope second, Clonmel third; time 2:53¾.

Seven furlongs: Detective won, Lacoma second, Sutter third, time, 1:31½.

Mile three-year olds and upwards: Fellow Play won, Heva second, Torpedo third, time, 1:43¼.

Steeple chase, full course: Charlemagne won, Abraham second, Sunstar third; time 5:15.

BASEBALL.

PITTSBURG, July 18.—Pittsburg 6, Baltimore 1.

CINCINNATI, July 18.—Cincinnati 8, Metropolitans 4.

NEW YORK, July 18.—New York 3, St. Louis 2.

PHILADELPHIA, July 18.—Detroit 4, Philadelphia 3.

ST. LOUIS, July 18.—St. Louis 3, Athletics 8.

LOUISVILLE, July 18.—Louisville 3, Brooklyn 4.

PROVIDENCE, July 18.—Providence [illegible], Buffalo 2, eleven innings.

BOSTON, July 18.—Chicago 6, Boston 4.

### Caleb Cushing.

When Caleb Cushing was nominated a minister to Spain, and afterward as chief justice of the United States, he hailed from Virginia by virtue of his proprietorship of the Globe, a small farm about seven miles from Washington where he used to pass his Sundays.

Mr. Cushing's temperament was like that of all men who work doggedly—intense and preoccupied and prone to go to all lengths. He had it in his power in Pierce's cabinet to revise his character, or the historical estimate of it, and serve that administration as well as his own fame. He did no thing of the kind. The southern influences in the cabinet used him, as a northern man, to do all the disagreeable work, such as suppressing newspapers in the mails, anticipating controvertible decisions by opinions, etc. He worked for the part of the Union which he did not live in, and got even more opprobrium than before in that part where he must stay. As a consequence his application for a commission in the northern army was repulsed and as early as 1863 he shook the dust of Massachusetts from his feet and chose a home at the age of three score and three in the midst of the fortifications on the Virginia shore. He now attended wholly to the law and increased his very respectable widower's fortune.

But a tough constitution and tenacious faculties doomed our old attorney to a third wrestle with public life, in which, as usual, he was beaten again. His acquaintance with Sidney Webster, son in law of Secretary Fish, and also ex-secretary to Frank Pierce, threw him into intimate relations with the state department, the head whereof, Mr. Fish, was a senator when Cushing was attorney-general. Here he performed a great deal of hard work, none of it very superior in quality, but dogged and passable and he had reached a very good position with the press and public when the president did him the despite to name him for chief justice.

The consequence was almost startling. His record was unrolled. Fair speaking turned to bitter upbraiding. Now the man who had spent so many years of his life suspended between two parties was probably glad to escape from both to his old retirement and private occupation. There was no lesson in this life nor its episodes. It was, perhaps, a strong illustration of the adage: "The more haste the less speed."—*Boston Budget.*

# FOREIGN DISPATCHES

## Conflicting War News from European Capitals.

### A CONFERENCE WITH DE STAAL

The Entire Scare Pronounced a Stock-Jobbing Scheme—Steps Taken to Defend India—News from the Vatican—Etc

LONDON, July 18.—Dispatches received from Paris this afternoon report that the French foreign office has received information that shows conclusively that the Russians are determined on seizing Herat, and that the massing of Russian troops now going on at Zulfikar pass is for that purpose. A cabinet council is now being held. The Russo-Afghan boundary question is the subject of the cabinet's consideration.

THE AMEER AT HERAT

LONDON, July 18.—The proclamation of the ameer of Afghanistan announcing receipt by him of the decoration of the Star of India, and declaring that he was entitled to aid from the Indian army, if necessary, was issued at Herat. The ameer in his proclamation ordered illumination of Herat to celebrate his investiture with the order.

LONDON STOCK BOARD

LONDON, July 18.—Consols opened at [illegible], and at 1 P. M. were quoted at [illegible]. 1 P. M.—Consols [illegible]. 2 P. M.—Consols [illegible].

The stock market closed dull this afternoon. The political situation was again regarded on the market as unfavorable. American railway securities were firm to-day, with advancing prices.

ORDERED TO REMAIN

LONDON, July 18.—A dispatch from Paris to the Exchange telegraph company says the French ambassador at St. Petersburg, who was about to leave the Russian capital on a furlough, to enjoy a vacation, has been ordered to remain at his post, because of the gravity of the Afghan difficulty.

CONFERENCE WITH BARON DE STAAL

LONDON, July 18.—After the cabinet council this afternoon Marquis Salisbury, Lord Iddesleigh (Sir Stafford Northcote) and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, chancellor of the exchequer had a consultation at the foreign office with Baron De Staal, Russian ambassador to London. It is understood that the conference was on the Afghanistan question, and it is said negotiations between the English and Russian governments for an amicable adjustment of the dispute are progressing in a perfectly satisfactory manner. The special courier who was sent by Sir Peter Lumsden from Penjdeh, at the time of the difficulty there, to London, to give the Gladstone ministry special information concerning the Penjdeh battle, was at the foreign office during the conference, and in fact all day helping to elucidate the problem raised by the increased Russian force near Zulfikar.

LOADING [illegible]

QUEBEC, July 18.—Two Russian barks at this port since the looming up of the war cloud between England and Russia, are loading cargo night and day, in order to leave at a moment's notice, in the event of war.

WAR NEWS ALL MANUFACTURED

NEW YORK, July 18.—A *Sun* cablegram from London says: Berlin papers show by indisputable evidence that warlike rumors and telegrams, though coming from many different places, all emanate from one source, and were inspired by one set of conspirators, with the sole object of speculation. The exposure shows the headquarters of the conspiracy to be at Berlin but its agents work on every bourse in Europe. Forged accounts of the hostile Russian movements were telegraphed to London papers, and the pompous and threatening tone of the latter was depended upon to do the rest.

### OUR CABLE LETTER

Steps Taken to Defend India—An Old Roue's Warning—Etc

LONDON, July 18.—In ministerial circles no fear is entertained of an immediate quarrel with Russia. Notwithstanding this, however, measures for the defense of India are being constantly pushed forward. General Stewart, commander in chief in India, will, it is said, be appointed to one of the vacant seats in the Indian council, in which case Lord Wolseley will be given chief command in India. Earl Dufferin, viceroy of India, has issued an order prohibiting officers of the Indian army who are on a furlough from going to Cashmere, ostensibly because the return thence would be difficult and slow in case of hurried recall. It is reported that Colonel Lockhart, who has gone to Gilgar, the main entrance to the valley of Cashmere from Central Asia, with a year's supplies, avowedly for the use of a surveying party, is really engaged in a political movement of importance.

From Paris it is stated that an officer aboard the Audacious, writing from Nagasaki, says the British flag, despite denials of the English government, is flying over Port Hamilton, in the Corean archipelago. He further states that British and Russia are engaged in repairing military defenses and laying torpedoes and mines at Port Hamilton, and that some Russian troop-ships loaded with troops, which recently arrived there were greatly surprised to find the place completely occupied and were compelled to retire.

AMERICANS BLACKBALLED

There is quite a commotion in the Bachelors club over the extensive blackballing of American applicants for membership and the withdrawal of a number of American members on this account. Mr. Winthrop, who was proposed by Lord Ilchester, Mr. Martin and Mr. Sands, of New York members of the Union and Knickerbocker clubs, were recently blackballed and thereupon Mr. Frazer Praed and John Montague, a member of parliament for Wareham, resigned from the managing committee. A majority of the club it is asserted, condemn the action of the committee in blackballing Americans for no apparent reason but their nationality, and propose to reconstruct the entire committee.

FROM AN OLD ROUE

"An old roue" writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "The evil you have exposed is a warning against rolling skating. The evil came with roller skating at the Princess club. There for the first time, men about town were brought into daily contact with beautiful children not members of their own families. The little things, in their innocence, were too prodigal of their smiles and glances, and a passion sprang up for children. The ruin of these children themselves was not the question, but procuresses found little East-enders to bear the curse vicariously. Since then the trade between the East and West ends has grown enormously."

### ITALY

OF INTEREST TO CATHOLICS

NEW YORK, July 18.—A Rome special says: The pope has accorded a cardinal's hat to Moran, archbishop of Sydney, an Irish prelate, who for many years was a great favor to and colleague and comrade of the pope. The pope has also appointed Abbe Gravel vicar general of the archbishopric of Quebec, to be bishop of the new diocese of Nicollet, Canada. The nomination is regarded here as an energetic assertion of the pope's authority and marked disapproval of certain unruly factions of Catholics whom his holiness considered to be constantly growling and making petty opposition to the authority of the vatican. The pope thus decides once for all the long pending question of splitting up the diocese of Trois Rivieres into several small dioceses. It will be remembered that last year Canadian Catholics organized a movement against the vatican, and Canadian bishops even sent a delegation to Rome which was coldly received.

### ENGLAND.

HOUSES OF ILL FAME TO BE WATCHED

NEW YORK, July 18.—A London special says: The Salvation Army has started a movement to establish pickets at the doors of houses of ill fame. The sentinels are not to approach or disturb in any way men who enter these resorts, but are simply to make a test of them, and hand in the list at the central office every morning. Those whom sentinels know by sight are to be designated by name, and the others to be described as accurately as possible, and numbers and descriptions of cabs or other conveyances in which they travel are also to be furnished.

NEW OPIUM TREATY

LONDON, July 18.—Marquis Salisbury for England, and Marquis Tseng for China, to-day signed a new opium treaty between China and Great Britain, by the terms of which the interior of the Empire is opened up freely to the opium trade.

### MEXICO.

AFFAIRS AT THE CAPITAL

CITY OF MEXICO (via Galveston), July 18.—There is no longer any excitement here regarding public affairs. The imprisoned editors and students will be tried before civil courts. Apprehensions of trouble in this connection have been allayed, and business confidence has revived.

It is an open secret here that plans looking to the partial payment of railway subsidies are under discussion in the cabinet. The only question with the government is one of ability.

The government is taking vigorous measures to prevent the importation of cholera here from Spain. Regulations have been promulgated for the disinfection of railway passengers and baggage at the northern frontier in case cholera makes its appearance in the United States.

### GERMANY

CHINA NEGOTIATING A LOAN

BERLIN, July 18.—Negotiations are pending with two great German banking houses for a loan of $1,000,000 to China, for the construction of railways, telegraphs, wharves and other trade improvements throughout the Celestial Empire.

### SPAIN

THE CHOLERA EPIDEMIC

MADRID, July 18.—There were 1,3[illegible] new cases of cholera and 624 deaths reported yesterday in Spain.

### CANADA

GOOD NEWS FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA

OTTAWA, July 18.—The Chinese restriction bill passed the senate without amendment.

## AMUSEMENT NOTES.

Miss Bijou Heron will be Clara Morris's leading lady next season.

"Shadows of a Great City" is now being played through Montana.

Patti is going on an European tour for $2000 a night, less than half the salary she got in this country.

Miss Georgia Cayvan has returned from San Francisco to New York. She will shortly go into camp in the White mountains.

Miss Louise Pomeroy will star next season in the legitimate. "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," and "The Tempest" are among the plays in her repertoire.

Ex-Rev. George C. Miln proposes, during his starring tour next season, to send ahead a lecturer to deliver free lectures on Shakspeare and thus excite public curiosity and prepare the way for his coming.

Miss Mattie Earle has been engaged by Miss Effie Ellsler as leading support for next season. The "Old Kentucky Home" and a new play, in which Miss Earle will have an exceptionally strong part, form Miss Ellsler's repertoire in her coming tour.

Mr. George H. Primrose of Thatcher, Primrose & West's minstrels, is on his way back from England. The company is already complete and ready for the road. It is supposed that Mr. Primrose brings with him the "startling novelty" about which he recently cabled Mr. George Thatcher.

M. Sardou has finished a new play entitled "[illegible]," for Mme. Janisch. He will sail on August 10 to attend its production here in September. M. Sardou will remain in this country for several months as his physicians advise a change of air. Mme. Janisch will sail at the end of this month.

Miss Annie Lippincott, the daughter of the well known writer Grace Greenwood, has made a successful debut in opera at Trieste, Italy. As her own name is quite unpronounceable to the Italians, she assumed the professional title of Anita Amor, by which pseudonym she will be known to the public. Miss Lippincott has been studying music under four Italian masters for a number of years and her naturally sweet voice, of high range has been improved by the best training. She is said to excel in the delivery of rapid and elaborate music and her trill is spoken of as remarkably easy and brilliant. She has essayed but two parts as yet—that of Amina in "Sonnambula" and Anita in "Crispino e la Comare."

The role of Zerlina in Auber's "Fra Diavolo," is a delicate affair, as it imposes upon the singer the task of going through the motions of disrobing on the stage, in full view of the audience. Miss Ethel Lynton recently assumed the role of Zerlina at a St. Louis performance, to which the *Post-Dispatch* refers enthusiastically in the following: Miss Lynton may be credited not only with giving an immense amount of disappointment to the masculine portion of the audience, but with destroying several traditional popular impressions. As soon as she returns, candle in hand to her chamber, and begins those little preliminary touches to the great feminine act of retiring to slumber an air of breathlessness and solemn expectation settles like a St. Louis smoke over the front rows. Then an anxious craning of necks and a rapid shifting of position which usually precedes an event of deep interest. This excitement is heightened by the deliberation with which she goes at her task. It is a touch here and a touch there, and a stitch in another place, before the awful moment arrived. Then follow a few rapid movements about the neck and bosom. The time is coming, and eyes begin to grow big. Then the bodice is hastily unfastened and thrown open, revealing the white undergarments and the rounded outlines of tinted flesh on arm, and shoulder and bust. Next the skirt is unfastened. It is becoming intensely interesting at this point. The skirt is stepped out of and she stands clothed in white and natural pink with red stockings. Then the lusty unlacing of shoes, a kick or two, and the lady is ready to turn in. Miss Lynton does this delicately and without the broad and even coarse suggestiveness, except so far as this lies in the act itself, and the song accompanying it, with which some artists have invested the scene. It is rather on the business order. There are evidences of disappointment. The audience expected more unloosening, and the final view of a plump figure in a flowing robe. Miss Lynton destroys several ancient traditions current in higher circles. She retains her corsets and goes to bed with her stockings on. The general idea is that a woman sits on the floor and takes off her shoes and stockings before retiring, and goes through a great many other feminine motions incident to the occasion. Miss Lynton ought by all means sit on the floor and take her stockings off. Perhaps in sunny Italy the girls go to bed with their stockings on, but she has missed a grand opportunity to do the popular barefoot act, and to teach those who have no means of knowing, just how a woman treats the act of retiring in real life.

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[illegible]

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"I would say to all sufferers from lumbago: Try at Benson's plasters will do for you." George E. [illegible], 8 Eldridge court, Chicago.

"I suffered from lumbago for eighteen months. At the end of that time I was led to try a Benson's plaster. Mark the result: In twelve hours I felt better, and in a day and a half I was entirely free from all of the symptoms." Gratefully yours, Frank G. Pearson, 323 Wabash ave., Chicago, Ill.

"I had a very severe attack of lumbago, in which I found Benson's plasters very effectual." M. A. Bar[illegible], 151 Kinzie street, Chicago.

[illegible]

Is not always enjoyed by those who seem to possess it. The taint of corrupted blood may be secretly undermining the constitution. In time, the poison will certainly show its effects, and with all the more virulence the longer it has been allowed to permeate the system. Each pimple, sty, boil, skin disorder and sense of unnatural lassitude, or languor is one of Nature's warnings of the consequences of neglect.

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STAGES WILL LEAVE HOOD RIVER [illegible] for Mt. Hood and the Glaciers every [illegible] Friday. Fare for round trip $5. [illegible] can be had on the mountain.
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VOL. 25, NO. 7859.

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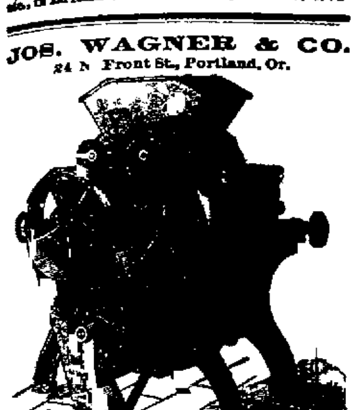

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PROPOSALS.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, OFFICE OF INDIAN AFFAIRS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEALED PROPOSALS INDORSED "PROPOSALS for the construction of Indian School Buildings at Salem, Oregon," will be received at the office of the Superintendent of the Indian Industrial School at Forest Grove until July 21 at 12 o'clock, M. There are to be three frame buildings each with two stories and size one 50x60, one [illegible] and one [illegible] feet. Complete plans and specifications of the work can be examined at the office of the Superintendent of the school at Forest Grove and at the office of the "Examiner" of San Francisco and at the headquarters of the school near Salem. The contract to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder or bidders, subject to the approval of the Secretary of the Interior; the right is however reserved to reject any and all bids or any part of any bid if deemed for the best interests of the service. Time required to complete the buildings will be taken into consideration and proposals must state length of time required for completion of the buildings after approval of contract. A separate bid must be made for each building. Each bid must give names of all parties interested in or parties to it, with their post office address and must have attached to it copy of this advertisement.

CERTIFIED CHECKS.

Each bid must be accompanied by a certified check or draft upon some United States depository payable to the order of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, which check or draft shall be not less than 5 per centum of the amount of the bids and shall be forfeited to the United States in case any bidder receiving an award shall fail to execute promptly a contract with good and sufficient sureties according to the terms of his bid; otherwise to be returned to the bidder. Bids not accompanied by a certified check or draft will not be considered. Parties receiving awards will at once enter into contract. The contract may provide for three payments, two of which will be made at such stages of the work as will fully protect the United States, the last when the buildings are completed and accepted. [illegible] Commissioner.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF COMPTROLLER OF THE CURRENCY, WASHINGTON, June 25, 1885.

WHEREAS, BY SATISFACTORY EVIDENCE presented to the undersigned it has been made to appear that "The First National Bank of Portland," in the city of Portland in the county of Multnomah and State of Oregon has complied with all the provisions of the Act of Congress to enable national banking associations to extend their corporate existence and for other purposes, approved July 12, 1882. Now therefore I, Henry W. Cannon, Comptroller of the Currency, do hereby certify that "The First National Bank of Portland," in the city of Portland in the county of Multnomah and State of Oregon is authorized to have succession for the period specified in its amended articles of association, namely until close of business on July 4, 1905.

In testimony whereof witness my hand and seal of office this [illegible] day of June 1885.

(Seal) H. W. CANNON, Comptroller of the Currency.

No. [illegible]

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